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Shakespear Illustrated:

OR THE

NOVELS and HISTORIES,

On which the

PLAYS of SHAKESPEAR

Are Founded, .

COLLECTED and TRANSLATED from the

ORIGINAL AUTHORS.

WITH

CRITICAL REMARKS.

The THIRD and LAST VOLUME.

BY THE

Author of the FEMALE QUIXOTE.



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Shakespeare Illustrated:

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NOVEL HISTORIES

OF

PLAYS OF SHAKESPEARE

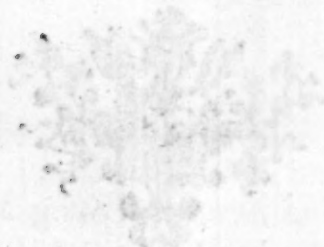
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Shakespear



Shakespear Illustrated.



Fable of the TWO GENTLEMEN of VERONA.



VALENTINE, a young Gentleman of *Verona*, is sent by his Father to travel; he goes to *Milan* to attend the Emperor, and falls in love with *Silvia*, Daughter to the Duke of that Place: she returns his Affection with equal Ardour, but being promised by her Father to *Thurio*, a Man whom she hates, they are obliged to keep their mutual Passion secret.

Protheus, the Friend of *Valentine*, remains at *Veróna*, courting *Julia*, a Lady with whom he had been long enamoured; just as he had obtained her Promise to reward his Love, his

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Father

Father sends him likewise to the Emperor's Court: he parts with *Julia* with many Protestations of eternal Constancy; but, at his Arrival at *Milan*, being introduced by his Friend *Valentine* to *Sylvia*, he forgets *Julia*, falls passionately in love with that Lady, and resolves to gain her for himself.

Valentine not suspecting this Treachery in his Friend, acquaints him with the History of his Love, and begs his Assistance in stealing away the Lady, who had consented to marry him privately that Night.

Protheus promises to serve him, but pretending Business to avoid him, goes to the Duke, to whom he relates all that his Friend had just before intrusted him with. The Duke in a Rage confines his Daughter in a Tower, and banishes *Valentine* from *Milan*.

Protheus he employs to plead for *Thurio* to his Daughter, who by that Means getting Access to her, declares his own Passion, and is repulsed with Disdain.

Julia, ignorant of her Lover's Falshood, and impatient of his Absence, disguises herself in the Habit of a Page, and travels to *Milan*; there she lodges at the same Inn where her Lover does, and is informed by the Host that *Protheus* was in love with the Duke's Daughter, to whom that Night, in *Thurio's* Name, he gives a Serenade.

Julia

Julia is present at the Music, which being over, *Protheus* entertains *Sylvia* with his Passion, in the hearing of his disguised Mistress, who retires to her Inn in great Discontent, where *Protheus* coming soon after, sees her, and not knowing her, hires her for his Page.

Valentine in his Journey to Mantua, is seized in a Forest by some Out-laws, who make him their King.

Silvia having contrived to escape out of her Tower, follows her Lover, and passing through the Forest, is taken by those Out-laws: the Duke, *Protheus* and *Thurio* follow her, and *Julia Protheus*.

Protheus finding her in the Hands of these Ruffians, who were going to offer her Violence, rescues her, but his Service being ill received, and his Love absolutely denied, he threatens her with Force likewise. This happening near *Valentine's* Cave, who, unseen, had been a Witness of his Friend's Treachery, he rushes out, delivers *Silvia*, and making himself known, passionately upbraids *Protheus* with his Baseness.

Protheus, struck with Remorse and Shame, acknowledges his Guilt, professes his Repentance, and implores of his Friend Pardon. *Valentine* readily grants it, and as a Proof of his sincere Reconciliation, offers to resign *Silvia* to him; the disguised *Julia* being present at this Declaration,

claration, swoons away; recovering, makes herself known, and *Protheus* reconciles himself to her. The Out-laws bring in the Duke and *Thurio*, whom they had taken Prisoners; *Valentine* releases the Duke, but seeing *Thurio* about to seize *Silvia*, whom he calls his own. he threatens him with instant Death if he does not resign his Pretensions. *Thurio* yields her with Contempt, which so displeases the Duke, who declares he is charmed with the Spirit and Constancy of *Valentine*, that he bestows her upon him, and pardoning the Out-laws at his Request, they all return to *Milan*, to celebrate the double Nuptials.

Part of the Plot of this Play is taken from the Story of *Felismena*, in the Second Book of the *Diana* of *George Montemayor*, a Pastoral Romance, translated from the *Spanish* in *Shakespear's* time; the Loves of *Protheus* and *Julia*, in the Play their Characters and Adventures are the same, with those of *Felix* and *Felismena* in this Romance, whose History is thus introduced.

Three Nymphs dedicated to the Service of *Diana*, straying too far from the Temple of that Goddess, in which they resided, are met in the Woods by as many savage Men, who, struck with their Beauty, attempted to carry them away by force: their Cries drew a young Shepherdess to their Assistance, who being armed with a Bow and Quiver, shot her Arrows so successfully at the Ravishers, that, in a few Moments, she laid them all breathless at her

her Feet, and delivered the Nymphs from the Danger that threatened them. Her uncommon Beauty, the Dignity of her Mien, but above all, her surprising Valour, persuaded the Nymphs she was some Goddess, who had descended from Heaven to save them from Dishonour.

Full of this Idea they threw themselves at her Feet, and, addressing her as a Divinity, return Thanks for the Assistance she had vouchsafed them. The Shepherdess raising them from the Ground, assured them with Tears, that she was no Goddess, but a mere Woman, and one of the weakest of her Sex, undone by Love, and sinking under the Oppression of the most cruel Fortune.

The Nymphs, moved by Compassion, and a grateful Sense of the Obligation they owed her, endeavoured to sooth her sorrow, pressed her to relate her Story, and promised her their Assistance. The Shepherdess being willing to gratify their friendly Curiosity, they seated themselves on the Banks of a Rivulet that ran murmuring by them, when she thus began her Story.

“ Know, fair Nymphs of the chaste Goddesses, that my native Country is *Vandalia*, a Province not far hence; my Father *Andronius*, eminent for his Birth, his Riches, and above all, for the native Sweetness and Integrity of his Manners, was married very young to a Lady named *Delia*, with whom he was passionately in love.

Many Years elapsed, before it pleased the Gods to bless them with a Child; at length my Mother conceived in her old Age, and one Night, during her Pregnancy, being discomposed with uneasy Apprehensions, and unable to sleep, she desired my Father to dissipate her Anxiety by reading some amusing Story to her. My Father complied, and read *The Judgment of Paris*.

My Mother taking Occasion to moralize on this Story, condemned the Partiality of the Shepherd's Sentence. *Paris*, said she, being intoxicated with a sensual Passion for Beauty, was incapable of considering, as he ought, the nobler Qualities of the Mind; heroic Virtue is the brightest of them all, and therefore the Goddesses of Battles merited his Preference.

The Contention was not for the Prize of Virtue, but Beauty, replied my Father; the Apple was to be given to the fairest; justly then did *Paris* bestow it upon *Venus*, whose Charms were so greatly superior to those of her Competitors.

The Apple was indeed inscribed to the fairest, answered my Mother, but that was not to be understood of corporeal, but intellectual Beauty, Fortitude being one of the chiefest Virtues of the Mind, and the Exercise of Arms, an exterior Act of this Virtue; had *Paris* been a wise and dispassionate Judge, he would have given the Apple to the Goddesses of Battles.

This

This Controversy lasted so long, that my Mother being fatigued with talking, fell fast asleep. When, lo, the Goddess *Venus* appeared to her in a Dream, shining with celestial Charms; her Eyes expressed a certain Kind of amiable Severity; for Anger could have no dwelling on the Face of this charming Divinity, and with a Voice, majestically sweet, she thus accosted her.

Whence *Delia* is this Contempt of a Power, who has been always favourable to thee? Hast thou forgot the Time when thy soft Heart first glowed with tender Fires for thy *Andronius*? then didst thou seek my Altars; then didst thou implore my Aid; I heard, and granted all thy Desires; and is it thus thou repayest me? but know, ungrateful Woman, thou shalt not escape the Vengeance of an affronted Deity; thou shalt bring forth a Son and Daughter, but thou shalt not live to taste the Joys of a Mother; the Moment of their Birth shall be the last of thy Life; nor shall my Vengeance stop here; thy wretched Offspring shall feel the Fury of my just Resentment; they both shall languish with the Pangs of hopeless Love, and be the Victims of that Power thou hast dared to despise.

The Goddess ended, and vanished from her Sight, when immediately the heavenly Form of *Jove's* own Daughter, the Divine *Minerva*, appeared before her, awfully sweet she smiled, and with a grave, but melodious Accent, thus spoke to her:

The Goddess *Pallas* thanks thee, *Delia*, for the Concern thou hast expressed for her Honour, and, as a Reward, she promises thee to make thy Son and Daughter so powerful in Arms, that their Valour shall be the Wonder of their own, and the Admiration of all future Ages."

This said, she disappeared, and my Mother trembling with holy Awe, awaked.

In less than a Month after, she was delivered of me and a Twin-Brother, and, as the Goddess threatened, died immediately. My Father sinking under an Excess of Sorrow for her Loss, followed her in a few Months, leaving my Infant-Brother and myself to the Care of an Aunt, who was Abbess of a Nunnery; with her we lived 'till we were twelve Years old, at which Age my Brother was carried to the Court of the King of *Portugal*, where, in a few Years, the heroic Actions he performed in War, gained him an immortal Glory, which yet was not sufficient to compensate for the Pains he has endured in Love.

As for myself, I was removed from the Nunnery to the House of my Grandmother, under whose Care I had hardly reached my seventeenth Year, ere I was seen, and to my Misfortune, loved by the ungrateful *Felix*.

This young Nobleman having beheld me walking on a Terras, which was behind my Grand-

Grandmother's House, and not far distant from his, he took all Opportunities to make his Passion known to me by ardent Looks, which I not seeming to understand, he determined to write to me, and practised so successfully upon the easy yielding Temper of one of my Maids, named *Rosina*, that she undertook to deliver his Letter to me.

The crafty Wench made use of a thousand little Artifices to induce me to receive this Letter, and though I was not displeased with her Importunities, yet assuming a Countenance as angry as I was able, I told her sternly, that were I not restrained by a Sense of what I owed my own Rank, and the Fear of the World's Censure, I would dismiss her from my Service, with the Infamy her Presumption merited.

Methinks I have the artful Girl this Moment before my Eyes, cunningly dissembling the Grief and Confusion my Anger gave her with a counterfeited Smile.

Believe me, Madam, said she, I meant no more by pressing you to take this Letter, than to make you laugh. I did not imagine you would be offended, but since, contrary to my Expectations, I find you are, I will trouble you no more on this Subject; saying this, she put the Letter again into her Pocket, and quieted my Chamber.

Ah, how eagerly did my straining Ey pursue her Steps ! I died with desire to see the Letter ; but Pride and Modesty, that made me refuse it when she intreated me, now joined with Shame to keep me from requiring it after the Anger I had affected.

All that Day I continued pensive and uneasy ; at Night, when *Rosina* attended me in my Chamber, I waited with an anxious Impatience for a Renewal of that Discourse with which I had seemed so much displeased in the Morning ; but alas, I was disappointed, *Rosina* either was, or appeared resolved to mention the Letter no more. Yet to try if she would fasten upon any Occasion to offer it me again :

And is it really so, *Rosina*, said I, that Don *Felix*, without having any Regard to my Honour, dare presume to write to me ?

“ Alas, Madam, said she demurely, these Things will happen to young Ladies so lovely as you ; I am indeed concerned to find I have offended you by solliciting you to take his Letter, but it was occasioned by my Ignorance of your Severity in these Matters ; but I beseech you pardon me, for from this Moment I will never mention it to you again.

This Steadiness cruelly mortified me, yet did I dissemble my Uneasiness while she was present ; that Night seemed twice as long as usual ; full of a Thousand perplexing Thoughts I waited anxiously for Day, without once closing
ing

ing my Eyes. At length the Morning came, and *Rosina*, at her accustomed Hour, attending me at my Toilet, let fall the Letter near me, and, as I thought, on Purpose; which when I perceived, what is that you have dropt? said I, she answered, "it was nothing;" but I insisted upon seeing what had fallen.

Bless me, Madam, said she, why should you be so desirous to see it? it is the Letter I would have given you Yesterday.

I don't believe you, answered I, therefore give it me that I may convict you of a Falshood; immediately she put it into my Hands, assuring me, with an Emotion I knew to be feigned, that it was no other.

You deceive me, cried I, still dissembling, it is a Letter to yourself, from one of your Lovers, and I am resolved to read it, that I may judge if he deserves your Favour; saying this, I opened the Letter, which, as I expected, was addressed from Don *Felix* to myself.

The tender and passionate Sentiments it contained, so wrought upon the native Softness of my Temper, that I could not resist the Desire I felt to return an Answer to it, that might give him Hopes of my future Favour. I now asked Forgiveness of my Maid, for the Severity I had assumed, and wholly confiding in her Truth and Affection, I communicated the Contents of Don *Felix's* Letter

to her, and begged her Assistance in conveying one to him: this she readily promised, and as faithfully performed.

My Letter being calculated to give him Hope, rather than Despair, my Lover omitted nothing that might contribute towards settling me in a firm Opinion of his Passion; every Day brought me a Letter, or some passionate Verses; every Evening a Serenade under my Chamber Window. A whole Year rolled away in this Manner: at length being firmly persuaded of the Truth and Ardency of his Affection, I resolved to make myself by Promise his, when (oh! my adverse Fortune!) the Father of *Don Felix*, having received some Intimation of his Son's Passion for me, to prevent his marrying me, as he apprehended, sent him away immediately to the Court of the Great Princess *Augusta Cæsarina*, telling him, it was not fit a young Gentleman of his noble Extraction, should spend his Youth at Home, where Idleness, and the Force of bad Examples might draw him into dangerous Vices.

Don Felix could not resolve to acquaint me with this cruel News, apprehensive that my extream Grief upon hearing it, would affect him too deeply, he departed without taking leave.

Ah, chaste and lovely Nymphs! how shall I give you an Idea of the Pangs I suffered in his Absence! Strangers as ye are to the test Tyranny of Love, how shall I make you

comprehend the Torments divided Lovers feel? I found them so insupportable, that forgetting what I owed my Sex, my Rank, and Fame, I quitted my Grandmother's House, and in the Disguise of a Page, travelled to that Court, where the dear Object of all my Wishes was.

I was twenty Days in performing this Journey, during which time my Disguise exposed me to great Inconveniences; but my eager Desire to see Don *Felix*, made me despise them all. At my Arrival I hired a Lodging in a Street less frequented than any other with Company. My anxious Impatience to see Don *Felix*, left me not room for any other Thoughts, but how to gratify this Wish; yet I durst not enquire for him of my Host, lest my Flight being noised abroad, my Sex and Condition might have been suspected; nor did I think it prudent to venture out to seek him, for fear I should be observed.

All Day I passed in this Perplexity; at length the Night approached, and brought with it an Increase of my Affliction, notwithstanding the Fatigue both of Body and Mind which I had endured, yet I could take no Repose; I tossed and tumbled on my uneasy Bed 'till Midnight, when my Host knocking at my Chamber Door, told me, if I had any Inclination to hear some fine Music, I had nothing to do but to rise and open the Window that looked towards the Street. Ah me! in the distracted State my Mind was then in, I was
little

little capable of relishing Music, however charming it might be ; yet did I rise without thinking on what I was doing, and opening the Window, my Attention was immediately engaged by the Sound of a Voice that seemed familiar to my Ears ; and listening eagerly, I perceived it was *Fabius*, a Page belonging to Don *Felix*, who calling to some Persons at a little Distance, said, now, my Masters, it is time to begin, for the Lady is come into the Gallery this Moment.

Then immediately they began to play upon several Instruments, which, had I not been racked with a thousand various Thoughts, might with the celestial Harmony they made, have charmed me into an Extasy.

The Music no sooner ceased, than a Voice, which, by its ravishing Sweetness, I knew to be Don *Felix's*, sung some tender and passionate Verses, in which he complained of the extream Rigour of a Lady to whom he had devoted his Affections.

That well known Voice lulled me into such a sweet Delirium of Joy, that forgetting those fatal Verses were addressed to another, the Image of our past Loves rose fresh to my Remembrance, and my deceitful Imagination represented my Lover as formerly, breathing out those melting Sounds to me : but this pleasing Delusion lasted not long ; I soon recovered to a Sense, a bitter Sense of my deplorable Condition, and turning to my Host, I asked him
with

with a Sigh, that shook my whole Frame, if he knew the Lady for whose Sake that Music was performed.

He answered, he did not, for there were so many fair and noble Ladies lived in that Street, that it was not easy to discover to which of them it was addressed.

Finding he could not satisfy me in this particular, I lent my whole Attention again to the Voice of my unfaithful Lover, but ah ! with different Sensations ; for now my Soul was filled with the most gloomy Despair. The Morning dawn'd before this hateful Serenade was ended ; I withdrew again to my Bed, and with a River of Tears bewailed my own Misfortune, and the Inconstancy of *Don Felix*.

Great Part of the Day being wasted in this Manner, I rose, and putting on my Disguise, went out of my Lodging, wandering thro' the Streets, without any determined Design, yet anxiously wishing to see my perjured Lover.

Chance brought me to the Gates of the Palace ; I entered a broad paved Court that was before it, and beheld a great many Ladies, young, beautiful, and richly adorned, shewing themselves at the Windows to the young Noblemen, who were riding backwards and forwards below, and whose Eyes were differently directed, as the Objects of their Desires were plac'd.

While

While I continued standing near the Palace-Gate in hopes of seeing Don *Felix*, whose new Mistress I did not doubt was amongst the Ladies there, I saw *Fabius* approach, and after speaking a few Words to the Porter that kept the second Entry, return the same Way he came; my Heart beat with eager Expectation; I imagined Don *Felix* was coming; I was not deceived, he came attended with several Servants, all dressed in rich Liveries of yellow Velvet, with white and blue Feathers in their Hats; my Lover himself was dressed with the utmost Exactness, and wore Feathers of the same Colours in his Hat.

As soon as he arrived at the Palace-Gate, he dismounted, and went up the Stairs that led to the Chamber of Presence.

The Extreames of Joy and Grief in which my Soul was tost at that transient View of him, whom I so passionately loved, and whose Falshood I so tenderly lamented, kept me a long Time motionless in the Place where I stood.

At last recovering myself a little, I observed *Fabius* waiting his coming out with the rest of his Attendants, and stepping up to him, I drew him aside, and asked him who that Nobleman was that had just entered the Palace."

"Thou must needs be a Stranger here, replied he, if thou knowest not Don *Felix*; why,
Youth,

Youth, I tell thee, there is not any Nobleman in the Court better known than Don *Felix*.

It may be so, said I, but I am a Stranger, and would be glad to be informed if he has any particular Reason for giving Liveries of these Colours.

If it were not so well known, replied he, I would conceal it, but since any other Person can acquaint thee with it as well as myself, I'll tell thee the Reason; he loves a Lady of this City, named *Celia*, and 'tis her Colours that he wears.

My wounded Heart bled afresh at this Confirmation of my Unhappiness, yet I dissembled my Emotion, and continued talking to the Page about his Master's Passion, from whom I gathered that the Lady did not receive it with any Marks of Kindness.

This Assurance animated my drooping Spirits, I pursued the Conversation, and *Fabius* following the Custom of Pages, very freely acquainted me with all his Master's Affairs, from which making a quick Transition to mine, he asked me my Name, Country and Condition.

I told him my Name was *Valerius*, my Country, *Vandalia*, and that as yet I had served no Person.

Fabius being desirous, as I was his Countryman, to have me for a Fellow-servant, told

told me, that his Lord had ordered him to enquire for a Page for him, and that he would recommend me, provided it was agreeable to my Inclination: this Proposal I immediately accepted, as it afforded me the Means of seeing my Don *Felix* every Day.

Fabius having mentioned me to him, he ordered my Attendance on him that Evening, and being pleased with my Appearance, hired me immediately. Alas, this Situation was productive of new Miseries, for now I was a Witness, a mournful Witness to the Messages, Letters, and Presents that were daily sent my Rival.

“ After I had been a Month in his Service, Don *Felix*, who had conceived an extraordinary Liking for me, communicated to me the whole Story of his Passion for *Celia*, and gave me a Letter for her, which he charged me to deliver, if possible, into her own Hands. Judge, charming Nymphs, if this Commission was not painful, yet I undertook it, and procuring an Audience of the Lady, presented her the Letter: *Celia* looking fixedly upon me, received the Letter, as it should seem, without knowing what she did. She blushed, and grew pale alternately, and not able for several Minutes to remove her Eyes from my Face, she gazed on me with such a visible Emotion, that I plainly perceived my Sight had caused some great Alteration in her Heart.

Re-

Recovering herself, at length she opened the Letter, and hastily glancing it over, threw it aside, and again directed her Looks to me."

Fortune, said she, after a little Pause, has been very favourable to Don *Felix*, in bringing thee to this Court to be his Page."

And to me also, Madam, said I, by giving me an Opportunity of seeing a Lady, whose Beauty has, in my Opinion, no equal in the World."

Celia smiling, told me, I had learned of my Master to flatter; yet she did not seem displeased with my Discourse, but protracted my Stay by asking me a great many Questions concerning *Felismena*, to whom she had heard Don *Felix* had formerly paid his Addresses.

I sighed and blushed when she mentioned my Name, but my Emotion escaped her Observation, and having satisfied her Curiosity about *Felismena*, whose Beauty, Wit, and Love for Don *Felix*, were the Subjects of her Interrogatories, I entreated her to send some kind Message to my Master."

Tell him, said she, that I have read his Letter, and am willing to believe the Truth of his Professions; but, *Valerius*, added she, in a lower Voice, this Favour your Master owes to you, I perceive you love him, and, and to oblige

oblige you I condescend to give him this Satisfaction."

She accompanied these Words with a Look so extreamly expressive, that I had not the least Room to doubt the secret Purport of them. I bowed respectfully, and retired, full of Surprize at this unexpected Incident, yet not without a Hope it might produce something favourable to my Love.

Don *Felix* finding he never received any Answer from *Celia*, unless I was the Bearer of his Letter, took Care always to assign me this Employment. *Celia*, by these Means, seeing me every Day, conceived a very violent Affection for me, which, however, she only discovered by her Sighs and Looks; but her Indifference towards Don *Felix* was far from producing the Effects I hoped and expected: his Passion seemed to increase in Proportion as she neglected him; and so great was his Despair, that apprehending it might endanger his Life, I, whom it might well be imagined, was the last Person in the World, who would solicit her Compassion for him, I, fair Nymphs, threw myself at her Feet, and with Tears besought her to have some Regard to the sad Condition to which her Rigour had reduced my Master.

Celia, who had flattered herself with the Hopes of having made some Impression on my Heart; imagined by my suppliant Posture, and the first Words I uttered, that I was going to plead for myself; but no sooner did she hear the Name

Name of Don *Felix*, than, losing in an Instant all her former Complacency, her Cheeks glowed with indignant Blushes, her Eyes flashed a look of Rage and Disappointment, and rising from her Chair with trembling Emotion; 'Be gone, ungrateful, said she to me, is it for thy Master then thou pleadest, when thou hast long known my Soul was devoted to thee? have I lived to be despised by such a one as thou art? oh! cursed Fortune, oh, more cursed Love! but I will be revenged, if not on thee, I will on myself. My Death shall free me at once from thy scorn, and the Upbraidings of my own conscious Mind."

Saying this, she flew into an adjoining Apartment, making fast the Door after her, which left me not the Possibility of pursuing her, if I had had an Inclination to it.

Grief and Amazement kept me for some Moments immoveable as a Statue; at length I departed, but my Thoughts were in such Confusion at the strange Accident which had happened, that I came into the Presence of Don *Felix* without being prepared with any Answer from *Celia*.

His eager Interrogatories rousing me from the deep Reverie into which I was plunged, I replied at Random that *Celia* was engaged with Company, and that I could not procure an Opportunity of speaking to her.

Don *Felix* sighing profoundly, told me, I must go then the next Day. I did, but oh! fair

fair Nymphs of the chaste Goddess, what was my Astonishment and Grief, when I was informed by *Celia's* chief Attendant that she was dead, having expired some Hours after I left her, in a fainting Fit.

Had my Soul been less susceptible of Tenderness and Gratitude than it was, the Death of a Rival had not disturbed it so much, but knowing myself to be the unhappy, though innocent Cause of her Death, I could not hear of it without feeling the deepest Affliction, which, the Apprehension of Don *Felix's* Sorrow, increased to such a Degree, that I was almost distracted.

At my Return Home I found him lost in the wildest Agonies of Despair; the News had already reached him; none of his Servants durst approach him; he even commanded me, who was his Favourite, out of his Presence: Heaven knows with what Reluctance I obeyed. —From that fatal Day I saw him no more, he departed without acquainting any of his Friends or Servants with the Place to which he designed to go.

No Words can paint the Torments I endured at this new Misfortune; deprived of his Presence for whom I only wished to live, I loathed the Sight of Day, I cursed my Fate, my hapless Love, and all Things, but my *Felix*.

These Agonies were too violent to continue long; Nature was too weak to support them

them ; their Rage at Length subsided ; a calm of Grief ensued, and Hope, the false intoxicating Friend of Love, represented it still possible for me to be happy if I could find my *Felix*.

Roused by this flattering Thought, I resolved to seek him through the World, and have already wasted two Years in my Pursuit of him.

Chance brought me to these Plains, where being struck with the peaceful Simplicity of a pastoral Life, and absolutely despairing ever to see Don *Felix* more, I threw off the Habit of a Man, and in the Weeds of a Shepherdess, wandered through these Woods, still nourishing with Solitude and Tears the fatal Passion that consumes me.

Heaven, by affording me an Opportunity of delivering you, fair Nymphs, from the Danger with which you were threatened, seems to be preparing a Reverse of Fate for me ; the first Ray of Joy that ever dawned upon my Soul since the Absence of my beloved Don *Felix*, was occasioned by being made the Instrument of your Deliverance ; oh ! may it be a happy Omen of Fortune's future Favours ; let me hail it as the Beginning of that Happiness which the Sight of my Don *Felix* will raise me to."

The beautiful *Felismena* ended here, and the fair Votaries of *Diana* confirmed her in that agreeable

agreeable Hope, with Reasons founded on the true Delicacy, and noble Perseverance of her Passion; and all joining to intreat she would consent to reside with them in the Palace of the sage *Felicia*, 'till Fortune had made some Change in her Affairs, she readily embraced their Offer, and set out with them for the Temple of *Diana*.

The Reader, by comparing the Incidents that compose the Fable of *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, with those in the foregoing Story, will easily perceive that *Protheus* and *Julia* in the Play are the same with *Felix* and *Felismena* in the Novel.

The Story, indeed, is highly romantic and improbable, and *Shakespear's* Judgment in rejecting many of the Circumstances might be praised, if those he has invented were not equally absurd: 'tis generally allowed, that the Plot, Conduct, Manners, and Sentiments of this Play are extremely deficient.

The Court and Palace of the Duke of *Milan*, to which first Sir *Valentine*, and then Sir *Protheus*, are sent to improve their Politeness in, has less Dignity and Decorum in it, than the House of a private Gentleman. *Silvia*, the Duke's Daughter, notwithstanding we are told with wonderful Simplicity, in different Passages of the Play, that she is a *virtuous civil Gentlewoman*, yet behaves with all the rustic Smartness, and awkward Gaiety of a Village Coquet.

She

She is introduced flirting from Room to Room, followed by two of her Lovers, and laughing equally at the Man she favours, and him she rejects, slyly inciting them to quarrel, and when she has set them together by the Ears, enjoys the Jest, 'till the good Prince, her Father, comes in to part them.

Sir *Valentine's* Courtship of this Princess, it must be confessed, is extremely singular, and the Appearance of his dirty Footman, *Speed*, in the *Presence-Chamber*, breaking Jest upon his Master and her Highness, while they are discoursing, has something in it very new and uncommon. The following Scene will give the Reader a Specimen of Sir *Valentine's* Gallantry, the Wit of his Servant, and the princely Breeding of *Silvia*, the Duke's Daughter.

VALENTINE.

Madam and Mistress, a Thousand good
Morrrows.

SPEED.

Oh! give ye good Ev'n; here's a Million of
Manners.

SILVIA.

Sir *Valentine* and Servant, to you two Thou-
sand.

SPEED.

He should give her Interest; and she gives it
him.

C

VAL

VALENTINE.

As you enjoin'd me, I have wrote your
Letter
Unto the secret, nameless Friend of yours ;
Which I was much unwilling to proceed in,
But for my Duty to your Ladyship.

SILVIA.

I thank you, gentle Servant ; 'tis very
clerkly done.

VALENTINE.

Now trust me, Madam, it came hardly off ;
For being ignorant to whom it goes,
I writ at Random, very doubtfully.

SILVIA.

Perchance, you think too much of so much
Pains.

VALENTINE.

No, Madam, so it steed you, I will write,
Please you command a Thousand Times as
much,
And yet——

SILVIA.

A pretty Period ; well, I guess the Sequel ;
And yet I will not name it ; and yet I care not ;
And yet take this again, and yet I thank you ;
Meaning henceforth to trouble you no more.

SPEED.

And yet you will ; and yet, another yet.

[*Aside.*
VAL.

VALENTINE.

What means your Ladyship? do you not like it?

SILVIA.

Yes, yes, the Lines are very quaintly writ ;
But since unwillingly, take them again ;
Nay, take them.

VALENTINE.

Madam, they are for you.

SILVIA.

Ay, ay ; you writ them, Sir, at my Request ;
But I will none of them ; they are for you ;
I would have had them wrote more movingly.

VALENTINE.

Please you, I'll write your Ladyship another.

SILVIA.

And when it's writ, for my Sake read it over ;
And if it please you, so ; if not, why so.

VALENTINE.

If it please me, Madam, what then?

SILVIA.

Why if it please you, take it for your Labour :
And so good Morrow Servant.

[Exit.
SPEED.]

SPEED.

O Test unseen inscrutable, invisible,
As a Nose on a Man's Face, or a Weather-
cock on a Steeple,
My Master fues to her, and she hath taught
her Sutor,
He being her Pupil, to become her Tutor :
O excellent Device! was there ever heard a
better,
That my Master being the Scribe to himself
should write the Letter !

VALENTINE.

How now, Sir, what are you reasoning
with yourself ?

SPEED.

Nay, I was rhiming ; 'tis you that have the
Reason.

VALENTINE.

To do what ?

SPEED.

To be a Spokesman for Madam *Silvia*.

VALENTINE.

To whom ?

SPEED.

To yourself, why, she wooes you by a
Figure.

VALENTINE.

What Figure ?

SPEED.

SPEED.

By a Letter I should say.

VALENTINE.

Why, she hath not writ to me.

SPEED.

What need she,
When she hath made you write to yourself;
Why, do you not perceive the Jest?

VALENTINE.

No, believe me.

SPEED.

No believing you, indeed Sir, but did you
perceive her earnest?

VALENTINE.

She gave me none, except an angry Word,

SPEED.

Why, she hath given you a Letter.

VALENTINE.

That's the Letter I wrote to her Friend.

SPEED.

And that Letter hath she delivered, and
there's an End.

VALENTINE.

I would it were no worse.

C 3

SPEED.

SPEED.

I'll warrant you, 'tis as well :

" For often have you writ to her, and she in
" Modesty,

" Or else, for want of idle Time, could not
" again reply ;

" Or fearing else some Messenger, that might
" her Mind discover,

" Herself hath taught her Love himself to write
" unto her Lover."

All this I speak in Print ; for in Print I found it.
Why muse you, Sir ? 'tis Dinner-time.

VALENTINE.

I have dined ;

SPEED.

Ay, but hearken, Sir ; tho' the Cameleon
Love

Can feed on the Air, I am one that am nou-
rished

By my Victuals, and would fain have Meat :
Oh be not like your Mistress ; be moved, be
moved.

Silvia, notwithstanding this seeming Indifference, is so violently in Love with *Valentine*, that being prevented in her Design of marrying him privately, and in Consequence of her refusing to marry Sir *Thurio* (a foolish Knight whom the Duke thinks a fit Match for the Princess, his Daughter, because he has a great deal of Money) being confined in a high Tower, resolves to forsake her Father's Court, and follow the banished *Valentine* to *Mantua*.

The

The poor Princess being in such a perplexing Situation, confined, guarded, and not suffered to have any Correspondence with any Person, but her destined Husband *Thurio*, and her Lover's false Friend *Protheus*, one would imagine some great Degree of Invention must be exerted to contrive a probable Stratagem to release her.

The Poet gets over this Difficulty with wonderful Ease: *Silvia* is shewn talking from her Chamber-window in the Tower in broad Day, to Sir *Eglamour*, her Confidant, below, settling with him, whom she desires to accompany her, the Method of her Escape, which is to be effected by his meeting her with Horses at Friar *Patrick's* Cell, whither she intends to go to Confession.

To make all this probable, 'tis necessary that the Spies and Guards set over this Princess, must be all blind, otherwise she and Sir *Eglamour* must unavoidably be seen by them. —Tis also necessary that they should be deaf, or else they could not fail to hear the whole Contrivance; for her Chamber, we are informed, is in a high Tower, at a great Distance from the Ground, which made it impassible for Sir *Eglamour* and her to settle their Schemes in Whispers: and lastly, 'tis absolutely necessary, that this confined Princess should have the Liberty of rambling alone out of her Tower to Confession, or she could not so confidently

dently make an Affignation with *Eglamour* at *Friar Patrick's* Cell, nor so securely keep it.

Nothing can be more inconsistent than the Character of *Valentine*; nothing more improper than the Manners attributed to him as a Lover.

Passionately enamoured as he is with *Silvia*, he recommends a new Lover to her with the utmost Earnestness, and will not be satisfied 'till she promises to entertain him.

When he is banished to *Milan*, and in the extreamest Despair for the Loss of his Mistress, the Fear of Death prevails upon him to become the Head of a Gang of Banditti, and having in this Situation fortunately rescued his beloved *Silvia*, from the Violence of his treacherous Friend, who was going to ravish her, a few repentant Words uttered by that Friend, makes him resolve to resign her to him, notwithstanding the generous Proof she had given him of her Tenderneſs, in running so many Hazards to be with him.

PROTHEUS.

Forgive me, *Valentine*; if hearty Sorrow
Be a sufficient Ransom for Offence
I tender't here; I do as truly suffer
As e'er I did commit.

VALENTINE.

————— Then I am paid:
And once again I do receive thee,

Who

Who by Repentance is not satisfied,
Is nor of Heaven, nor Earth; for these are
pleas'd

By Penitence the Eternal's Wrath's appeas'd,
And that my Love may appear plain and free,
All that was mine, in *Silvia* I give thee.

This Part of the Intrigue of the Play, such as it is, that relates to the Loves of *Silvia* and *Valentine*, is probably the Poet's own Invention; but the Adventure of *Julia* and *Protheus* are copied closely from the Pastoral Romance.

The Poet drops the Story at the Flight of *Silvia*, and adds all the remaining Circumstances.

He also paints *Protheus* in much more disadvantageous Colours, than he is represented in the Original; there we find him indeed inconstant to his Mistress, who loves him passionately, and forsaking her for one that treats him with the utmost Disdain.

But *Shakespear* shews him treacherous in the highest Degree to his Friend, base and ungrateful to the Duke his Benefactor, and guilty of intended Violence towards the Woman he professes to love; yet, wicked as he is, he escapes not only without Punishment, but is made as happy as the renewed Tenderness of his injured Friend, and the inviolable Fidelity of his once loved *Julia* can make him.

The Character of *Julia* is much nearer the Original than that of *Protheus*; but in the Romance we find her, when she is in the Quality of a Page to *Don Felix*, exerting a very extraordinary kind of Generosity, in soliciting her Rival's Favour for her Lover.

Shakespear very judiciously makes her act a quite contrary Part, instead of endeavouring to move her Rival's Compassion for *Protheus*, she tries to engage it for the unhappy Object of his former Affection, representing her Love, her Constancy, her Grief at being abandoned, in the most pathetic Terms, and by artfully intermixing some Praises of her Beauty, insinuates the little Reliance she ought to have upon the prostituted Vows of a Man so prone to change.

The Behaviour of *Felismena* upon her Maid's offering her a Letter from *Don Felix*, in the Romance, is plainly the Foundation of the following Scene in the Play; and though the Dialogue is not copied, yet the ridiculous Prudery of the Mistress, and the artful Management of the Maid, have so near a Resemblance, that it cannot be doubted *Shakespear* had it in his Eye.

C 5

SCENE

SCENE JULIA's Chamber.

Enter JULIA and LUCETTA.

JULIA.

But say, *Lucetta*, now we are alone,
Woud'st thou then counsel me to fall in Love.

LUCETTA.

Ay, Madam, so you stumble not unheed-
fully.

JULIA.

Of all the fair Resort of Gentlemen,
That ev'ry Day with parl encounter me,
In thy Opinion which is the worthiest Love?

LUCETTA.

Please you, repeat their Names; I'll shew
my Mind
According to my shallow simple Skill.

JULIA.

What think'st thou of the fair Sir *Eglamour*?

LUCETTA.

As of a Knight well spoken, neat and fine;
But were I you, he never should be mine.

JULIA.

What think'st thou of the rich *Mercutio*?

LUCETTA.

Well of his wealth, but of himself, so, so.

JULIA.

What think'st thou of the gentle *Protheus*?

LUCETTA.

Lord, Lord, to see what Folly reigns in us!

JULIA.

How now, what means this Passion at his Name?

LUCETTA.

Pardon, dear Madam, 'tis a passing Shame,
That I unworthy Body as I am,
Should censure thus one lovely Gentleman.

JULIA.

Why not on *Protheus*, as of all the rest?

LUCETTA.

Then thus; of many good, I think him best.

JULIA.

Your Reason?

LUCETTA.

I have no other but a Woman's Reason,
I think him so, because I think him so.

JULIA.

And would'st thou have me cast my Love on him?

LUCETTA.

Ay, if you thought your Love not cast away.

JULIA.

JULIA.

Why he of all the rest hath never mov'd me.

LUCETTA.

Yet he of all the rest I think best loves ye.

JULIA.

His little speaking shews his Love but
small.

LUCETTA.

The Fire that's closest kept, burns most of
all.

JULIA.

They do not love, that do not shew their
Love.

LUCETTA.

Oh, they love least, that let Men know their
Love.

JULIA.

I would I knew his Mind.

LUCETTA.

Peruse this Paper, Madam.

JULIA.

To *Julia*; say, from whom?

LUCETTA.

That the Contents will shew.

Say,

JULIA.

Say, say; who gave it thee?

LUCETTA.

Sir *Valentine's* Page; and sent, I think, from
Protheus,He would have given it you, but I, being in
the Way,Did in your Name receive it; pardon the
Fault, I pray.

JULIA.

Now, by my Modesty, a goodly Broker!
Dare you presume to harbour wanton Lines,
To whisper and conspire against my Youth?
Now, trust me, 'tis an Office of great Worth,
And you an Officer fit for the Place.
There, take the Paper, see it be return'd;
Or else return no more into my Sight.

LUCETTA.

To plead for Love deserves more Fee than
Hate.

JULIA.

Will ye be gone?

LUCETTA.

Thus you may ruminate.

[Exit.

JULIA.

And yet I would I had o'erlook'd the Letter,
It were a Shame to call her back again;
And pray her to a Fault for which I chid her.
What

What Fool is she, that knows I am a Maid,
And would not force the Letter to my View?
Since Maids in Modesty say No to that
Which they would have the Proff'rer construe,
Ay.

Fie, fie, how wayward is this foolish Love,
That like a testy Babe, will scratch the Nurse,
And presently, all humbled, kiss the Rod?
How churlishly I chid *Lucetta* hence;
When willingly I would have had her here;
How angerly I taught my Brow to frown,
When inward Joy enforc'd my Heart to smile,
My Penance is to call *Lucetta* back,
And ask Remission for my Folly past.
What, ho! *Lucetta*!

Re-enter LUCETTA.

LUCETTA.

What would your Ladyship?

JULIA.

Is't near Dinner-time.

LUCETTA.

I would it were;
That you might kill your Stomach on your
Meat,
And not upon your Maid.

JULIA.

What is't that you
Took up so gingerly?

LUCETTA.

LUCETTA.

Nothing.

JULIA.

Why didst thou stoop then?

LUCETTA.

To take a Paper up that I let fall.

JULIA.

And is that Paper nothing?

LUCETTA.

Nothing concerning me.

JULIA.

Then let it lye for those that it concerns.

LUCETTA.

Madam, it will not lye where it concerns,
Unless it have a false Interpreter.

JULIA.

Some Love of yours hath writ to you in
Rhime.

LUCETTA.

That I might sing it, Madam, to a Tune;
Give me a Note, your Ladyship can set.

JULIA.

As little by such Lays as may be possible;
Best sing it to the Tune of *Light o' Love*.

LUCETTA.

LUCETTA.

It is too heavy for so light a Tune.

JULIA.

Heavy ! belike, it hath some burthen then.

LUCETTA.

Ay, and melodious were it, would you sing it.

JULIA.

And why not you?

LUCETTA.

I cannot reach so high.

JULIA.

Let's see your Song ;
How now, Minion !

LUCETTA.

Keep Tune there still, so you will sing it
out ;
And yet, methinks, I do not like this Tune.

JULIA.

You do not ?

LUCETTA.

No, Madam, 'tis too sharp.

JULIA.

You, Minion, are too saucy.

LUCETTA.

LUCETTA.

Nay, now you are too flat ;
And mar the Concord with too harsh a Discant :
There wanteth but a Mean, to fill your Song.

JULIA.

The Mean is drown'd with your unruly Bass,

LUCETTA.

Indeed, I bid the Bass for *Protheus*.

JULIA.

This Babble shall not henceforth trouble me ;
Here is a Coil with Protestation. [tears it
Go, get you gone ; and let the Papers lye ;
You would be fingering them to anger me.

LUCETTA.

She makes it strange, but she would be best
pleas'd
To be so anger'd with another Letter. [Exit.

JULIA.

Nay, would I were so anger'd with the same !
Oh hateful Hands, to tear such loving Words !
Injurious Wasps, to feed on such sweet Honey,
And kill the Bees, that yield it, with your
Stings !

I'll kiss each several Paper for Amends :
Look, here is writ kind *Julia*,—unkind *Julia*,
As in Revenge of thy Ingratitude
I throw thy Name against the bruising Stones ;
Trampling contemptuously on thy Disdain.
Look here is writ, Love-wounded *Protheus*.

Poor

Poor wounded Name i my Bosom as a Bed
Shall lodge thee, 'till thy Wound be thoroughly
heal'd

And thus I search it with a sav'ring Kiss.

But, twice, or thrice, was *Protheus* written
down;

Be calm, good Wind, blow not a Word away;

'Till I have found each Letter in the Letter,

Except mine own Name: That some Whirl-
wind bear

Unto a ragged, fearful, hanging Rock,

And throw it thence into the raging Sea;

So here in one Line is his Name twice writ:

Poor forlorn *Protheus*, passionate *Protheus*,

To the sweet *Julia*: that I'll tear away;

And yet I will not, sith so prettily

He couples it to his complaining Names:

Thus will I fold them one upon another;

Now kiss, embrace, contend, do what you
will.

Enter LUCETTA.

LUCETTA.

Madam, Dinner is ready, and your Father
stays.

JULIA.

Well, let us go.

LUCETTA.

What, shall these Papers lye like Tell-tales
here?

JULIA.

JULIA.

If thou respect them, best to take them up.

LUCETTA.

Nay, I was taken up for laying them down;
Yet here they shall not lye, for catching Cold.

JULIA.

I see you have a Month's Mind to them.

LUCETTA.

Ay, Madam, you may say what Sights you
see,
I see Things too, although you judge I wink.

JULIA.

Come, come, will't please you go.

[*Exeunt.*]

This Play every where abounds with the most ridiculous Absurdities in the Plot and Conduct of the Incidents, as well as with the greatest Improproprieties in the Manners and Sentiments of the Persons.

The Princess, because it is necessary she should meet with her Lover in the Wood, without having the Power of making herself invisible, gets away from her Guards, and out of her high Tower, and gallops like an Amazon, attended only by one Squire to *Mantua*.

'Tis no Wonder therefore, that in such an Equipage, and engaged in such a romantic Design, she should fall into the Hands of the Banditti;

Banditti; nor that she should meet with her Lover amongst them, since the Poet had prepared us for this wonderful Incident, by a preceding one, full as astonishing, in making the noble Youth the Captain of this Band of Villains.

It seeming necessary also to the Poet's Design, that the Duke of *Milan* should fall into the same Danger, we find the good old Prince, upon the News of his Daughter's Flight, instead of dispatching several Parties of his Guards different Ways to overtake and bring her back, mounting his Horse himself, and with no other Attendants than *Protheus*, who is a Stranger in his Dominions, and *Thurio*, the foolish Knight he designed for his Son-in-law, riding away in Search of her.

'Tis easy to see, that by this Management he must fall into the Hands of the Banditti, and accordingly there we meet with him next. The Duke's bestowing his Daughter upon *Valentine*, whom he finds at the Head of this desperate Gang of Ruffians, after refusing her to him, when he lived in his Court with an unblemished Reputation, is indeed a little incomprehensible, as is also *Valentine's* Willingness to resign his beloved Mistress to his false Friend, who had offered Violence to her Chastity, and *Silvia's* giving her Hand to him, after so striking a Proof of his Indifference and Ingratitude.

I cannot omit taking Notice of one Blunder among many others I shall pass over; *Valentine*;

lentine, after having just before declared, that it is with Difficulty he restrains the Villains who had chosen him for their Chief from the most brutal Outrages, recommends them to the Duke's Favour with these Words ;

These banish'd Men that I have kept withal,
Are Men endow'd with worthy Qualities :
Forgive them what they have committed here,
And let them be recalled from their Exile;
They are reform'd, civil, full of Good,
And fit for great Employment, worthy Lord.

Their Reformation must be very sudden indeed, for 'tis not more than three Minutes since he had complained of their Villainy, and he could have no Opportunity of knowing this Change in their Manners, for from that Time, 'till the End of the Play, he has no farther Communication with them.

Yet it is not enough to make him solicit their Pardon, but he must also recommend them to great Employments, and the poor easy Duke gives him an absolute Power of providing for them as he pleases.

The Wit in this Play consists in Puns, Quibbles, Antitheses's, and playing upon Words, and the Humour is all divided between *Launce* and his Dog. The last of these Personages is indeed a Mute, which those, who contend for the Learning of *Shakespear*, may say, he introduced in Imitation of the Ancients, as he gives Rise like those in the ancient

ancient Comedy to several Incidents in the Play. I shall transcribe a Scene between *Protheus* and *Speed*, and a Speech of *Launcet* to his Dog, which may serve as a Specimen of the Wit and Humour of the Comedy.

SPEED.

Sir *Protheus*, save you ; save you, my Master.

PROTHEUS.

But now he parted hence, t'embark for *Milan*.

SPEED.

Twenty to one then he is shipp'd already,
And I have play'd the Sheep in losing him.

PROTHEUS.

Indeed, a Sheep doth very often stray,
An if the Shepherd be awhile away.

SPEED.

You conclude that my Master is a Shepherd
then, and I a Sheep ?

PROTHEUS.

I do.

SPEED.

Why then my Horns are his Horns, whether I wake or sleep.

PROTHEUS.

A silly Answer, and fitting well a Sheep.

SPEED.

SPEED.

This proves me still a Sheep.

PROTHEUS.

True; and thy Master a Shepherd.

SPEED.

Nay, that I can deny by a Circumstance.

PROTHEUS.

It shall go hard, but I'll prove it by another.

SPEED.

The Shepherd seeks the Sheep, and not the Sheep the Shepherd; but I seek my Master, and my Master seeks not me; therefore I am no Sheep.

PROTHEUS.

The Sheep for Fodder follows the Shepherd, the Shepherd for the Food follows not the Sheep; thou for Wages followest thy Master, thy Master for Wages follows not thee; therefore thou art a Sheep.

SPEED.

Such another Proof will make me cry Baâ.

PROTHEUS.

But dost thou hear? gavest thou my Letter to *Julia*?

SPEED.

Aye, Sir, I, a lost Mutton, gave your Letter to her, a lac'd Mutton; and she, a lac'd Mutton,

Mutton, gave me, a lost Mutton, nothing for my Labour.

PROTHEUS.

Here's too small a Pasture for such Store of Muttons.

SPEED.

If the Ground be over-charg'd, you were best stick her.

PROTHEUS.

Nay, in that you are astray; 'twere best pound you.

SPEED.

Nay, Sir, less than a Pound shall serve me for carrying your Letter.

PROTHEUS.

You mistake: I mean the Pound; a Penfold.

SPEED.

From a Pound to a Pin; fold it over and over, it is three-fold too little for carrying a Letter to your Lover.

PROTHEUS.

But, what said she? Did she nod?

[Speed nods.]

SPEED.

I.

D

PROTHEUS.

PROTHEUS.

Nod I: Why that's Noddy.

SPEED.

You mistook, Sir: I said, She did nod:
And you ask me, if she did nod; and I said, I.

PROTHEUS.

And that, set together, is Noddy.

SPEED.

Now you have taken the Pains to set it together, take it for your Pains.

PROTHEUS.

No, no; you shall have it for bearing the Letter.

SPEED.

Well, I perceive I must be fain to bear with you.

PROTHEUS.

Why, Sir; how do you bear with me?

SPEED.

Marry, Sir, the Letter, very orderly;
Having nothing but the Word Noddy for my Pains.

PROTHEUS.

Beshrew me, but you have a quick Wit.

SPEED.

And yet it cannot overtake your slow Purse.

PROTHEUS.

PROTHEUS.

Come, come, open the Matter in brief:
What said she?

SPEED.

Open your Purse, that the Money and the
Matter may be both at once delivered.

PROTHEUS.

Well, Sir; here is for your Pains. What
said she?

SPEED.

Truly, Sir, I think you'll hardly win her.

PROTHEUS.

Why? Could'st thou perceive so much from
her?

SPEED.

Sir, I cou'd perceive nothing at all from her:
No, not so much as a Ducat for delivering
your Letter:
And being so hard to me that brought your
Mind,
I fear she'll prove as hard to you in telling her
Mind.

PROTHEUS.

What! said she nothing?

SPEED.

No, not so much as—take this for your
Pains.

To testify your Bounty, I thank you; you
 have tester'd me;
 In requital whereof, henceforth carry your
 Letter yourself;
 And, Sir, I'll commend you to my Master.

Enter LAUNCE with his Dog.

When a Man's Servant shall play the Cur
 with him, look you, it goes hard: One that
 I brought up of a Puppy; one that I saved
 from drowning, when three or four of his
 blind Brothers and Sisters went to it; I have
 taught him even as one would say, precisely,
 Thus would I teach a Dog. I went to deliver
 him as a Present to Mrs. *Sylvia*, from my
 Master; and I came no sooner into the Dining-
 Chamber, but he steps me to her Trencher,
 and steals her Capon's Leg. Oh! 'tis a foul
 Thing, when a Cur cannot keep himself in all
 Companies. I would have, as one would say,
 one that takes upon him to be a Dog indeed,
 to be, as it were, a Dog at all things. If I
 had no more Wit than he, to take a Fault upon
 me that he did, I think verily he had been
 hanged for it; sure as I live he had suffered for't.
 You shall judge: He thrust me himself into the
 Company of three or four Gentlemen-like
 Dogs, under the Duke's Table. He had not
 been there (bless the Mark!) — — —
 Out with the Dog, says one: What Cur is that?
 says another: Whip him out, says a third:
 Hang him up, says the Duke. I having been
 acquainted with the Smell before, knew it was
Crab; and goes me to the Fellow that whips
 the Dog; Friend, quoth I, you mean to whip
 the

the Dog: Ay, marry, I do, quoth he: You do him the more Wrong, quoth I; 'twas I did the Thing you wot of. He makes no more ado, but whips me out of the Chamber. How many Masters would do this for their Servants! Nay, I'll be sworn, I have sat in the Stocks for Puddings he hath stolen; otherwise he had been executed. I have stood on the Pillory for Geese he hath killed; otherwise he had suffer'd for it. Thou think'st not of this now: Nay, I remember the Trick you served me; when I took my Leave of Madam *Silvia*, did I not bid thee mark me, and do as I do? — —

— — &c. &c.



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The Story of *Troilus* and *Cressida*, From CHAUCER.



THE Story of the *Trojan* War is well known; the Princes of *Greece* united in Arms for the Recovery of *Helen*, and to revenge her Rape, had besieged *Troy* almost ten Years with various Success; when *Calcas*, one of the principal Lords of *Troy*, went over to their Party.

To this Nobleman, who was very well skilled in Divine Mysteries, *Apollo* revealed the certain Destruction of *Troy*, and to prevent his being a Partaker in the foredoom'd Desolation of his Country, he stole privately out of the City, and fled to the *Grecian* Camp, making Use of his Skill in foreseeing Things to come, to recommend him to the *Greeks*, who finding great Advantage from this his Science, held him in high Esteem.

The News of *Calcas*'s Flight being spread through the City, the People enraged at his Treachery, were for sacrificing all the Relations and Friends he had left behind him to their Revenge.

Cressida, his only Daughter, a young Lady of exquisite Beauty, being wholly ignorant of her Father's Flight, was more than any other astonished at the News. Distracted with Shame for the Baseness and Treachery of her Father, and wild with her Fears of the Insults of the enraged Populace, she cast herself at the Feet of *Hector* in a mourning Habit, and, with Tears protesting her own Innocence, implored his Protection.

The generous Heart of *Hector* was greatly moved with the Distress of the kneeling Beauty. He raised her up, and assured her, her Father's Treason should reflect no Dishonour upon her, that she should enjoy his Estates, and, if she pleased, live happy in *Troy* under his Protection.

Cressida thanked him with a graceful Humility, and returning to her House, began, from thenceforward, to live with the greatest Privacy and Retirement; so nicely conscious she was of her Father's Disgrace, and so delicately attentive to her own unhappy Situation, that the People, charmed with her Conduct, no longer remembered the Treason of her Father to her Disadvantage.

It was the Custom in *Troy* to celebrate the Feast of *Pallas* in the Month of *April*, the King's Sons, with the Matrons and Maids of Quality, and the Knights of *Troy*, assisted at this Solemnity.

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The charming *Cressida*, though dressed in a Widow's Habit, appeared with a thousand Advantages among the Rest. Her Beauty, like a bright Star breaking through the Veil of an envious Cloud, dazzled the whole Assembly; unmoved with the murmured Praises she heard around her, and desirous of escaping Notice, she stood with humble Modesty near the Door; bending her lovely Eyes on the Ground, while the Blushes which sometimes crimsoned over her fair Face, and the sweet Pensiveness of her Attitude, shewed her Thoughts were more employed on her Father's Unhappiness, than the Admiration her Form excited.

Troilus, whose Eyes were ever wandering in search of fair Objects, though fixed on no particular one, was among the last, who took Notice of the beauteous *Cressida*. This young Prince, gay, handsome, and a Warrior, had never felt the soft Inquietudes of Love; he despised the Power of the winged Deity, and triumphing in his own Indifference, laughed at the Torments of others; roving, as was his Custom, through the Temple with some of his young Knights, and beholding with wandering Glances the Ladies as they stood, often sily leering on his Companions, to observe if any of them breathed a Sigh, or darted a desiring Look at one of them. The God of Love, offended with his continual Mockeries, bent his Bow that Moment in a Rage, and sent one of his keenest Arrows to

his Heart: the lovely pensive *Cressida* was the Object that fixed his Attention.

Oh Heavens! cried he to himself, while his Eyes feasted on the ravishing Beauties of her Face, Where hast thou been hid thus long, thou that art so lovely fair? Where has such matchless Beauty been concealed, that my delighted Eyes were never blessed with it before? While he was thus contemplating her with Emotions he had 'till then been a Stranger to, *Cressida* raising her Head, turned her bright Eyes by Chance on *Troilus*, and with that Look compleated the Conquest of his Heart. He sighed, as with an ardent Gaze he met the languishing, yet too powerful Glance of the afflicted Beauty; and she hastily averting her Face, again he sighed, and conscious of his former Injuries to Love, turned to his Companions to see if any of them observed his new Disorder, leaving the Temple, at length he went Home to his own Palace.

Solitude now was all he sought, and dismissing his Companions, on Pretence of private Business, he retired to his Chamber to indulge his new Meditations, there making a Mirror of his Mind, he contemplated the Image of the beauteous *Cressida*; his raptured Fancy dwelt upon the enchanting Look she gave him, and every recollected Charm added Strength to the fatal Passion that consumed him.

Love giving new Ardour to the bright Flames of Glory, he rushed with more than mortal

mortal Courage to the Field; yet was it not his Hatred to the *Greeks*, nor his Desire of preserving the Town, which poured the Thunder of his resistless Arm upon the Foe: Renown he sought, but sought it only to make him more worthy of the lovely *Cressida*. True Love is ever accompanied with Diffidence and Fear: *Troilus*, though a Prince, young, lovely, and the Object of general Esteem; yet pined in secret, without daring to reveal his Passion to her who inspired it.

Despair took Possession of his Soul at the same Moment that he became a Slave to Love; he passed whole Nights in Sighs, Tears, and Complaints; his Cheeks had no longer the Freshness of Youth, his Eyes lost their sparkling Lustre, Melancholy was painted in his Mien, and Dejection sat on every Feature.

Pandarus, the Uncle of *Cressida*, and the intimate Friend of *Troilus*, having for some time observed, and wondered at this strange Alteration, resolved to make him, if possible, disclose the Cause: For this Purpose he went early one Morning to his Palace, and entering his Apartment, without giving any previous Notice, found the unhappy Youth seated on his Bed, his Arms folded passionately on his Breast, his Head reclined, and all the Marks of the most profound Sorrow strongly impressed on his Countenance.

Pandarus, lost in Astonishment and Grief, stood some Moments at a Distance, contemplating

plating him without being perceived by the love-sick Prince, whose Thoughts were so intensely fixed on the Idea of the lovely *Cressida*, that he had no Eyes or Ears for external Objects. O ye Gods! exclaimed *Pandarus* at last, what can this mean, is it the *Greeks*, my Prince, that have reduced you to this Condition? O Shame to Manhood! shall those Enemies of our Country boast of having overthrown one of its strongest Pillars? Or has some enthusiastic Fit of Devotion siezed thy Mind, and given thee up to more than Woman's Softness? Art thou mourning for some imaginary Crime, and trying to appease the offended Deities with Tears?

The artful *Pandarus* spoke in this Manner, not because he doubted the Courage of *Troilus*, of which he had given a Thousand glorious Proofs, but that by this Reproach, he might awake him from that Lethargy of Woe in which he saw him sunk, and rouse him to a more noble Passion.

The Prince slowly raising his Head, and beholding his Friend, with Eyes that betrayed no other Emotion than Grief; Ah, said he, with a Voice almost smothered with Sighs, what ill Chance brought thee hither to behold my lost Condition? Leave me, I conjure thee by the Gods, stay not to see me die, for well I know my Death will give thee Pain; and yet, alas, such is my extream Affliction, that Death is all the Relief I can expect; but yet, pursued he, after a little Pause, and raising his
Voice,

Voice, while a faint Blush dispelled for a Moment the languid Paleness of his Cheek, Think not, my *Pandarus*, that it is Dread of the *Greeks* which has brought thy Friend thus low; ah! 'tis a Power stronger far than theirs; not the united Force of their whole Army could sink thy *Troilus* thus. My Soul, my Soul's subdued, and that's beyond their Reach. Oh, my *Pandarus*, enquire no more; I cannot, dare not, will not tell thee more; leave me, again I bid thee leave me, it is not fit the Cause of my Despair should be revealed; no, let it rest in everlasting Silence, and perish with myself.

Alas! said *Pandarus*, excessively moved, what is this Affliction that is to be concealed from me? Oh, Prince, if ever there was Love and Truth betwixt us, do not, I beseech thee, do not commit so great a Cruelty, as to hide your Sorrows from me; if I cannot give you Comfort, I will partake your Pain. I have a Friend's Right in your Distress, deprive me not of it, lest I suspect your Truth, or imagine you doubt mine.

Ah! said *Troilus*, sighing, you have conquered, my *Pandarus*; to you, and you only will I discover my Weakness. Love, to whose Power I have been so long a Rebel, hath shot his fiercest Fires into my Heart; I burn, I rage with ardent Passion; I languish with Desire, and, oh! Despair consumes me. What have I then to do but die? since Death alone can free me from my Torments!

Ah,

Ah, Prince! said *Pandarus*, it was unkindly done to conceal so long your Passion from your Friend. My Advice, my Assistance might, perhaps, 'ere this have made you happy. Alas! interrupted *Troilus*, thou who hast been so unsuccessful in Love, with what Confidence can'st thou undertake to make me happy?

I have been unfortunate, 'tis true, replied *Pandarus*; but those Misfortunes have taught me that Experience which you want: hence am I qualified to give you Counsel that may prevent your falling into the Evils I have suffered. Oft have I seen a blind Man walk securely, where one who was blest with perfect Sight has stumbled. Well does the Proverb say,

A Fool full often may a wise Man guide.

A Whetstone is not, indeed, an Instrument to carve with; but it sharpens those that do. If then you think I have committed Errors, let my Folly be your School; and learn therein to avoid what I have been undone by. Every thing, my dear Prince, is best explained by its contrary. The Palate that never tasted Bitterness has not so quick a Relish for Sweets: The Heart that never languished with Distress, is blunted to the gentle Thrills of Pleasure. With White be Black compared; with Honour Shame; each by its different Qualities shews the other.

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The Prince appeared wholly insensible to this Discourse, not once lifting up his Eyes, or giving the smallest Indication that he heard it. *Pandarus*, whose Resentment was awakened by this Neglect, began to shake him by the Arm, as if he supposed him in a Lethargy; Rouse, rouse yourself, for shame, he cried, from this Stupidity; nor listen like the dronish Beast of Burden to what I say, who, when a Harp is playing, hears the Sound, but knows not that 'tis Music.

Troilus, at this Reproach, raising his Head, with a deep Sigh, and fixing a languishing Look upon his Friend—Peace, Peace, cried he, I am not deaf, I have heard all thy Discourse; but, in the Name of the immortal Gods! what are thy Proverbs to me? how will they help me? Leave me, O leave me to bewail my Fate: Thou can'st not cure me, Friend; I wish not to be cured; leave me, and let me die.

Why, this is Madness, Prince, said *Pandarus* (hastily)—But one Word more, tell me the Name of this powerful Beauty that has charmed you; I'll hasten to her; I'll plead your Cause; I'll force her to have Compassion on you.

Oh, no! interrupted *Troilus* (vehemently) that must not be. Wilt thou then die for a Woman, resumed *Pandarus*! sigh out thy Soul inglorious here at home, and press a love-sick

sick Couch with thy languid Limbs? Ah! rather case them in Armour as thou wast wont, rush on the insulting Foe, and turn your Grief to Fury and Revenge; so shall your Fall be useful to your Country: But if you sink thus poorly under your Passion, and rather than reveal it die, your Name will be consigned to Infamy for ever; your Death will be imputed to your Fear of the *Greeks*; and her you love, in common with the rest of the World, will scorn and hate your Memory.

Troilus, touched to his inmost Soul with this predicted Shame, started wildly from his Seat; and traversing the Room with great Emotion, stopt suddenly, and looking fixedly on his Friend, Oh! said he with a Sigh, what must I do!

Tell me the Name of her you love, said *Pandarus*; say, do I know her? If so, I shall succeed the better in my Applications.

This Question threw the love-sick Prince into such Confusion, that, not being able to stand, again he sunk upon his Bed; his Face glowed with Blushes; his conscious Eyes bent their Looks upon the Ground; he sigh'd, he trembled, but continued silent.

Pandarus, heedfully observing his Emotion, exclaimed in a transported Tone; Ah, Prince! I see I am interested in this Fair One: by *Venus* and her sportful Son you shall conceal her Name no longer.

And

And will you know her Name, said *Troilus*,
(trembling) Oh, my *Pandarus*! the Name of
my sweet Enemy is *Cressida*, thy Niece, my
Friend.

Here his Voice falter'd; he stop'd, he sigh'd,
while Fear, Hope, and anxious Expectation
at once assailed his Heart with all their Force,
and gave such Meaning to his wishing Eyes,
that *Pandarus*, eager to relieve his Inquietude,
strained him to his Breast with an affectionate
Embrace: Be comforted, my Prince, cried he
(in a Tone that expressed the highest Degree
of Satisfaction) *Cressida* shall be yours, if I
have any Power over her; you are worthy of
her and she of you; not *Hellen* herself can boast
a brighter Form than *Cressida*; add to that, her
blooming Youth, her amiable Modesty, the
mingled Sweetness and Dignity of her Manners.
--Oh, Prince! she shall be yours; I swear by
Heaven she shall: no more complaining then;
banish your Fears, and rely upon my Will and
Power to make you happy.

Troilus, almost out of himself with Joy at
this unexpected good Fortune, hung upon his
Neck awhile in speechless Transports; then
suddenly exclaiming, Come now, ye *Greeks*!
cried he, oppose your whole united Force
against this Breast; *Troilus* shall stand it all!
his Love shall give him double Vigour, and ye
shall feel it to your Cost! Oh, *Pandarus*! my
Life and Death are in thy Hand; thou hast
restored

restored me to myself; continue still thy friendly Offices, and be the Guardian God of *Troilus*.

Farewell, my Friend, said *Pandarus* (getting loose from his Embraces) I will deserve your Thanks; assure yourself I will: In the mean time, strengthen your Heart with Hope; I go to seek your Happiness.

With these Words he retired; and *Troilus*, now animated with double Fires, called eagerly for his Armour, and, mounting his Horse, rushed terrible to the Field: Happy was the *Greek* that fled the Thunder of his Arm that Day; inspired with more than mortal Courage, like a vast Torrent, he poured resistless on the Foe, and bore down all before him.

In the mean time, *Pandarus*, anxiously solicitous to perform the Promises he had made to *Troilus*, went to his Niece's House; he found her alone in her Apartment, reading; and placing himself near her, after some general Discourse, he objected to her mourning Habit and solitary Way of Life; which, on Account of her Father's disgraceful Flight to the Enemies of his Country, she still continued to observe.

Why, my charming Niece! said he (pursuing his Discourse) why do you waste your Days in Loneliness and Woe? Your Beauty was not given you to be wrapt in Shades; nor must your Bloom of Youth be lost in Solitude: Love courts you now with all his Train of Pleasures; admit the smiling

Smiling God into your Bosom; and bless some worthy Lover with your Charms.

Ah! Uncle, interrupted *Cressida*, her Face glowing with Blushes, from you I little expected to hear such Discourse; you, who ought rather to defend my Heart against the dangerous Power of Love; will you assist the sly Invader, and betray your *Cressida* to Bondage? Alas! it is not for me to mix among the happy Youth of Troy; pressed down as I am by my Father's Disgrace, and my too conscious feeling of it: No; let me in Retirement conceal the Part I take in his Shame; Retirement, which, from being necessary, is become my Choice: Love will not seek me here; he flies the Miserable, and only dwells with Chearfulness and Peace.

No more of these melancholy Reflexions, said *Pandarus* (kissing away the Tears that fell from her charming Eyes) you know not how bountiful the Gods have been to you. Oh, Niece! they have bestowed a Blessing on you greater than your most sanguine Wishes durst aspire at.

He stopp'd abruptly here; and, thinking he had said enough to awaken the Woman's Curiosity in her, affected to talk of other Things; and, shortly after, rose up to be gone.

Cressida, who had been pleasingly alarmed by what her Uncle had said, and was greatly disappointed at his discontinuing the Discourse,

saw

saw him about to depart with Uneasiness; she wished to be delivered from the Perplexity his Hints had thrown her into, but Shame prevented her from asking an Explanation of them.

Pandarus observed her Confusion with Pleasure; he moved on towards the Door; she followed him with downcast Eyes; he turned to bid her farewell; adieu! answered she, with Hesitation, then seeming to recollect at that Instant what had past, But will you go, said she, (blushing, and half averting her fair Face) without telling me what good Fortune it is for which I ought this Day to thank the Gods?

Pandarus, having brought her to the Point he desired, took her Hand with a Smile, and leading her to a Chair, seated himself close by her: It would be cruel, my dearest Niece, said he, to keep you longer in Suspence; know then you are beloved by one of the Sons of your King, the young, the brave, the lovely *Troilus*; never did any Heart glow with more ardent Fires than his: he languishes, he dies for you, my *Cressida*; compassionate his Pains, reward him with your Heart, and taste the Sweets of mutual Love.

Ah, me! interrupted *Cressida*, and is it for a Lover then, that I must thank the Gods! Is this the glorious Fortune they have destined for me! and can you, Oh, my Uncle! can you resolve to lead me through the dangerous Paths of Pleasure? You, who ought rather to watch over my unguarded Steps, and save me from the treacherous Baits of Love! Oh, *Pallas*! Guardian Goddess

Goddess of my Youth, assist me now! direct
me in this doubtful Maze of Fate, and save thy
wretched Votary!

Pandarus, beholding her in this Emotion,
rose from his Chair; I see, fair Niece, said he,
you are not disposed to listen to the Passion my
Friend has for you; your Disdain will kill him;
I know it will; his Life depends upon your
Smiles; and since my Interest with you is so
small, I'll share his Fate: I cannot bear the Re-
proaches he will with Justice load me, when
he finds how ineffectual my Sollicitations have
been.—Do you sigh, cruel Maid! said he;
(for, almost unknown to herself, she breathed a
deep-drawn Sigh) Ah, may it please the Gods
to make you suffer in your Turn! As for me,
since you suspect I would betray your Virtue,
you shall not see me soon again; happy if, by
sacrificing my own Life, I could save that of
the noble *Troilus*; but it will not be: he loves
too ardently to bear your Scorn without Despe-
ration; but I will share his Fate, whatever it
be; and since I cannot save him, I'll die with
him.

Cressida, alarmed at this Menace of her
Uncle's, and at his rising to leave her hastily,
seized his Arm; Stay, Oh stay! she cried;
all that is consistent with my Honour I'll do to
save you both: I'll see the Prince; I'll treat
him mildly; I'll not forbid him to hope;—but
ask no more: my Honour's dearer to me than
Life; swear your Designs extend no farther
than what I have promised, and I am satisfied.

Pandarus,

Pandarus, assuring her, with the most solemn Oaths, that he would not press her to any greater Compliances, perceiving her Fears were quieted, began to talk of indifferent Matters; which, *Cressida*, whose Soul was all in Tumult, listened to with great Impatience; interrupting him, at length; I would fain know, said she, (with a conscious Blush) in what Manner you first became acquainted with Prince *Troilus's* Passion for me? Did he declare it to you himself? Does he know how to gild a Love-sick Tale with soft prevailing Eloquence?

Pandarus, with a Smile of Pleasure at this Demand, related to her, succinctly, all that had passed between him and *Troilus*, and painted his Love and his Despair in Colours so lively, that the half-vanquished *Cressida*, unwilling her Uncle should see her Emotions, rose up, and begging his Excuse, retired to her Closet, to contemplate at leisure on what had befallen her: There first the Idea of *Troilus*, young, brave, and lovely as she had seen him; tender, passionate, and languishing as her Uncle represented him, rose to her Imagination. Softened and prepared by her artful Uncle to receive the dangerous Impression, her Fancy dwelt with a Pleasure, till then unknown, upon the Graces of his Form, his royal Birth, his exalted Courage, in a Youth so blooming: her Vanity was flattered by the Preference he gave her to all the *Trojan* Beauties of the Court; and her Compassion, insensibly engaged by the Pains he suffer'd for her Sake, Love first entering her Soul
in

in the Disguise of Gratitude, waked there a
lambent Flame, whose pleasing Warmth play'd
gently round her Heart, and filled it with a
new and sweet Sensation.

While she sat thus, wholly lost in pleasing
Reflexions, she heard a loud Shouting in the
Street, that roused her from her Reverie, and
made her hastily run to her Window to see
the Occasion of it; but what was her mingled
Surprise and Confusion when she beheld Prince
Troilus, the Object of her Contemplation!

The young Hero having that Day performed
the most amazing Acts of Valour, and driven
the *Greeks* quite back to their Ships, was re-
turning home, amidst the Acclamations of a
numerous Croud, who made the Skies resound
with their loud Praises: He was seated on a
bay Steed, who, by reason of the Wounds he
had received in the Fight, carried him along
with a slow Pace; all richly armed he was, ex-
cept his Head; so that his lovely Face being
exposed to View, and made more lovely by
the decent Shame which glowed in bright Ver-
milion on his Cheek, he charmed the eager
Gazers into a Rapture of Delight: His Hel-
met, which hung carelessly by a String behind,
was hewn in twenty Places; his Shield was
pierced with Spears, and many Arrows were to
be seen still sticking in different Parts of it;
his Horse was marked with Blood that streamed
from several Parts of his Body.

In

In this fierce Equipage he would have look'd like the great God of War himself, had not his charming Face expressed a softer and more amiable Divinity: *Cressida* drew back her Head the Moment she beheld him; conscious of what passed in her Heart, a crimson Blush glowed in each lovely Cheek; but though she had determined in her Mind not to look on him, again her Eyes involuntary sought him out; again she blushed, alarm'd at her own Weakness; again with an averted Look she tried to conceal the new-born sweet Anxiety from herself; but it was in vain: she could not resist the powerful Impulse that drew her Eyes towards him; and kept them fixed upon him till he was out of Sight.

This unexpected View of the young Hero, in all the Pomp and Pageantry of War, bearing away the chiefest Honours of the Field, and crowned with the grateful Praises of his delivered Country, compleated what her Uncle's Artifices had begun, and made an entire Conquest of her Heart: Love, with all its Train of gentle Wishes, Hopes, Fears, and soft Inquietudes, took Possession of her Breast: Awhile she resisted the sweet Invader, and opposed her Reason to the subtle Flame; but so unequal was the Contest, so weak her Defence, so powerful the Assault, that neither hoping, nor perhaps desiring to be free, she gave herself up a willing Slave to the soft Chains of Love.

In the mean time *Troilus*, full of eager Anxiety to know his Fate, no sooner arrived at his own Palace than he dispatched some of his Attendants to different Places to find out *Pandarus*, and to bring him thither.

Pandarus immediately obeyed the Summons, and related, to his impatient Friend, all the Conversation that had passed between him and his Niece. He described her Looks, her Sighs, her Blushes, her sweet Irresolution, and thence derived sufficient Encouragement for the trembling Lover to write, and, in his own pathetic language, solicit her future Favour.

Love having dictated, to the ready Pen of *Troilus*, the softest and most persuasive Eloquence that ever won a female Heart, *Pandarus* undertook to deliver the Letter, and accordingly carried it that Instant to *Cressida*: The mounting Blood flush'd in her charming Face as soon as he offered the Billet to her Perusal; then ran again in Tides tumultuous to her Heart, and left her pale, trembling, and ready to sink before him; he took her Hand, he pressed it tenderly in his, he swore by all the celestial Deities, no Harm was meant to her Honour, and conjured her, if she had not resolved the Destruction of the noble *Troilus*, to read and answer his Letter.

Cressida, reassured by her Uncle's Protestations, took the Letter from him, and retired to her Chamber to read it. The moving lan-

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guage it contained, had so sudden and so powerful an Effect on her soft Heart, that she was easily prevailed upon by her Uncle to write a favourable Answer.

The Correspondence thus happily begun, the officious *Pandarus* never failed every Day to carry Letters, Messages, and Presents between the Lovers, nor ceased his Solicitations in favour of *Troilus* to his Niece, till he had won her to yield to his Desires.

Troilus, at once the happy Favourite of *Cupid* and of *Mars*, was as glorious in the Field as successful in his Love; the *Greeks* trembled at his Name, and the *Trojans* in him revered a second *Hector*.

Cressida still continuing her solitary way of Life, silently enjoyed the Praises of her beloved Hero; at her Feet the passionate Warrior offered all his laurels; for her he fought and conquered, and sought his Recompence only in her Smiles. But Fortune, weary of showering Favours on these happy Lovers, prepared a sad Reverse of Fate for them, and, when they least expected it, stunned them with the Blow.

The *Trojans* in a general Battle with the *Greeks*, notwithstanding the godlike Valour of their Chiefs, received a dreadful Defeat; the Loss was so great, on their Side, that the venerable *Priam* found himself reduced to the
Necessity

Necessity of desiring a Truce and an Exchange of Prisoners.

When *Chalcas*, the Father of *Cressida*, heard of this Proposition, he presented himself before the Council of War, and earnestly intreated the Princes, that they would suffer *Antenor*, then a Prisoner in their Camp, to be exchanged for *Cressida* his Daughter, whom he had left in *Troy* at his Departure. The *Greek* Princes consented to his Request, and those that were named Commissioners for the *Greeks* with the *Trojans*, were ordered to demand *Cressida* in exchange for *Antenor*.

At the Arrival of the *Grecian* Envoys in *Troy*, King *Priam* summoned a Council to meet, before which they appeared and gave an Account of their Commission.

As soon as *Cressida* was named, the great Heart of *Troilus* sunk within him, an ashy Paleness overspread his Face; convulsive shiverings seized every Limb, and Grief and Rage were painted in his Eyes. With trembling Impatience he waited to hear the Opinion of the Council, revolving, in his distracted Soul, what he should do in case they gave up *Cressida*. Love suggested to him, that he ought rather to die than suffer *Cressida* to be ravished from his Arms; but Reason represented, that it was fit the Charmer of his Soul should be consulted, as to her Intentions, ere he proceeded to Extremities, and then, if she approved his firm Design to keep her, he would defend her

against the united Force of all the Powers on Earth. Fain would he save her Honour, and prevent her Departure ; and while his Thoughts were in this Tumult, *Hector*, who had well weighed the *Grecians* Demand, turned to the Envoys, and told them, that *Cressida* was not a Prisoner, and therefore could not be included in the Treaty for Exchange of Prisoners ; and tell your Princes, added he, We sell no Women here.

Scarce had he uttered these Words, when a Murmur of Dislike ran through the whole Assembly, which at last broke out into a tumultuous Exclamation against *Hector* for opposing the Return of *Antenor* on account of a Woman.

The venerable *Priam*, by his Authority, put an End to the Contest ; and, declaring that it was his Will the Daughter of *Calchas* should be exchanged for *Antenor*, the Assembly broke up satisfied with this determination.

Troilus, impatient of the smothered Grief and Rage that tore his inmost Soul, hastened to his own Palace ; with a frantic Air he flew to his Apartment, shut every Door and Window, and having, as much as lay in his Power, excluded the hateful Light, he threw himself, with a deep and deadly Groan, upon his Bed ; there, giving a Loose to Sorrow, he passionately upbraided the cruel Gods as Authors of his Misfortunes ; he cursed his Fate, the *Greeks*, himself, and *Troy* : Then, in the fiercest Transport of his Grief, he threw his groveling Body
on

on the Ground ; with cruel Blows he beat his groaning Breast, tore his disheveled Hair, and abandoned himself to all the wild Excesses of the most confirmed Despair.

These Agonies at length subsiding, a Calm of Grief ensued ; again he fell extended on his Bed, and, in fast heaving Sighs and streaming Tears, gave Vent to the Anguish of his labouring Heart.

Pandarus entering his Chamber, and finding him in this Condition, endeavoured, by all the soothing Arts he was Master of, to give him Comfort ; but *Troilus* was deaf to his Persuasions, and exasperated rather than soothed by the ineffectual Arguments he urged ; again his Grief rose up to Frenzy ; again he uttered Imprecations against the Gods, and, in the Wildness of his Woe, devoted himself to Destruction.

Pandarus, terrified at a Despair so vehement, threw himself at his Feet, and conjured him to moderate his Affliction, and take no Resolutions to his own Prejudice till he had consulted *Cressida*, and heard what she had to propose ; adding, that he would go immediately to his Niece, and take Order for their private Interview.

Troilus listened attentively to this Proposal, and, a little soothed with the Hopes of seeing *Cressida*, pressed *Pandarus* to go that Instant and prepare her to receive him, promising his

Confidant to commit no Violence against himself, but to acquiesce patiently in what his Mistrefs should ordain for him.

Pandarus satisfied with this Assurance, left him, and went to his Niece's House. The Report of her being exchanged for *Antenor* had already reached her Ears. She was reclined on a Couch in her Chamber, pale, motionless, and bathed in Tears. At her Uncle's Approach she newly raised her Head, a fresh Stream of Tears gushed from her charming Eyes, and passionately clasping her ivory Hands together, "Oh! Uncle, cried she, with a Voice almost drowned in thick succeeding Sighs, to what Misery hath Love and you introduced me!"

Grief prevented her from speaking more; her beauteous Head, like a Lilly overcharged with Rain, sunk again upon her Pillow, and a Groan, that seemed to rend her lovely Frame to Pieces, spoke her Distress more eloquently than the most expressive Words could do.

Pandarus seating himself near her, besought her, for her Lovers sake, whose Grief had almost deprived him of Reason, to moderate her Sorrow, and give him an Example of Patience and Constancy that might, by inciting him to imitate it, prevent the fatal Effects of his Despair.

Cressida, alarmed for her Lover's Safety; and suffering more in his Affliction than her own,
sum-

summoned up all her Courage in Order to receive him with some Degree of Constancy. On his Entrance into her Chamber she rose and met him with an eager Embrace, endeavouring, by a forced Serenity in her Aspect, to dispel that Cloud of Anguish that saddened every Feature; but alas! her Face, that Image of Paradise, was pale and wan; the rosy Bloom was fled, the laughing Loves that used to play upon each dimpled Cheek was gone; Tears had dimmed the Lustre of her starry Eyes, and all the sprightly Graces, that decked her every Look and Motion, were lost in languishing Dejection.

Troilus, stepping a few Paces back, gazed on her for some Moments in an emphatic Silence; while the big Sorrow, labouring for a Vent, so totally oppressed his vital Powers, that, standing without Sense or Motion, he looked like the sad Image of Despair: Tears at one Instant gave Relief to both.

The Power of Speech returned, and they broke into Complaints that might have pierced the most savage and insensible Hearts. A thousand Schemes were planned to prevent their Parting, but all upon Reflexion proved impracticable: The passionate *Troilus*, incapable of listening to any Thing but the Dictates of his Love, was for leaving his King and Father, his distressed Country, his weeping Friends, blasting that Glory which in so many well-fought Fields he had acquired, and only

sollicitous to preserve his *Cressida*, steal with her away from *Troy*, and give up all to Love.

Cressida heard this Proposal with Horror; she loved his Fame; she would not suffer him to sacrifice it to her; she represented to him the Weakness and Baseness of such a Resolution, and deeply vowed never to consent to any thing that might wound his Honour. Hear my *Troilus*, added she, the only Expedient Fortune has left in our Power; suffer me to be sent, according to the Decree of the Council, to my Father; I will carry with me a large Quantity of Treasure which I will pretend was sent to his Care by some of our Relations, who intend to take the first Opportunity of escaping to the *Grecian* Camp. Before the Truce is expired I will urge him to let me come once more to *Troy*, in order to secure the Remainder of our Friends Treasure; he is covetous, and will be easily prevailed upon; on the tenth Day from my Departure you may expect me, and once more met, nothing but Death shall separate us.

Troilus, with Heart-breaking Sighs, gave a slow and sad Assent to what she had proposed; but, full of racking Apprehensions, a thousand Times he begged her to be true. And she, invoking all the celestial Deities, the Satyrs, Nymphs, and Fawns, and the infernal Gods, imprecated Curses on herself if ever she received a second Love. The Morning was now broke, with speechless Grief they parted.

Troilus

Troilus went home to put himself in a condition to attend his beloved *Cressida* to the appointed Place, where she was to be exchanged for *Antenor*. At his return to her House he found *Diomedes* one of the *Grecian* Chiefs, with many Attendants waiting her coming out. The unhappy Lover could hardly prevent the mingled Rage and Grief that took Possession of his Soul at this Sight, from breaking into some Act of Violence against the Man that was going to rob him of all his Soul held dear. But mindful of the sacred Truce, and more of his *Cressida's* Honour, he repressed the rising Fury, nor gave the smothered Anguish leave to vent itself in Sighs. This painful Restraint lasted not long; the beautiful *Cressida* appeared, and saluting *Diomedes* with a languishing Sweetness, she gave her Hand to *Troilus*; who having helped her on her Horse they rode apart from the rest of the Company, and poured out their Souls in mutual protestations of eternal Love and Fidelity.

The *Greeks*, with *Antenor*, appearing in sight, *Troilus* was obliged to yield to the sad Necessity of parting. Remember, oh! remember to be true, he cried, and keep your appointed Day. His faltering Tongue could pronounce no more. An ashy Paleness overspread his Face; he turned away abruptly and joined *Antenor*, while *Diomedes* eagerly flew to the weeping *Cressida*, and conducting her to the *Grecian* Camp, left her in the Embraces of her Father. The unhappy *Troilus* sinking un-

der the Weight of an unsupportable Sorrow, returned to *Troy* unable to endure the Sight or Conversation of any of his Friends; he gave himself wholly up to Solitude and Despair.

The ten Days in which she had promised to come back, seemed, to his impatient Mind, as many tedious Ages; anxiously he counted the tardy Hours, and wondered at their unusual Length; now eagerly wishing for the Shades of Night, and now as impatient for the rising Dawn.

Pandarus, whom only he would admit to his Presence, endeavoured to prevail upon him to bear the Absence of his Niece with Moderation, and to wait calmly for her Return; but the distracted Lover was incapable of following this Advice; his Soul was racked between the contrary Extremes of Hope and Fear; scarce were four Days of the destined Ten elapsed when, wild with Impatience, he rode to the Place where she had appointed to meet him; there stopping, he cast his wishing Eyes around, as if he expected to see her; and being disappointed, returned with languishing Dejection to his Palace, and wore away the Night in Sighs and Tears.

At length the appointed Day came; with fear-check'd Transport he traced the well-known Path, sending his longing Eyes before to hail the wished Appearance of his *Cressida*; and now the whispering Bushes, and fleeting Shadows at a Distance, would
cheat

cheat his Ears and Eyes with her Approach ; then would he passionately fold his Arms, as if already they inclosed her, and with an exulting Voice cry out to *Pandarus*, She comes, my Friend, she comes, dear, lovely, faithful *Cressida*, oh how shall I repay such wonderous Truth! But when Expectation was wearied by Delay, and no *Cressida* appeared to confirm the flattering Hope, then would he sink into a tender Despondency, and chide her Slowness with a Lover's Anger, which some new aspiring Hope again removed, and gave him up to eager Expectation again to be followed by Disappointment and Despair.

The whole Day being past in this continued Succession of Hopes and Fears, the Approach of Night brought with it a sad Addition to his Grief ; for having no longer any Probability of seeing his beloved *Cressida*, he resigned himself up to the most cruel Apprehensions ; ah ! without doubt she is false, he cried, the wretched *Troilus* is no more her Care ! what have I to do but die, my *Pandarus*, since *Cressida* has forsaken me ?

Pandarus, tho' greatly surprized at his Niece's Breach of Promise, and perhaps suspecting the worst, yet anxious to remove from the unhappy Youth that Load of Anguish that seemed ready to overwhelm him, invented a hundred Excuses for her Delay ; which he who dreaded nothing so much as a Confirmation of her Falshood, eagerly grasped at, and, in Compliance with the pressing Instances of his Friend,

returned to the City. After a Night of agonizing Woe, no sooner did the Morning dawn than he arose, and flew again to the appointed Place, hoping, and anxiously wishing, he had mistaken the Day on which his *Cressida* had promised to meet him ; for many successive Days did he continue this Practice, living all the while in such a Whirl of contrary Passions, as drove him almost to Frenzy.

In the mean time *Cressida*, whose Violence of Grief had long ago subsided, and left only a gentle Sensibility in her Soul, that but disposed it for new Impressions, having found some Difficulty in prosecuting her Design of returning to *Troy* on the appointed Day, resolved to lay aside all Thoughts of such a dangerous Enterprize, and began to listen favourably to the Vows of *Diomedes*: This young Warrior, whose Heart the Sight of her in *Troy* had enflamed, made Use of all the pleasing Arts with which the God of Love inspires his Votaries, to engage her to return his Passion.

Cressida at first would melt into Tears, murmur the Name of *Troy* with a Sigh, and faintly own she had a Lover there who claimed a Right to her Affection. But the gallant Son of *Tydeus* was not so repulsed ; well did he know the changing Sex, and how weak an Obstacle an absent Lover was ; to those faint Remembrances he opposed his Royal Birth, his Fame in Arms, his never-dying Passion, flattering her Ambition with the Hopes of making her his Queen, and her Vanity with an Assurance that she

the only could have subdued his Heart. He represented to her the certain Destruction that hung over *Troy*, and the little Probability there was of her being happy with a Lover of that devoted City.

The ungrateful *Cressida*, influenced by these selfish Motives, forgot, or did not regard, her Vows of everlasting Faith to *Troilus*, and charmed with the Person, Valour, and exalted Dignity of her new Adorer, yielded, at length, to his Sollicitations; nor was the insulting Greek satisfied with thus triumphing in secret over his unhappy Rival: A rich Jewel which *Troilus* had given to *Cressida* at parting, and the abandoned Fair had now bestowed on *Diomedes*, he wore upon his Armour in the Battle, as a Trophy of his Victory, and the *Trojan* Prince's Disgrace.

Troilus, still pining with Desire, and forsaken as he was by *Cressida*, yet not capable of thinking her false, nourished the fatal Flame that preyed upon his Heart, with vain delusive Hopes of her return; which though every succeeding Day proved to be ill-grounded, yet fond of the deceit he still hoped on, and, like a drowning Wretch, grasped eagerly at every faint Relief, to avoid that Death which was, notwithstanding, inevitable.

Leaning anxiously one Day over the Walls of the City, from whence he sent many a longing Look towards the *Grecian* Camp, and breathed Heart-breaking Sighs at the Remembrance

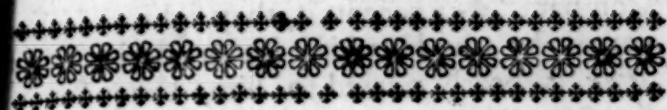
brance of his *Cressida*, he saw a Coat of Mail carried in Triumph before his Brother *Deiphobas*, as he was returning from the Field of Battle.

This Sight would have had but little Effect on the Heart of the now inglorious Youth, sunk as he was in the soft Lethargy of Love, consuming away with fruitless Wishes, and languishing with disappointed Hope, but a Jewel that blazed upon its Sleeve was no sooner observed than it claimed all his Attention; the Shape and Size, recalling to his Mind the Pledge he gave his *Cressida* at parting. With trembling Impatience, he fixed his eager Eyes upon it, his Heart took the alarm and beat as if it would have left his Breast; cold Damps bedewed his shivering Limbs, a mortal Paleness overspread his Face; yet still insatiate of the Sight, he gazed and trembling prayed it might not be what he feared; at length a near Approach put it past a doubt that it was the same Jewel, that, wet with his Tears, and hallowed by a thousand tender Invocations he had given his *Cressida* at the sad Moment of their parting; thunderstruck at this Conviction of her Falshood, wildly he raised his haggard Eyes to Heaven, then striking with his Hands his groaning Breast, "Oh! *Cressida*, he cried, where, where is now thy Faith?"

Fixed, for a while, he stood in silent sad Despair; then suddenly, looking up he demanded of some of the Soldiers, whose Armour that was which his Brother *Deiphobas* had won; they replied

replied, it was *Diomedes*. Grief giving way to Fury at the Sound of that detested Name, he ran transported with a Desire of Vengeance to his Palace ; there, arming himself with a tumultuous Haste, he rushed into the Field, and, with loud Cries, called upon *Diomedes* ; seeking his Rival amidst the thickest ranks of his Foes, madly he raged about the hostile Field, provoking Death, and sacrificing whole Hecatombs of slaughtered *Greeks* to his Revenge ; Rage and Despair rekindling all his martial Heat, sent him each Day with more than mortal Courage to the Fight.

Pale *Greece* with horror beheld the matchless Chief thinning their Ranks, and driving whole Squadrons before his conquering Sword, but *Diomedes* the partial Gods denied to his Revenge. Rivals alike in Glory as in Love, they often met, oft fought, but neither vanquished. The Son of *Tideus* was reserved by Fate to meet a more ignoble End at Home, and *Troilus* could only fall by the resistless Force of *Achilles*.



F A B L E

O F

Troilus and Cressida.

Cressida, the Daughter of *Calchas*, a *Trojan* of Distinction, who had fled to the *Grecian* Camp, is in Love with, and beloved by *Troilus*, one of the Sons of *Priam* King of *Troy*. *Pandarus*, her Uncle, solicits her in behalf of *Troilus*, and gives her up to his Embraces.

The *Greeks* having taken *Antenor* Prisoner, a *Trojan* Nobleman of great Merit, *Calchas* petitions them to exchange him for *Cressida* his Daughter, whom he had left behind him in *Troy*. His Request is granted, the Lovers are obliged to part, and *Diomedes*, when the Exchange is made, conducts *Cressida*, with whom he falls passionately in Love, to the *Grecian* Camp.

Hector

Hector sends a Challenge to the *Greeks*, inviting the most valiant amongst them to a single Combat; *Ajax* accepts it, they fight, and when parted by the Heralds, *Hector* declares that *Ajax* is nearly related to him, being Son to his Aunt.

This produces mutual Civilities on the Part of each Champion; *Ajax* invites *Hector* to the Camp, in which Request he is joined by *Agamemnon* and *Achilles*; *Hector* consents; the *Trojan* Princes, who had attended him to the Field, follow him to the General's Tent; but *Troilus*, eager to see his beloved *Cressida*, takes Advantage of this Opportunity to intreat *Ulysses* would conduct him to *Calchas's* Tent.

Ulysses informs him that *Diomede* is in Love with *Cressida*, and that he sups there that Night; *Troilus* thereupon stands concealed to observe their Behaviour; *Cressida*, after coquetting a little with *Diomede*, makes an Affignation with him, and he demanding a Pledge, she gives him a Sleeve which she had received from *Troilus*; but refusing to tell him to whom it belonged, he declares he will wear it on his Helmet the next Day in Battle, that he may sacrifice the Person who claims it to his Revenge.

As soon as he is gone, *Cressida*, in a Soliloquy, professes that she no longer loves *Troilus*, and that *Diomede* is Master of her Heart; *Troilus*, in a Transport of Grief and Rage, exclaims against her Inconstancy, vows to take
ample

ample Vengeance on his Rival, and the next Day in Battle, performs such wonderful Acts of Valour, that the *Grecians* are almost put to flight.

Achilles having absented himself from the Field, in compliance with the Commands of *Polyxena*, *Priam's* Daughter, with whom he is in Love, and carries on a secret Correspondence, *Hector*, who had been warn'd in vain to desist from fighting that Day, rages uncontrouled through the Field; at length, having killed *Patroclus*, *Achilles*, to revenge the Death of his Friend, arms and rushes into the Battle.

Hector observing a *Greek* in Golden Armour, fights with him and wins it, and satisfied with the Exploits of the Day, is beginning to disarm himself when *Achilles*, at the Head of his *Myrmidons*, appears.

Hector in vain pleads that he is unarmed, and taken at a Disadvantage; *Achilles* commands his *Myrmidons* to surround and slay him; that done he ties his Body to his Horse's Tail, and drags it through the *Grecian* Army.

Troilus brings the News of *Hector's* Death to the *Trojans*, and leads them back to *Troy*, while the *Grecian* Army, satisfied with the Death of *Hector*, sound a Retreat, and suffer their Enemy quietly to re-enter their City.

The Story of this Play is partly taken from *Chaucer's* Poem of *Troilus* and *Cressida*, and partly

partly from an old Story Book, called *The three Destructions of Troy*.

The first furnished *Shakespear* with the Love Plot, and the second with all the Incidents that relate to the War.

This Play has been severely censured on account of the Faults of its Plot (if that can be called a Plot which is only a Succession of Incidents, without Order, Connexion, or any Dependence upon each other) as well as the Inequality of the Manners the Poet has given to his Persons.

The Loves of *Troilus* and *Cressida* are, in all the Circumstances, exactly copied from *Chaucer*; but these Circumstances are intirely detached from the rest of the Play, and produce no Event worthy our Attention.

Troilus and *Cressida* give Name to the Tragedy, and, by Consequence, are the most considerable Persons in it; yet *Troilus* is left alive, and *Cressida*, too scandalous a Character to draw our Pity, does not satisfy that Detestation her Crimes raise in us by her Death, but escaping Punishment, leaves the Play without a Moral, and absolutely deficient in poetical Justice.

The Manners of these two Persons, however, ought to escape the general Charge of Inequality.

Troilus

Troilus, who is drawn exactly after *Chaucer*, is every where consistent with his Character of a brave Soldier, and a passionate and faithful Lover.

From *Cressida*'s first and second Appearance we may easily guess what her future Conduct will be; the deep Art with which she conceals her Passion for *Troilus*, her loose Conversation with her Uncle, her free Coquetry with the Prince, and her easy yielding to his Addresses, prepare us for her Falshood in the succeeding Part of the Play, and all together make up the Character of a compleat Jilt: Her not being punished is indeed an unpardonable Fault, and brings the greatest Imputation imaginable upon *Shakespeare*'s Judgment, who could introduce so vicious a Person in a Tragedy, and leave her without the due Reward of her Crimes.

The Character of *Cressida* is much more consistent in *Shakespeare* than *Chaucer*; the latter represents her wise, humble, and modest, nicely sensible of Fame, fond of her Country, not easily susceptible of Love, hard to be won, and rather betrayed than yielding to the Desires of her Lover.

With all these amiable Qualities to engage our Esteem and those alleviating Circumstances that attended her Fall with *Troilus*, we cannot, without Surprise, see her so soon changing her Love, violating her Vows, and basely

basely prostituting her Honour to *Diomedes*. The inequality of Manners here is very observable; but *Shakespear* in drawing her Character has avoided falling into the same Fault by copying *Chaucer* too closely, and *Cressida*, throughout the Play, is always equal and consistent with herself.

That the old Story Book, called *The three Destructions of Troy*, furnished *Shakespear* with the other Part of the Plot, is plain from several of the Incidents being exactly copied from thence: Thus he makes *Achilles* to be in Love with *Polyxena* the Daughter of *Priam*, and this Passion to be the Cause of his refusing to fight against the *Trojans*; and *Hector* to be cowardly killed by *Achilles*, as he was intent on spoiling a *Greek* of his Golden Armour, which he had eagerly sought after in the Battle.

This Circumstance, however, *Shakespear* has altered greatly for the worse: The Story says, that *Hector* having slain *Patroclus* and performed many wonderful Acts of Valour, satisfied with the Slaughters of the Day, was going to quit the Field, when happening to see a *Greek* with a compleat Suit of Golden Armour on, his Avarice was awakened and he resolved not to quit the Battle till he had gained this rich Prize; accordingly he assaulted the *Greek*, took him Prisoner, and to lead him more easily out of the Throng, cast his Shield behind him.

Achilles,

Achilles, whom the Death of *Patroclus* had brought into the Field, burning with a Desire of Revenge on *Hector*, hastened to seize him at this Disadvantage, and gave him a Blow with his Spear which killed him.

Shakespear makes *Hector*, in the same Manner, eager to win this Suit of Armour; but after he has slain the *Greek* who owned it, he disarms himself in the Field of Battle, and *Achilles* and his *Myrmidons* coming up, they all surround him, fall upon him and kill him.

Thus has *Shakespear* made *Achilles* a greater Coward than the old Story Writer; for in the latter he only takes Advantage of his Enemy's Shield being thrown behind him to give him a Wound; but *Shakespear* makes him employ all his *Myrmidons* to kill one Man, and he disarmed and calling for Mercy.

The Absurdity of *Hector's* unarming himself in the Field of Battle, with all his Foes about him, in order to facilitate this wonderful Enterprize, is too gross to need any Remark.

Hector's challenging any of the *Grecian* Princes to single Combat, in Honour of their Ladies Beauty, is a Circumstance borrowed from the Story Book, but surely very injudiciously. The following Message from the Defender of *Troy*, a City almost ruined by a War of nine Years Continuance, can hardly be read without a Smile.

We

We have, great *Agamemnon*, here in *Troy*
 A Prince call'd *Hector* (*Priam* is his Father)
 Who in this dull and long-continued Truce
 Is rusty grown ; he bade me take a Trumpet,
 And to this Purpose speak : Kings, Princes,
 Lords,

If there be one amongst the fairest of *Greece*,
 That holds his Honour higher than his Ease,
 That seeks his Praise more than he fears his
 Peril,

That knows his Valour and knows not his Fear,
 That loves his Mistress more than in Confession,
 (With truant Vows to her own Lips, he loves)
 And dare avow her Beauty and her Worth,
 In other Arms than hers : To him this Chal-
 lenge.

Hector, in view of *Trojans* and of *Greeks*
 Shall make it good (or do his best to do it)
 He hath a Lady, wiser, fairer, truer,
 Than ever *Greek* did compass in his Arms,
 And will to-morrow with his Trumpet call,
 Midway between your Tents and Walls of
Troy,

To rouse a *Grecian* that is true in Love.
 If any come, *Hector* will honour him :
 If none, he'll say in *Troy*, when he retires
 The *Grecian* Dames are Sun-burnt, and not
 worth
 The Splinter of a Lance,---even so much.

Aeneas begins with telling the *Grecian* Princes
 that, in *Troy*, they have a Prince called *Hector*,
 and that *Priam* is his Father, as if the Name
 and Quality of this redoubted Hero, the Bul-
 wark

wark of the *Trojans* and the Terror of the *Grecians*, could be unknown to them.

Shakespear, in this Passage, contradicts himself as well as Common-sense; for we find afterwards, that they acknowledged the Valour of *Hector* to be so great that none but *Achilles* was thought an equal Match for him, and *Ajax* was urged to accept the Challenge, in order to raise the Jealousy of the discontented *Achilles*.

Aeneas also tells them, that their Champion is grown rusty during the dull and long continued Truce; yet, in the foregoing Scene, the *Trojan* Heroes are represented returning from the Battle, and, after that, we find no mention of a Truce, or any Interval allowed to make it be supposed there had been one: How then comes it that *Aeneas* here speaks of a Truce? But these Blunders are very frequent in *Shakespear*.

The Poet likewise, following the old Story Writer, makes *Hector* and *Ajax* Cousin-Germans; but in the Play, *Ajax*, as it would seem, knows nothing of the Matter till he is told of it, first by *Aeneas*, and afterwards by *Hector*; and then, when the Combat is ended, the two Heroes Embrace, and 'tis nothing but Cousin and Cousin, at every Word.

The Story tells us, that *Achilles* had a long ing Desire to see *Hector* unarmed; *Shakespear*
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makes use of this Thought, *Achilles* says, in the Play, to his Friend,

----- I have a Woman's Longing,
An Appetite that I am sick withal,
To see great *Hector* in the Weeds of Peace.

The Conversation of these two Heroes, when they meet, which consists of mutual Threatnings, doubtless gave *Shakespear* the Hint for that characteristic Discourse they hold together in the Play.

'Tho' *Shakespear* consulted this Book for Part of his Plot, yet, in drawing the Characters of his *Grecian* Princes, I cannot help thinking he had *Homer* in his Eye; and probably saw some old Translation of that Poet, for there was one in his Time.

Achilles, indeed, is a Character of his own Invention, ridiculous and inconstant to the last Degree, Brave, and a Coward; a Fool, yet a deep and accurate Reasoner: But, in the others, he seems to have endeavoured at an Imitation of *Homer*.

Thus he makes *Diomedes* bold and enterprising; *Ulysses* wise and artful; *Nestor* narrative, and ever ready to expatiate on his past Exploits; *Thersites* cowardly, satyrical, witty, and malicious: In the Interview between the *Greek* and *Trojan* Princes, he makes them all speak with great Propriety, and suitable to their respective Characters. *Hector*, indeed, by mentioning

tioning *Helen*, ludicrously to the injured *Mene-laus*, who had given him a free and soldier-like Greeting, discovers, in that Instance, neither the Manners of a Prince or Warrior; but this is only a Slip; for his Discourse, both before and after it, is quite agreeable to his Character.

The Silence of *Troilus* in this Scene is beautifully imagined. The Poet makes this passionate Prince attend *Hector* to the *Grecian* Tents, whither he is invited only with a Design of seeing his beloved *Cressida*; but his Resentment towards the Enemies of his Country being heightened by the Consideration of their having deprived him of his Mistress, he is incapable of mixing in the Conversation, or even of returning the Civilities of the *Grecian* Princes; he stands at a Distance, pensive, silent, wholly absorb'd in melancholly Reflections. The Grief of this young Lover is finely marked by *Agamemnon*, in that short Question to *Ulysses*, pointing him out,

What *Trojan* is that same that looks so heavy?

However ridiculous, inconsistent, and contrary to general Opinion, *Shakespear* has drawn the Character of *Achilles* in this Play; yet, in the following Lines he must have had *Homer* in his View. The *Grecian* Army is almost routed by the *Trojans*, the Commanders in the utmost Consternation, when *Ulysses* enters, and thus reassures them:

Oh Courage, Courage, Princes! great *Achilles*
Is arming, weeping, cursing, vowing Ven-
geance!

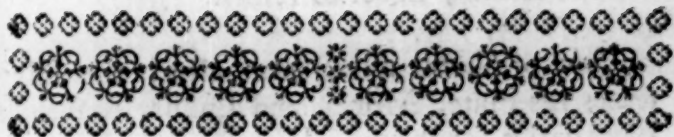
Patroclus' Wounds have rous'd his drousy Blood.

Here *Achilles* is made of so much Importance to the *Grecians*, that, vanquished as they were, and flying from the Field, they no sooner heard that *Achilles* is arming, and coming to join them, than their Courage is reanimated; they renew the Fight, and Victory declares for them. Only *Homer* could have furnished *Shakespear* with this Thought, nor with an Idea of *Achilles*'s Grief for the Death of *Patroclus*, which in two Lines he has so pathetically described. The old Story which, in many Places he has faithfully copied, is absolutely silent here.

The Speech of *Calchas* to the *Grecian* Princes, demanding their *Trojan* Prisoner *Antenor* to be exchanged for his Daughter, *Cressida*, is almost literally taken from *Chaucer*.

The Character of *Pandarus*, also, is borrowed from him, but much heightened by *Shakespear*: Part of the Conversation between *Pandarus* and his Niece is copied exactly from *Chaucer*.

P L A N



P L A N

O F

King *Richard* the Second.

THE Action of this Play begins with *Bolingbroke's* appealing the Duke of *Norfolk* on an Accusation of High Treason : The King, after having in vain attempted to reconcile them, permits them, according to the Custom of that Time, to decide the Contest with their Swords.

On the Day appointed, the King and his Nobles being seated in the Lists, the two Champions appear in Armour, and the King, suddenly throwing down his Warder, forbids the Combat, and pronounces a Sentence of Banishment on both ; but with this Difference, that *Bolingbroke* should remain in Exile during ten Years, four of which he afterwards remits, at the Intercession of his Father *John of Gaunt* ;

F 3

but

but the Duke of *Norfolk* he commands, on Pain of Death, never to return.

John of Gaunt dying soon after, the King seizes his Plate, Money and Lands, to furnish Necessaries for the *Irish* War, in which he was then engaged; and, setting sail for *Ireland*, leaves his Kingdom in great Confusion. The King's injurious Treatment of the banished *Bolingbroke*, by thus depriving him of his legal Possessions, draws great Numbers to that Nobleman's Party, who being assisted likewise by a foreign Force, lands in *England*, and there declaring, that his only Motives for returning to his native Country in Arms, were to get his undeserved Banishment repealed; to require the Restitution of those Goods of which he had been unjustly deprived, and to claim the Dukedom of *Lancaster*, descended to him by the Death of his Father; he is joined by all the disaffected Nobility.

The Duke of *York* his Uncle, and Guardian of the Realm in the King's Absence, having no Forces to oppose him, and conscious of the Wrongs he had suffered, remains neuter.

The King returns, and falling into the Hands of *Bolingbroke*, is carried to *London*, prevailed upon to resign his Crown, and afterwards confined in *Pomfret* Castle.

The Duke of *Aumarle*, Son to the Duke of *York*, the Abbot of *Westminster*, the Bishop of *Carlisle*, and some other Lords, join in a Conspiracy

spiracy to murder the new King at *Oxford*. The Duke of *York* discovers it, by means of a Paper he had snatched from his Son; and, hastening to the King, reveals the Plot, and demands Justice on his Son; but *Aumarle* had been before him and secured his Pardon.

Bolingbroke, alarmed at this Conspiracy, drops some Words, which express a Wish that some one would dispatch King *Richard*; this being observed by *Exton*, he goes to *Pomfret* Castle, kills the unhappy King, and brings his Body to *Bolingbroke*; which puts an End to the Play.

Tho' this Play is called, *The Life and Death of Richard the Second*, yet the Action of it takes in but little more than the two last Years of his Reign.

Shakespear seems to have consulted *Holingshed* chiefly for the Facts on which it is built, and has followed him pretty closely. The Speech of the Bishop of *Carlisle*, in the fourth Act, is apparently copied from *Holingshed*.

Shakespear introduces the Duke of *York*, as bringing from King *Richard* a Resignation of his Crown to *Bolingbroke*, who declaring that he will ascend the Regal Throne, *Carlisle* replies,

CARLISLE.

Marry, Heaven forbid!
Worst in this Royal Presence may I speak,
F 4 Yet

Yet best beſeeming me to ſpeak the Truth ;
 Would God that any in this noble Preſence
 Were enough noble to be upright Judge
 Of noble *Richard* ; then true Nobleneſs would
 Learn him Forbearance from ſo foul a Wrong.
 What Subject can give Sentence on his King ?
 And who ſits here that is not *Richard's* Sub-
 ject ?

Thieves are not judg'd but they are by to hear,
 Altho' apparent Guilt be ſeen in them ;
 And ſhall the Figure of God's Maſteſty,
 His Captain, Steward, Deputy elect,
 Anointed, crown'd, and planted many Years,
 Be judg'd by ſubject and inferior Breath,
 And he himſelf not preſent ? Oh forbid it !
 That in a Chriſtian Climate, Souls refin'd,
 Should ſhew ſo heinous, black, obſcene a Deed.
 I ſpeak to Subjects, and a Subject ſpeaks,
 Stirr'd up by Heav'n, thus boldly for his King ;
 My Lord of *Hereford* here, whom you call
 King,

Is a foul Traitor to proud *Hereford's* King.
 And if you crown him, let me prophesy,
 The Blood of *Engliſh* ſhall manure the Ground,
 And future Ages groan for this foul Act.
 Peace ſhall go ſleep with *Turks* and Infidels,
 And in this Seat of Peace, tumultuous Wars
 Shall Kin with Kin and Kind with Kind con-
 found.

Diſorder, Horror, Fear, and Mutiny
 Shall here inhabit, and this Land be call'd
 The Field of *Golgotha*, and dead Men's Sculls.
 Oh ! if you rear this Houſe againſt this Houſe,
 It will the wofulleſt Diviſion prove
 That ever fell upon this curſed Earth.

Prevent,

Prevent, resist it, let it not be so,
Lest Children's Children cry against you, Woe.

Thus it stands in *Holingshed*, Page 512.

“On Wednesday following Request was made by the Commons, That sith King *Richard* had resigned, and was lawfully deposed from his Royal Dignity, he might have Judgment decreed against him, so as the Realm were not troubled by him; and that the Causes of his deposing might be published through the Realm for satisfying the People: Which Demand was granted.

Whereupon the Bishop of *Carlisle*, a Man both learned, wise, and stout of Stomach, boldly shewed forth his Opinion concerning that Demand, affirming that there was none amongst them worthy or meet to give Judgment upon so worthy a Prince as King *Richard* was; whom they had taken for their Sovereign and Liege Lord, for the Space of two and twenty Years and more; and I assure you, said he, there is not so rank a Traitor, nor so errant a Thief, nor yet so cruel a Murderer apprehended or detained in Prison for his Offence, but he shall be brought before the Justice, to hear his Judgment; and wil ye proceed to the Judgment of an anointed King, heari gneither his Answer nor Excuse? I say that the Duke of *Lancaster*, whom ye call King, hath more trespassed to King *Richard* and his Realm, than King *Richard* hath done either to him or us; for it is manifest and well known, that the Duke was banished the Realm by King

Richard and his Council, and by the Judgment of his own Father, for the Space of ten Years, for what Cause ye know; and yet, without Licence of King *Richard*, he is returned again into the Realm; and, what is worse, hath taken upon him the Name, Title, and Preheminence of King; and therefore, I say, that you have done manifest Wrong to proceed in any Thing against King *Richard* without calling him openly to his Answer and Defence."

"As soon as the Bishop had ended this Tale, he was attached by the Earl Marshal and committed to Ward in the Abbey of *Saint Albans*."

It has been observed, that *Shakespear*, in his Historical Plays, was a close Copier of the Histories from whence he took them; yet, in *Richard* the Second, there are some Deviations and some Omissions that throw different Lights on the Characters of his Persons, and tend greatly to mislead our Judgments in the Opinions we Form of them.

The Murder of the Duke of *Gloucester*, Uncle to the King, is one of the Crimes that *Bolingbroke* charges on the Duke of *Norfolk*; the King, in many Passages of the Play, is said to have commanded it: The old Duke of *Lancaster* upbraids him with having shed the Blood of the great *Edward*, and *Richard*'s Silence to that Accusation is not only a tacit Confession of the Guilt, but a Proof that he had nothing to offer in Vindication of it.

In the History it is not absolutely clear that King *Richard* had any part in the Death of his Uncle; but 'tis certain that the Duke of *Gloucester* was engaged in several Conspiracies against him, and that the King having discovered a dangerous One, in which not only his Crown and Dignity but his Life was aimed at, he found himself under a Necessity of seizing his disloyal Uncle; which he did by a well contrived Stratagem at his own Castle, and sent him to *Calais*; where he confessed all his Treasons, and was assassinated, as some Report, by *Richard's* Order.

Shakespear's Silence, upon this Head, is very unfavourable to the Character of *Richard*, on whom, by that Means, he draws the Imputation of a Murderer and Paracide; and yet, in his Misfortunes, he proposes him as an Object of Compassion, and makes Use of all his pathetic Powers to melt the Souls of the Audience in his Favour.

The Historians say that *Bolingbroke*, when in Banishment, was invited by the chief Nobility in *England* to return and force the Crown from *Richard*, whom they judged unworthy to Reign.

Shakespear takes no Notice of this Circumstance, but makes *Bolingbroke*, on his Arrival, declare that he only came to demand a Restitution of the Honours and Estates he had been

unjustly deprived of; and the Lords join him upon this Supposition.

In the History we are told, that King *Richard*, finding himself abandoned by many of his Friends, his *Welsh* Army, on whom he had the greatest Confidence, dispersed, and *Bolingbroke* absolute Master of his People's Hearts, retired to *Conway* Castle, which he determined to hold as long as it was possible; thither the Earl of *Northumberland* came from *Bolingbroke* with Offers of Submission, on his Part, provided the King would pardon what was past, repeal his Banishment, and restore him to all his Rights and Dignities.

King *Richard*, being persuaded to accept of these Conditions, and to go to *Rutland* to confer with *Bolingbroke*, falls into an Ambush prepared for him, and is led Prisoner to *London*.

Shakespear drops the Circumstance of the Ambush laid for the King, and represents *Bolingbroke* conferring in a submissive Manner with him at *Flint* Castle; and the King, upon his Cousin's solemn Assurance of attempting nothing against his Crown and Dignity, willingly accompanies him to *London*, where, at a meeting of the Parliament, he is deposed and the Crown offered to *Bolingbroke*.

This Play affords several other Instances in which *Shakespear's* Inattention to the History is plainly proved; and is therefore the less pardonable, as the Subject of it is not one entire
Action,

Action, wrought up with a Variety of beautiful Incidents, which at once delight and instruct the Mind ; but a Dramatick Narration of Historical Facts, and a successive Series of Actions and Events which are only interesting as they are true, and only pleasing as they are gracefully told.

The Manner of *Bolingbroke's* appealing the Duke of *Norfolk*, the Order of the intended Combat, the very Words of the Appellant and Defendant, the Behaviour and Speech of the King on that Occasion, are exactly copied from *Holingshed*, as is likewise the Appeals of the Lords in the first Scene of the fourth Act.

The Duke of *York's* Conduct, throughout the Play, is the same as the History represents it ; only *Shakespear* has aggravated his Zeal to the new-made King, by introducing him eager and solicitous to procure the Death of his Son *Aumarle*, for having engaged in a Conspiracy against him.

The Impropriety of making a Father press so ardently the Execution of a beloved Son, because that Son had joined with a Party that had resolved to dethrone an Usurper, and restore the lawful King, is too glaring to need any Animadversion : But, because there is something truly ludicrous in this very tragical Passage, I shall transcribe it.

Aumarle finding his Father determined to disclose his Treason to the new King, hastens
to

to Court, and, procuring a private Audience;
gets a Promise of Pardon from the King:
While he is closetted with him, the Duke of
York arrives, and loudly demands Admittance.

YORK.

Open the Door, secure, fool-hardy King,
Shall I, for Love, speak Treason to thy Face?
Open the Door, or I will break it open.

Enter YORK.

BOLINGBROKE.

What is the Matter, Uncle? speak, take
Breath:

Tell us how near is Danger,
That we may arm us to encounter it?

YORK.

Peruse this Writing here, and thou shalt know
The Treason that my Haste forbids me show.

AUMARLE.

Remember, as thou read'st, thy Promise past:
I do repent me, read not my Name there,
My Heart is not Confed'rate with my Hand.

YORK.

Villain, it was, ere thy Hand set it down,
I tore it from the Traytor's Bosom, King,
Fear, and not Love, begets his Penitence!
Forget to pity him, lest thy Pity prove
A Serpent that will sting thee to the Heart.

BOLING-

BOLINGBROKE.

O heinous, strong, and bold Conspiracy !
O loyal Father of a treach'rous Son ;
Thou clear, immaculate, and silver Fountain,
From whence this Stream, thro' muddy Passages,
Hath had his Current, and defil'd himself ;
Thy Overflow of Good converts the Bad,
And thine abundant Goodness shall excuse
This deadly Blot in thy digressing Son.

YORK.

So shall my Virtue be his Vice's Bawd,
And he shall spend mine Honour with his
Shame
As thriftless Sons their scraping Fathers' Gold.
Mine Honour lives, when his Dishonour dies,
Or my sham'd Life in his Dishonour lies :
Thou kill'st me in his Life ; giving him Breath,
The Traytor lives, the true Man's put to Death.

DUTCHESS *within*.

DUTCHESS.

What, ho, my Liege ! for Heaven's sake let
me in.

BOLINGBROKE.

What shrill-voic'd Suppliant makes this eager
Cry ?

DUTCHESS.

A Woman, and thine Aunt, great King ! 'tis I.
Speak

Speak with me, pity me, open the Door ;
A Beggar begs that never begg'd before.

BOLINGBROKE.

Our Scene is alter'd from a serious Thing,
And now chang'd to the Beggar and the King.
My dang'rous Cousin, let thy Mother in,
I know she's come to pray for your foul Sin.

YORK.

If thou do pardon, whosoever pray,
More Sins for his Forgiveness prosper may ;
This fester'd Joint cut off, the rest is sound ;
This, let alone, will all the rest confound.

Enter DUTCHESS.

DUTCHESS.

O King, believe not this hard-hearted Man,
Love loving not itself, none other can.

YORK.

Thou frantick Woman, what dost thou do
here ?
Shall thy old Dugs once more a Traytor rear ?

DUTCHESS.

Sweet *York* be patient, hear me gentle Liege.
[*Kneels.*]

BOLINGBROKE.

Rise up, good Aunt.

DUTCHESS.

Not yet I thee beseech ;

For

For ever will I kneel upon my Knees,
And never see Day that the happy sees,
Till thou give Joy ; untill thou bid me Joy,
By pard'ning *Rutland*, my transgressing Boy.

AUMARLE.

Unto my Mother's Prayers I bend my Knee.
[*Kneels.*]

YORK.

Against them both, my true Joints bended be.
[*Kneels.*]
Ill may'st thou thrive, if thou grant any Grace.

DUTCHESS.

Pleads he in earnest, Look upon his Face !
His Eyes do drop no Tears, his Prayer's in
Jest,

His Words come from his Mouth, ours from
our Breast.

He prays but faintly, and would be deny'd ;
We pray with Heart and Soul, and all beside.

His weary Joints would gladly rise, I know ;
Our Knees shall kneel, till to the Ground they
grow :

His Pray'rs are full of false Hypocrisy ;
Ours of true Zeal, and deep Integrity :
Our Pray'rs do out-pray his ; then let them
crave

That Mercy which true Prayers ought to have.

BOLINGBROKE.

Good Aunt stand up.

DUTCHESS.

DUTCHESS.

Nay, do not say, stand up ;
 But pardon first, say afterwards stand up ;
 And if I were thy Nurse, thy Tongue to teach,
 Pardon should be the first Word of thy Speech.
 I never long'd to hear a Word till now :
 Say, Pardon, King ; let Pity teach thee how.

BOLINGBROKE.

Good Aunt, stand up.

DUTCHESS.

I do not sue to stand,
 Pardon is all the Suit I have in Hand.

BOLINGBROKE.

I pardon him, as Heav'n shall pardon me.

DUTCHESS.

O happy Vantage of a kneeling Knee ;
 Yet I am sick for Fear ; speak it again :
 Twice saying Pardon, doth not pardon twain,
 But makes one Pardon strong.
 The Word is short, but not so short as sweet ;
 No Word like Pardon for Kings Mouth so meet.

YORK.

Speak it in *French*, say, King, *Pardonnez moy.*

That little Fiction which *Shakespear* has introduced into this Play, is imagined with his usual Carelessness and Inattention to Probability. The Queen who, more than any other Person, is interested in every thing that relates

to

to the King her Husband, is, nevertheless, the last that hears of the Seizure of her Lord.

In the second Act, she is informed of *Bolingbroke's* Invasion, and the Disaffection of almost all the Nobility; and in the fourth, this sorrowful Queen is introduced in her Garden with two Ladies, who press her to dance.

The Gardener and two Workmen entering, she retires behind the Trees, in Hopes of learning some News of the State from them; nor is she deceived: From them she first hears of the Imprisonment and intended Deposition of the King her Husband.

One might be surpris'd, perhaps, to hear from a Gardener's Mouth, a beautiful System of Politics, couched in a close and well-conceived Allegory, drawn from such Images as his Profession furnished him with, if the poor Fellow who works under his Directions did not allegorize as well as his Master, and lessen the Wonder.

SERVANT:

Why should we, in the Compass of a Pale,
Keep Law, and Form, and due Proportion,
Shewing, as in a Model, our firm State?
When our Sea-walled Garden (the whole
Land)
Is full of Weeds, her fairest Flowers choak'd
up,
Her Fruit-trees all unprun'd, her Hedges
ruin'd,

Her

Her Knots disorder'd, and her wholesome
Herbs
Swarming with Caterpillars ?

The Manner of King *Richard's* Death is differently related by the Historians. *Shakespeare* follows *Thomas Walsingham's* Account of that barbarous Parricide, as quoted by *Holingshed*; how closely he has copied the Circumstances, and even some of the Speeches, may be seen by comparing the Passages as they stand in the Historian and Poet.

“ One Writer, says *Holingshed*, Page 517, which seemeth to have great Knowledge of King *Richard's* Doings, saith, That King *Henry*, sitting one Day at his Table, sore sighing, said, Have I no faithful Friend which will deliver me of him whose Life will be my Death, and whose Death will be the Preservation of my Life.

This Saying was much noted of them which were present, and especially of one called Sir *Pierce of Exton*. This Knight incontinently departed from the Court, with eight strong Persons in his Company, and came to *Pomfret*, commanding the Esquire that was accustomed to serve and take the Assay before King *Richard*, to do so no more, saying, Let him eat now, for he shall not long eat.

King *Richard* sat down to Dinner, and was served without Curtesy or Assay; whereupon much marvelling at the sudden Change, he demanded

manded of the Esquire why he did not his Duty? Sir, said he, I am otherwise commanded by Sir *Pierce* of *Exton*, which is newly come from King *Henry*.

When King *Richard* heard that Word, he took the Carving Knife in his Hand, and struck the Esquire on the Head, saying, The Devil take *Henry* of *Lancaster* and thee together, and with that Word Sir *Pierce* entered the Chamber well armed, with eight tall Men likewise armed, every one of them having a Bill in his Hand. King *Richard* perceiving this, put the Table from him, and stepping to the foremost Man, wrung the Bill out of his Hands, and so valiantly defended himself that he slew four of those that thus came to assail him. Sir *Pierce*, being half dismayed herewith, leaped into the Chair where King *Richard* was wont to sit, while the other four Persons fought with him, and chased him about the Chamber; and, in Conclusion, as King *Richard* traversed his Ground from one Side of the Chamber to another, and coming by the Chair where Sir *Pierce* stood, he was felled with a Stroke of a Poll-ax, which Sir *Pierce* gave him upon the Head; and therewith rid him out of Life, without giving him Respite once to call to God for Mercy of his past Offences.

It is said that Sir *Pierce* of *Exton*, after he had thus slain him, wept right bitterly, as one stricken with the Prick of a guilty Conscience
for

for murdering him whom he had so long time obeyed as King."

Enter EXTON *and a* Servant,

EXTON

Didst thou not mark the King what Words he spake?

"Have I no Friend will rid me of this living Fear."

Was it not so?

SERVANT.

These were his very Words.

EXTON.

"Have I no Friend?"----quoth he; he spake it twice

And urg'd it twice together; did he not?

SERVANT.

He did.

EXTON.

And speaking it, he wistly look'd on me,
As who shall say----I would thou wert the
Man,

That would divorce this Terror from my Heart;
Meaning the King at *Pomfret*. Come; lets
go:

I am the King's Friend, and we'll rid his Foe.

Scene

Scene changed to the Prison at Pomfret.

Enter to the KING the KEEPER with a Dish.

KEEPER.

Fellow, give place; here is no longer Stay.
[*To the Groom.*

K. RICHARD.

If thou love me, 'tis Time thou wert away.

GROOM.

What my Tongue does not, that my Heart
shall say. [Exit.

KEEPER.

My Lord, wilt please you to fall to,

K. RICHARD.

Taste of it first, as thou wert wont to do.

KEEPER.

My Lord, I dare not, for Sir *Pearce* of *Exton*,
Who late came from the King, commands the
contrary.

K. RICHARD.

The Devil take *Henry* of *Lancaster*, and thee,
Patience is State, and I am weary of it.
[*Beats the Keeper.*

KEEPER.

Help, help, help.

Enter

Enter EXTON *and* Servants.

K. RICHARD.

How now? what means Death in this rude
Assault?

Wretch, thine own Hand yields thy Death's
Instrument; [*Snatching a Sword.*

Go thou, and fill another Room in Hell.

[*Kills another.* Exton strikes him down.

That Hand shall burn in never-quenching Fire,
That staggers thus my Person! Thy *Pierce*
Hand

Hath with the Kings Blood, stain'd the Kings
own Land!

Mount, mount my Soul, thy Seat is up on
high;

Whilst my gross Flesh sinks downward, here
to die! [*Dies.*

EXTON.

As full of Valour, as of Royal Blood;
Both have I spilt: Oh would the Deed were
good!

For now the Devil, that told me, I did well,
Says, that this Deed is chronicled in Hell.

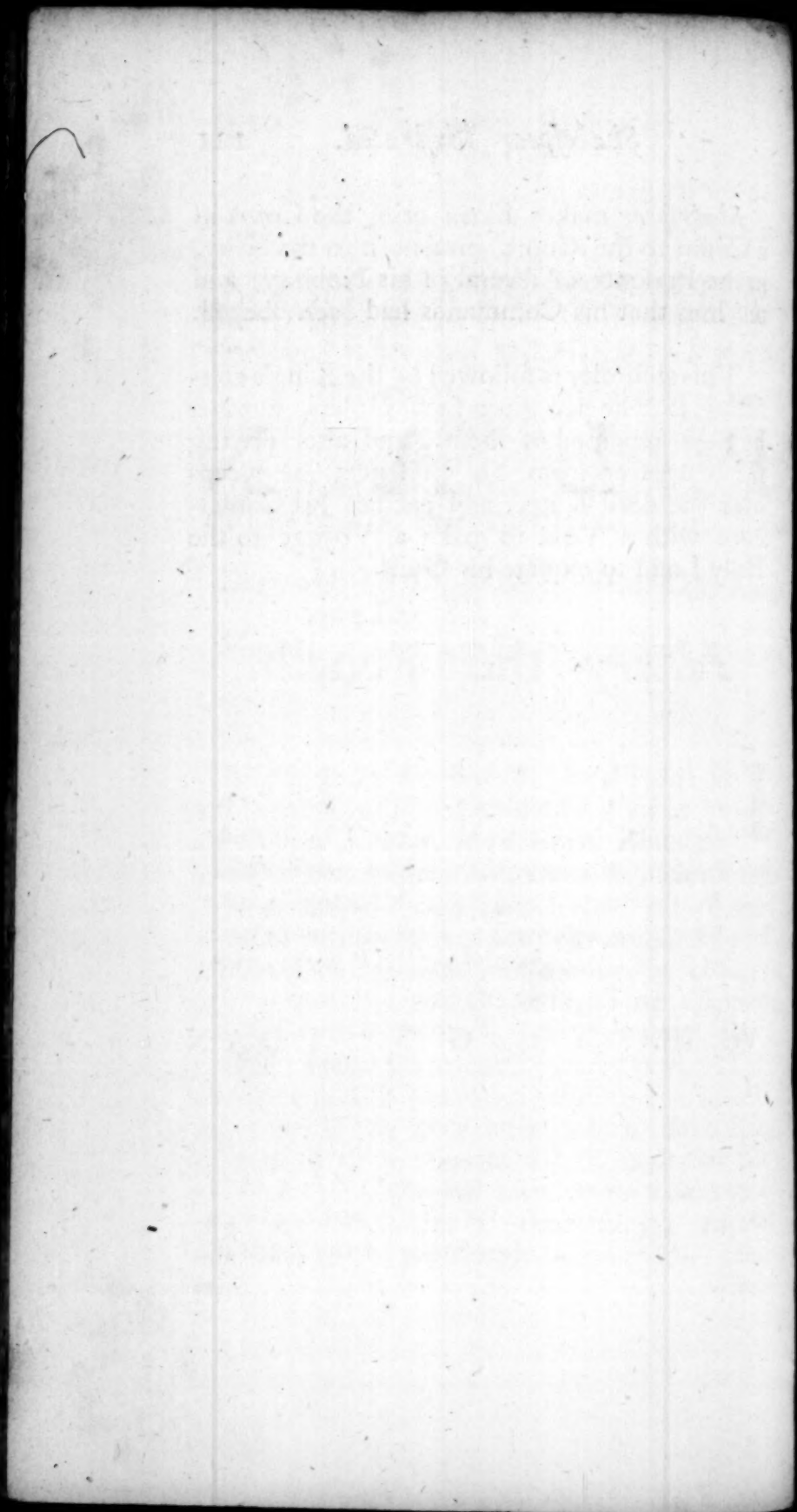
This dead King [to the living King I'll bear;
Take hence the rest, and give them Burial
here.

The History goes on to relate, that King
Richard's Body was carried through the City
to *St. Paul's* Cathedral with the Face uncovered
and lay in that Manner three Days, exposed
to the View of the People.

Shake-

Shakespear makes *Exton* bring the Corps in a Coffin to the Court, present it to the King, in the Presence of several of his Nobility, and tell him that his Commands had been obeyed.

This absurdity is followed by the King's confessing that he had given such Orders, but that he now repented of them, and after driving the Murderer from his Presence, he weeps over the dead King, and pacifies his Conscience with a Vow to make a Voyage to the Holy Land to expiate his Guilt.





P L A N

Of the FIRST PART of

Henry the Fourth.

IN this Play *Shakespear* takes up the History exactly where he left it in *Richard* the Second. *Bolingbroke*, now King *Henry* the Fourth, is prevented from making a Voyage to the Holy Land, which he had vowed, by a Conspiracy formed against him by some of those Lords, whose Assistance had enabled him to usurp the Throne.

The brave *Piercy* surnamed *Hotspur*, having refused to surrender his *Scotch* Prisoners taken in the Battle of *Holmedon*, to the King, who also in return denies to ransom his Brother in Law, *Mortimer*, from the *Welsh* Rebel *Owen Glendower*, a Quarrel ensues ; *Piercy* and the other discontented Noblemen join with the

Scots and *Glendower* ; they raise an Army and march to meet the King at *Shrewsbury*.

The King sends to treat with the Rebels; *Piercy*, being disposed to listen to an Accommodation, Commissons his Uncle, the Earl of *Worcester*, to propose Terms to the King.

Worcester, out of an Opinion that *Henry* could never be thoroughly reconciled to them, and would take an other Opportunity to be revenged, treacherously conceals the King's favourable Offers, and tells *Piercy* that he is resolved to fight.

Then follows the Battle, in which, the brave *Piercy* is slain by the wild Prince of *Wales*: The King's Party is victorious; the treacherous *Worcester* being made Prisoner, is condemned to die, and the King, dividing his Forces, sends one Part, under the Command of his second Son, to meet the Earl of *Northumberland* at *York*; and himself and the Prince of *Wales* march against the Rebel *Glendower* and the Earl of *March*.

The Transactions contained in this Historical Drama, are comprized in the Space of ten Months. The Action of it commences with the News of *Hotspur's* having defeated the *Scots*, under *Archibald* Earl of *Douglas*, at *Holmedon*; which Battle was fought on *Holy-rood-Day*, the 14th of *September* 1402: and is closed with the Defeat and Death of *Hotspur* at *Shrewsbury*;

Shrewsbury; which Engagement happened the 21st of *July*, 1403.

Shakespear has copied *Holingshed* very closely, as well in the Historical Facts as the Characters of his Persons; *Piercy's* and *Glendower's*, are indeed greatly heightened, but both with wonderful Propriety and Beauty. The Epifodical Part of the Drama, which is made up of the extravagant Sallies of the Prince of *Wales*, and the inimitable Humour of *Falstaff*, is entirely of his own Invention. The Character of Prince *Henry*, tho' drawn after the Historians, is considerably improved by *Shakespear*; and through the Veil of his Vices and Irregularities, we see a Dawn of Greatness and Virtue, that promises the future Splendor of his Life and Reign.

The Poet has indeed deviated from History, in making this young Prince kill the gallant *Piercy* at the Battle of *Shrewsbury*. According to them it is uncertain by whom he fell; however this Circumstance is beautifully imagined by *Shakespear* in order to exalt the Character of Prince *Henry*, which had before been obscured by the Glory of that Heroe.

The King, in recounting the great Exploits of *Hotspur*, thus opposes his Character to that of his Son.

K. HENRY.

Yea, there thou mak'st me sad, and mak'st
me sin

G 3

In

In envy, that my Lord *Northumberland*
 Should be the Father of so blest a Son :
 A Son, who is the Theme of Honour's Tongue :
 Amongst a Grove, the very straightest Plant ;
 Who is sweet Fortune's Minion, and her Pride :
 Whilst I, by looking on the Praise of him,
 See riot and dishonour stain the Brow
 Of my young *Harry*. O could it be proved
 That some Night tripping Fairy had exchang'd
 In Cradle-Cloaths, our Children where they
 lay,
 And call'd mine *Piercy*, his *Plantagenet* !
 Then would I have his *Harry*, and he mine.

But the Poet, even by making this Contrast,
 has still the Glory of his Favourite in View ;
 the Conqueror of *Piercy* must needs be greater
 than *Piercy* himself. Prince *Henry*, therefore,
 must be acknowledged to be the Heroe of this
 Play ; for the Lawrels of his Rival are all trans-
 ferred to him, with the additional Wreath of
 having conquered that Rival.



T H E
L I F E
O F

King *Henry* the Fifth.

THE Transactions comprised in this Historical Play, commence about the latter End of the first, and terminate in the eighth Year of this King's Reign, when he married the Princess *Catharine* of *France*, and put an End to the Differences betwixt *England* and that Crown.

The Siege and taking of *Harfleur*, the Battle of *Agincourt*, the Peace concluded between King *Henry* and the *French* King, with the Marriage of the former to the Princess of *France*, are the principal Actions of this Play, and are taken from *Holingshed's* Chronicle, after whom the Characters are likewise drawn, with very little Variation.

The Archbishop's Speech to King Henry, in the first Act, in which he explains his Title to the Crown of *France*, is closely copied from this Historian, Page 545.

“ Herein did he much enveie against the surmised and false fained Law *Salike*, which the *Frenchmen* allege ever against the Kings of *England* in barre of their just Title to the Crown of *France*. The verie Words of that supposed Law are these, *In terram Salicam Mulieres ne succedant*. That is to say, Into the *Salike* Land let not Women succeed. Which the *French* Glossers expound to be the Realme of *France*, and that this Law was made by King *Pharamond*; whereas yet their own Authors affirme, that the Land *Salike* is in *Germany* between the Rivers *Elbe* and *Sala*, and that when *Charles* the Great had overcome the *Saxons*, he placed there certain *Frenchmen*, which having in disdain the dishonest Manners of the *German* Women, made a Law that the Females should not succeed to any Inheritance within that Land, which at this Day is called *Meisen*: So that if this be true, this Law was not made for the Realme of *France*, nor the *Frenchmen* possessed the Land *Salike*, till four hundred and one and twenty Years after the Death of *Pharamond*, the supposed Author of this *Salike* Law; for this *Pharamond* deceased in the Year 426, and *Charles* the Great subdued the *Saxons* and placed the *Frenchmen* in those Parts, beyond the River of *Sala*, in the Year 805.

More-

Moreover, it appeareth by their own Writers, that King *Pepen* which deposed *Childerike*, claimed the Crown of *France*, as Heir general, for that he was descended of *Blithila* Daughter of King *Clothair* the first: *Hugh Capet* also, who usurped the Crown upon *Charles* Duke of *Lorraine*, the sole Heir-male of the Line and Stocke of *Charles* the Great, to make his Title seem true, and appear good, though indeed it was starke naught; conceived himself as Heir to the Ladie *Lingard*, Daughter to King *Charlemain*; Sonne to *Lewis* the Emperor, that was Sonne to *Charles* the Great: King *Lewis* also the tenth, otherwise also called Saint *Lewis* being verie Heir to the Usurper *Hugh Capet*, could never be satisfied in his Conscience how he might justly keep and possesse the Crowne of *France*, till he was persuaded and fully instructed that Queene *Isabell* his Grandmother was lineally descended of the Ladie *Ormengard* Daughter and Heir to the above named *Charles* Duke of *Lorraine*; by the which Marriage, the Blood and Line of *Charles* the Great was again united and restored to the Crowne and Scepter of *France*: So that more clear than the Sun, it openly appeareth, that the Title of King *Pepen*, the Claim of *Hugh Capet*, the Possession of *Lewis*; yea, and the *French* Kings to this Day, are derived and conveyed from the Heirs-female, though they would, under the Colour of such a feigned Law, barre the Kings and Princes of this Realme of *England* of their right and lawful Inheritance.

The Archbishop further alleged, out of the Book of *Numbers*, this Saying : *When a Man dieth without a Son, let the Inheritance descend to his Daughter.* At length having said sufficiently for the Proof of the King's just and lawful Title to the Crown of *France*, he exhorted him to advance forth his Banner to fight for his Right, to conquer his Inheritance, to spare neither Blood, Sword, nor Fire, sith his War was just, his Cause good, and his Claim true ; and to the Intent his loving Chaplains, and obedient Subjects of the Spiritualtie might shew themselves willing and desirous to aid his Majesty for the Recovery of his ancient Right and true Inheritance, the Archbishop declared that, in their Spiritual Convocation, they had granted to his Highness such a Summe of Money, as never, by no spiritual Persons, was to any Prince before those Days, given or advanced." *Holingshed.*

CANTERBURY.

Then hear me, gracious Sovereign, and you
Peers

That owe your Lives, your Faith and Services
To this imperial Throne : There is no Bar
To make against your Highness' Claim to
France,

But this which they produce from *Pharamond*;
In Terra Salicam Mulieres ne succedant ;
No Woman shall succeed in *Salike* Land :
Which *Salike* Land the *French* unjustly gloze,
To be the Realm of *France*, and *Pharamond*,
The Founder of this Law and female Bar :

Yet

Yet their own Authors faithfully affirm,
That the Land *Salike* lies in *Germany*,
Between the Floods of *Sala* and of *Elve* :
Where *Charles* the Great, having subdued the
Saxons,

There left behind and settled certain *French* :
Who holding in Disdain the *German* Women,
For some dishonest Manners of their Life,
Establish'd then this Law, to wit, no Female
Should be Inheretrix in *Salick* Land ;
Which *Salick*, as I said, 'twixt *Elve* and *Sala*,
Is at this Day in *Germany* called *Meisens* :
Thus doth it well appear, the *Salick* Law
Was not devised for the Realm of *France* ;
Nor did the *French* possess the *Salick* Land,
Untill four hundred one and twenty Years
After Defunction of King *Pharamond*,
(Idly suppos'd the Founder of this Law)
Who died within the Year of our Redemption
Four hundred twenty-six ; and *Charles* the
Great

Subdu'd the *Saxons*, and did feat the *French*
Beyond the River *Sala*, in the Year
Eight hundred five : Besides, their Writers say,
King *Pepen*, which deposed *Childerick*,
Did, as Heir-general (being descended
Of *Blithild*, which was Daughter to King
Clothair)

Make Claim and Title to the Crown of *France*.
Hugh Capet also, who usurp'd the Crown
Of *Charles* the Duke of *Lorain*, sole Heir-male
Of the true Line and Stock of *Charles* the
Great,

To fine his Title with some Shews of Truth

(Though, in pure Truth, it was corrupt and naught)

Convey'd himself, as Heir to th'*Lady Lingar*
Daughter to *Charlemain*, who was the Son
To *Lewis* the Emperor, which was the Son
Of *Charles* the Great. Also, King *Lewis* the
Ninth,

Who was sole Heir to the Usurper *Capet*,
Could not keep Quiet in his Conscience,
Wearing the Crown of *France*, till satisfy'd
That fair Queen *Isabel*, his Grandmother,
Was lineal of the Lady *Ermengere*,
Daughter to *Charles*, the foresaid Duke of *Lor-*
rain;

By the which Match the Line of *Charles* the
Great

Was re-united to the Crown of *France*.

So that, as clear as is the Summer's Sun,
King *Pepin's* Title, and *Hugh Capet's* Claim,
King *Lewis*, his Satisfaction, all appear
To hold in Right and Title of the Female :
So do the Kings of *France* until this Day.

Howbeit, they would hold up this *Salick* Law,
To bar your Highness, claiming from the Fe-
male,

And rather choose to hide them in a Net,
Than amply to unbare their crooked Titles,
Usurp'd from you and your Progenitors.

In *Shakespear*, when the Conspiracy of *Scroop*,
Cambridge, and *Grey*, is discovered to the King,
after exostulating with them on their Treach-
ery, he gives them up to punishment and dis-
misses them from his Presence in the very
Words of *Holingshed*:

Touch-

Touching our Person seek we no Revenge;
But we our Kingdom's safety must so tender,
Whose ruin you three sought, that to her
Laws

We do deliver you. Go therefore hence,
Poor miserable Wretches to your Death;
The Taste whereof God of his Mercy give
You Patience to endure, and true Repentance
Of all your dear Offences! bear them hence.

“ Revenge herein touching my Person, tho’
I seek not; yet for the Safeguard of my dear
Friends, and for due Preservation of all Sorts,
I am by Office to cause Example to be shewed:
Get ye hence, therefore, you poor miserable
Wretches, to the receiving of your just Re-
ward, wherein God’s Majesty give you Grace
of his Mercy, and Repentance of your heinous
Offences.” *Holingshed.*

In the Play, King *Henry*, after the taking
of *Harfleur*, marches his Army, which was
greatly reduced by Sickness and Fatigue, to-
wards *Calais*, and is met by a Messenger from
the *French King*; who, in his Master’s Name,
defies him to a Battle: *Shakespear*, in the lat-
ter Part of the Kings Answer, again copies
the Words of *Holingshed*,

Go, bid thy Master well advise himself:
If we may pass we will; if we be hinder’d,
We shall your tawny Ground with your red
Blood

Discolour, and so *Mountjoy* fare you well.
The Sum of all our Answer is but this:

We

We wou'd not seek a Battle as we are,
Yet, as we are, we say, we will not shun it.

“ I will not seek your Master, at this Time, but, if he or his seek me, I will meet with them, God willing: If any of your Nation attempt once to stop me in my Journey towards *Calais*, at their Jeopardy be it; and yet wish I not any of you so unadvised as to be the Occasion that I dye your tawny Ground with your red Blood.” *Holingshed.*

Shakespear. throughout this Play, has copied many of the Sentiments and even Words of *Holingshed*, sometimes almost literally, as in the above quoted Passages; at others he has just taken Hints which the Force of his own Imagination improves into the most striking Beauties, the following Passage of *Holingshed* furnished him with some of the noblest Thoughts that ever animated the Mind of a Heroe.

The Historian says, Page 553, that a little Time before the Battle of *Agincourt* was fought, King *Henry* overheard a Soldier say to his Fellow: “ I would to God there were with us
“ now so many good Soldiers as are at this
“ Hour within *England*.” To which the King replied: “ I would not wish a Man more here
“ than I have; we are, indeed, in Comparison
“ to the Enemies, but a few; but if God, of
“ his Clemency, do favour us and our just
“ Cause (as I trust he will) we shall Speed
“ well enough: But let no Man ascribe Vic-
“ tory to our own Strength and Might, but
“ only to God's Assistance, to whom, I have
“ no

“no doubt we shall worthily have Cause to
“give thanks therefore; and if so be that,
“for our Offences Sakes, we shall be deliver-
“ed into the Hands of our Enemies, the less
“Number we be the less Damage shall the
“Realm of *England* sustain.” *Holingshed.*

This Passage is thus improved by *Shakespear* :
The Earl of *Westmourland* having been to
take a View of the Enemies Forces, as they
were drawn up in Order of Battle, alarmed at
the Superiority of their Numbers, cries out as
the King meets him,

Oh! that we now had here,
But one ten thousand of those Men in *England*,
That do no Work to Day!

K. HENRY.

What's he that wishes so?
My Cousin *Westmourland*? No, my fair Cousin!
If we are marked to dye, we are enow
To do our Country loss; and if to live,
The fewer Men, the greater share of Honour.
God's Will, I pray thee wish not one Man
more.

By Jove I am not covetous of Gold;
Nor care I, who doth feed upon my Cost;
It yerns me not, if Men my Garments wear;
Such outward Things dwell not in my Desire:
But, if it be a Sin to covet Honour,
I am the most offending Soul alive.
No, faith, my Lord, wish not a Man from
England:

God's

God's Peace, I would not lose so great an Honour

As one Man more, methinks would share from me,

For the best Hopes I have. Don't wish one more:

Rather proclaim it (*Westmourland*) through my Host,

That he, which hath no Stomach to this Fight, Let him depart; his Passport shall be made,

And crowns for convoy put into his Purse:

We would not die in that Man's Company,

That fears his Fellowship to die with us.

In the first Act of this Play the Dauphin of *France* sends an insulting Message to King *Henry* accompanied with a Present of Tennis Balls as a Reproach for the wild Sallies of his Youth.

There is no Foundation either in *Hall* or *Holingshed* for this Circumstance, *Shakespear* indeed took the out-lines of the Dauphin's Character from these Historians who represent him to be a light, arrogant, and vain-glorious Prince; but he has painted at full Length what they only drew in Miniture; and by adding, with great Propriety some of the Characteristic Follies of his Nation, given us a lively and humerous Picture of a Coxcomb Prince.

The absurdity of making the Princess *Catharine* the only Person in the *French* Court, who does not understand *English*, has been already taken Notice of: And it must be confessed

sed that the great *Henry* makes but a miserable Figure as a Lover; no Language can be coarser than that in which he addresses the Princess, the first Time he sees her, *Do you like me Kate, &c.* Yet the Dialogue is not without wit, liveliness, and humour; but so utterly void of Propriety that we lose all Idea of the Dignity of the Persons who manage it, and, are readier to imagine we hear a common Soldier making love to an aukward Country Girl, than a King of *England* courting a Princess of *France*.

Shakespear, it is probable, took the Hint of the *Dauphin's* Present of Tennis Balls from the following old Ballad.

A Council grave our King did hold,
With many a Lord and Knight;
That they might truly understand,
That *France* did hold his Right.

Unto the King of *France* therefore
Ambassadors were sent,
That he might fully understand
His Mind and his Intent:

Desiring him in friendly wise,
His lawful Right to yield;
Or else he vow'd, by Dint of Sword
To win the same in Field.

The King of *France* with all his Lords,
Which heard his Message plain,
Unto our brave Ambassadors
Did answer in Disdain:

And

And feigned our King was yet too young,
And of too tender Age ;
Therefore we weigh not of his War,
Nor fear we his Courage.

His Knowledge is in Feats of Arms
As yet but very small ;
His tender Joints much fitter were
To toss a Tennis Ball.

A Tun of Tennis Balls therefore,
In Pride and great Disdain,
He sent unto our Noble King,
To recompence his Pain.

Which Answer when our King did hear,
He waxed wroth in Heart ;
And said, he would such *Balls* provide,
Should make all *France* to smart.

An Army then our King did raise,
Which was both good and strong ;
And from *Southampton* is our King
With all his Navy gone.

In *France* he landed safe and sound,
With all his warlike Train ;
And to the Town of *Harfleur* strait
He marched up a-main.

But when he had besieged the same,
Against their fenced Walls,

To batter down their stately Towers,
He sent his *English* Balls.

This done, our noble *English* King
March'd up and down the Land ;
And not a *Frenchman* for his Life
Durst once his Force withstand.

Until he came to *Agincourt* ;
Where as it was his Chance
To find the King in Readiness
With all his Power of *France*.

A mighty Host he had prepar'd
Of armed Soldiers then ;
Which were no less by just Account,
Than Forty Thousand Men.

Which Sight did much amaze our King ;
For he and all his Host
Not passing Fifteen Thousand had,
Accounted at the most.

The King of *France* which well did know
The Number of our Men,
In vaunting Pride unto our Prince
Did send a Herald then.

To understand what he would give
For Ransom of his Life,
When he in Field should taken be
Amidst their bloody Strife.

And

And then our King with chearful Heart,
This Answer soon bid make;
And said, Before this comes to pass,
Some of their Hearts shall quake.

And to their proud presumptuous Prince,
Declare this Thing, quoth he,
Mine own Heart's Blood shall pay the Price;
None else he gets of me.

With that bespoke the Duke of *York*;
O Noble King, quoth he,
The Leading of this Battle brave
Vouchsafe to give to me.

God a Mercy, Cousin *York*, quoth he,
I grant thee thy Request;
Then march thou on courageously,
And I will lead the rest.

Then came the bragging *Frenchmen* down
With greater Force and Might;
With whom our Noble King began
A hard and cruel Fight.

The Archers they discharged their Shafts,
As thick as Hail from Sky;
That many a *Frenchman* in the Field
That happy Day did die.

Ten Thousand Men that Day were slain
Of Enemies in the Field;

And

And as many Prisoners
That Day were forced to yield.

Thus had our King a happy Day,
And Victory over *France* ;
And brought them quickly under Foot,
That late in Pride did prance.

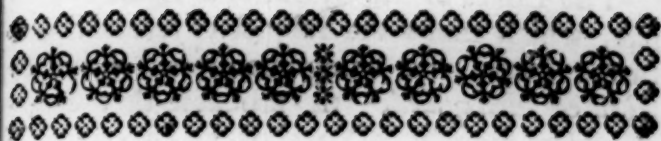
The Lord preserve our Noble King,
And grant to him likewise
The upper Hand and Victory
Of all his Enemies.

T H E



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T H E
F I R S T P A R T
O F
King *Henry* the Sixth.

THE historical Transactions contained in this Play, take in the Compass of about thirty Years; they are all extracted from *Holingshed's* Chronicle: But *Shakespear*, in this, as well as in the two following Parts of this King's Reign, has not been very exact to the Date and Disposition of the Facts, shuffling them backwards and forwards, out of the Order of Time in which they happened, as it best suited his Purpose. The Characters are almost all faithfully copied from the Historian; but the Poet has exaggerated the Affection of Queen *Margaret* for the Duke of *Suffolk*, representing that Princess as engaged in a criminal Amour with the Duke, for which there is no Foundation in History.

The

The Loves of the Queen and Duke of *Suffolk*, which make the Subject of several Scenes in the Play, not being mentioned either by *Hall* or *Holingshed*, 'tis probable that *Shakespear* saw some little Novel of the Lives of these two great Persons, from whence he copied such Incidents as he thought proper for the Embellishment of his Play; but, by introducing the Queen in the second Part, weeping and lamenting over the Head of her murdered Lover, which lyes on her Bosom, in the Presence of the King her Husband, and several Noblemen, he has either very injudiciously copied, or very coarsly invented. For the absurdity of such a Behaviour must give disgust to the meanest and least intelligent Reader or Spectator.

But if *Shakespear* has been misled by Romance, or oral Tradition, to give such improper Manners to a Queen, and in a Historical Play, contradict the known Facts on which it is founded, he has, on the other Hand, worked up the simple Relation of the Deaths of a Father and Son, in the History, into one of the most beautiful and affecting Episodes imaginable.

Holingshed after a circumstantial Detail of all the great Actions of the warlike *Talbot*, Earl of *Shrewsbury*, proceeds to give an Account of his Death and that of his Son's as they were endeavouring to raise the Siege of *Chastillon* in *France*.

“ The

“ The *Frenchmen* says he, Page 640, that lay at the Siege, perceiving, by those good Runners away, that the Earle approached, left the Siege, and retired in good Order into the Place which they had trenched, ditched and fortified with Ordnance. The Earle advertised how the Siege was removed, hasted forward towards his Enemies, doubting most lest they would have been quite fled and gone before his comming, but they fearing the Displeasure of the *French King*, who was not far off, if they should have fled, abode the Earles comming, and so received him ; who though he first with manfull Courage, and fore feighting, wan the entrie of their Camp; yet at length they compassed him about, and shooting him through the Thigh with an Hand-Gun, flue his Horse, and finallie killed him lying on the Ground whom they never durst look in the Face, while he stood on his Feet.”

“ It was said, that after he perceived that there was no Remedy but present loss of the Battel, he counselled his Son Lord *Lisle*, to save himself by Flight, sith the same could not redound to any great Reproach in him, this being the first Journey in which he had been present; many Words he used to persuade him to have saved his Life, but Nature so wrought in the Son, that neither desire of Life, nor fear of Death, could either Cause him to shrink, or convey himself out of the Danger, and, so there manfully ended his Life with his said Father.”

On this Incident the following Scenes are founded, in which the Poet has given us the finest Pictures imaginable, of true Heroism, paternal Tendernefs, and filial Love.

SCENE, *a Field of Battle near Bourdeaux.*

Enter TALBOT and his Son.

TALBOT.

O young *John Talbot*, I did fend for thee,
To tutor thee in Stratagems of War,
That *Talbot's* Name might be in thee reviv'd,
When sapless Age, and weak unable Limbs
Should bring thy Father to his drooping Chair.
But O malignant and ill-boding Stars!
Now art thou come unto a Feast of Death,
A terrible and unavoyded Danger:
Therefore, dear Boy, mount on my swiftest
Horse,
And I'll direct thee how thou shall escape
By sudden Flight. Come, dally not, be gone.

JOHN.

Is my Name *Talbot*? Am I your Son?
And shall I fly? O if you love my Mother,
Dishonour not her honourable Name,
To make a Bastard, and a Slave of me.
The World will say, he is not *Talbot's* Blood
That basely fled, when Noble *Talbot* stood.

TALBOT.

Fly to revenge my Death. if I be slain.

JOHN

JOHN.

He that flies so, will ne'er return again.

TALBOT.

If we both stay we both are sure to die.

JOHN.

Then let me stay, and Father do you fly:
Your Loss is great, so your Regard should be;
My worth unknown, no Loss is known in me.
Upon my Death, the *French* can little boast;
In yours they will, in you all Hopes are lost.
Flight cannot stain the Honour you have won:
But mine it will, that no exploit have done.
You fled for Vantage every one will swear;
But if I bow, they'll say it was for fear.
There is no Hope that ever I will stay,
If the first Hour I shrink and run away:
Here, on my Knees, I beg mortality,
Rather than Life preserved with infamy.

TALBOT.

Shall all thy Mother's Hope lye in one Tomb?

JOHN.

Ay rather than I'll shame my Mother's Womb,

TALBOT.

Upon my Blessing I command thee go.

JOHN.

To fight I will, but not to flee the Foe.

H 2

TALBOT.

TALBOT.

Part of thy Father may be saved in thee,

JOHN.

No Part of him, but will be shame in me.

TALBOT.

Thou never hadst Renown, nor can'st not
lose it?

JOHN.

Yes, your renowned Name, shall Flight abuse
it?

TALBOT.

Thy Father's Charge shall clear thee from
that Stain.

JOHN.

You cannot witness for me, being slain.
If Death be so apparent, then both fly.

TALBOT.

And leave my Followers here to fight and die!
My Age was never tainted with such Shame.

JOHN.

And shall my Youth be guilty of such Blame?
No more can I be sever'd from your Side,
Than can yourself yourself in twain divide:
Stay, go, do what you will, the like do I;
For live I will not, if my Father die.

TALBOT.

TALBOT.

Then here I take my Leave, fair Son,
Born to eclipse thy Life this Afternoon.
Come, side by side, together live and die,
And Soul with Soul from *France* to Heaven fly.
[*Exeunt.*]

*Alarm : Excursions, wherein Talbot's Son is
hem'd about, and Talbot rescues him.*

TALBOT.

St. George and Victory ! fight, Soldiers fight :
The Regent hath with *Talbot* broke his Word,
And left us to the Rage of *France's* Sword.
Where is *John Talbot* ? Pause and take thy
Breath,
I gave thee Life, and rescued thee from Death.

JOHN.

O twice my Father, twice am I thy Son :
The Life thou gave'st me first, wast lost and
done ;
Till with thy warlike Sword, despite of Fate,
To my determin'd Time thou gav'st new Date.

TALBOT.

When from the Dauphin's Crest thy Sword
struck Fire,
It warm'd thy Father's Heart with proud De-
fire,
Of bold fac'd Victory. Then leaden Age
Quicken'd with youthful Spleen and warlike
Rage,
Beat down *Alanfon*, *Orleans*, *Burgundy*,
H 3 And

And from the Pride of *Gallia* rescu'd thee.
The ireful Bastard, *Orleans*, that drew Blood
From thee, my Boy, and had the Maidenhood,
Of thy first Fight, I soon encountred;
And, interchanging blows, I quickly shed
Some of his Bastard Blood, and in his Disgrace
Bespoke him thus: Contaminated, base,
And misbegotten Blood, I spill of thine,
Mean and right poor, for that pure Blood of
mine,
Which thou didst force from *Talbot* my brave
Boy----

Here, purposing the Bastard to destroy,
Came in strong Rescue. Speak thy Father's
Care,
Art thou not weary; *John*? how dost thou
fare.

Wilt thou yet leave the Battle, Boy, and fly,
Now thou art seal'd the Son of Chivalry?
Fly to revenge my Death when I am dead,
The Help of one stands me in little Stead.
Oh too much folly is it, well I wot,
To hazard all our Lives in one small Boat!
If I die not to-day with *Frenchmen's* Rage,
To-morrow I shall die with mickle Age;
By me they nothing gain; and if I stay,
'Tis but the shortening of my Life one Day.
In thee thy Mother dies our Household's Name
My Death's Revenge, thy Youth and *England's*
Fame:

All these and more, we hazard by thy Stay:
All these are saved if thou wilt fly away.

JOHN.

JOHN.

The Sword of *Orleans* hath not made me
smart,

These Words of yours draw Life-blood from
my Heart.

Out on that Vantage bought with such a shame,
To save a paltry Life, and slay bright Fame!

Before young *Talbot* from old *Talbot* fly,

The coward Horse that bears me fall and die!

And like me to the Peasant Boys of *France*,

To be Shame, Scorn, and Subject of Mischance.

Surely by all the Glory you have won,

An if I fly I am not *Talbot's* Son:

Then talk no more of Flight, it is no Boot;

If Son to *Talbot*, die at *Talbot's* Foot.

Alarm, Excursions, Enter old Talbot led.

TALBOT.

Where is my other Life? mine own is gone;

O where is young *Talbot*? where is valiant

John?

Triumphant Death, smear'd with captivity,

Young *Talbot's* Valour makes me smile at thee.

When he perceived me shrink, and on my

Knee,

His bloody Sword he brandish'd over me:

And, like a hungry Lion, did commence

Rough Deeds of rage, and stern Impatience:

But when my angry Guardant stood alone

Tendring my ruin, and assailed of none,

Dizzy-ey'd Fury, and great rage of Heart,

Suddenly made him from my side to start

Into the clustering Battle of the *French*:

H 4

And

And in that Sea of Blood, my Boy did drench
His over mounting Spirit, and there dy'd
My *Icarus*, my Blossom! in his Pride.

Enter John Talbot, borne.

SERVANT.

O my dear Lord, lo! where your Son is borne.

TALBOT.

Thou antic Death, which laugh'st us here to
scorn,

Anon, from thy insulting Tyranny

Coupled in Bonds of Perpetuity,

Two *Talbots* winged through the lither Sky

In thy despiht shall 'scape Mortality.

O thou, whose Wounds become hard favour'd
Death!

Speak to thy Father ere thou yield thy Breath.

Brave Death by speaking, whether he will or
no,

Imagine him a *Frenchman* and thy Foe.

Poor Boy! he smiles methinks, as who should
say.

"Had Death been *French*, then Death had
"died to-day."

Come, come, and lay him in his Father's
Arms,

My Spirit can no longer bear these harms.

Soldiers adieu! I have what I would have

Now my old Arms are young *John Talbot's*
Grave. [Dies.

T H E



THE

SECOND PART

OF

King *Henry* the Sixth.

THE Contention between the two Houses of *York* and *Lancaster* furnishes the Incidents which compose this Play. The Action begins with King *Henry's* Marriage, which was in the twenty third Year of his Reign, and closes with the first Battle fought at *St. Albans* and won by the *York* Faction, in the thirty third Year of his Reign; so that it takes in the History and Transactions of ten Years.

Shakespear has copied *Holingshed* pretty closely throughout this whole Play, except in his Relation of the Duke of *Suffolk's* Death.

The Chronicle tells us, that King *Henry*, to satisfy the Nobility and People, who hated this Favourite, condemned him to Banishment during the Space of five Years. In his Passage to *France* he was taken by a Ship of War belonging to the Duke of *Exeter*, Constable of the *Tower*; the Captain of which Ship carried him into *Dover* Road, and there struck off his Head on the Side of a Cock-boat.

In *Shakespear*, he is taken by *English* Pyrates on the Coast of *Kent*, who, notwithstanding the large Ransom he offers them, resolve to murder him: One of them, in the Course of his Conversation with the Duke, tells him, that his Name is *Walter Whitmore*; and observing him start, asks him, if he is frightened at Death, to which *Suffolk* replied.

Thy Name affrights me, in whose Sound is
Death,

A cunning Man did calculate my Birth,
And told me that by *Walter* I should die.

This Circumstance is not to be found, either in *Hall* or *Holingshed*; and as it has greatly the Air of Fiction, *Shakespear* probably borrowed it from the same Tale that furnished him with the Loves of *Suffolk* and the Queen, on which several passionate Scenes in this Play, as well as the former, are Built.

T H E



T H E
T H I R D P A R T
O F
King *Henry* the Sixth.

THE Scene of this Play opens just after the Battle of *St. Albans*, wherein the *York* Faction was Victorious, and closes with the Murder of King *Henry* the sixth and the Birth of Prince *Edward*, afterwards King *Edward* the fifth; so that this History takes in the space of sixteen Years. The Facts are all extracted from *Holingshed*, and most of the Incidents very closely copied. The struggle between the two Houses of *York* and *Lancaster* for the Crown being the Subject pursued in this Drama, every Scene almost presents us with a new Battle, a flying Army, or the Carnage of a bloody Field; where the inhu-

man Conquerors unsated with the Slaughters of the Fight, sacrifice their defenceless Enemies to the Fury of their Revenge, and exult over them, when dying, with a Cruelty truly diabolical.

Shakespear has given the same inconsistent and improper Manners to all the chief Persons in this Play; the brave old Duke of *York*, the gallant *Edward* his Son, afterwards King, the heroic *Warwick*, whom the Poet so often styles the Maker and Subduer of Kings, are all Murderers; at once the Heroes and the Villains of the Scene, equally exciting our Praise and Detestation. The Poet, in order to display this predominant Passion, Cruelty, in Characters where it is least expected to be found, the Heroe and the Prince, has not scrupled to violate sometimes the Truth of History.

The Chronicles say, that the Duke of *York*, who pretended to the Crown, was killed in the Battle of *Wakefield*, and being found dead in the Field by the Lord *Clifford*, he cut off his Head and presented it to the Queen of *Henry* the sixth, who was in Person at this Battle. *Shakespear* makes him to be taken Prisoner by the Earls of *Northumberland* and *Clifford*, who bring him to the Queen and ask what she would have done to him: To which she replies,

QUEEN.

Brave Warriors, *Clifford* and *Northumberland*
Come

Come, make him stand upon this Mole-hill
here,

That raught at Mountains with out-streched
Arms,

Yet parted but the Shadow with his Hand:

What, was it you, that would be *England's*
King?

Was't you, that revell'd in our Parliament,
And made a Preachment of your high Descent?
Where are your Mefs of Sons to back you
now,

The wanton *Edward* and the lusty *George*?
And wher's that valiant crook-back'd Prodigy?
Dicky your Boy, that with his grumbling
Voice

Was wont to cheer his Dad in Mutinies?
Or, with the rest, where is your darling *Rutland*?
Look, *York*, I stain'd this Napkin with the
Blood

That valiant *Clifford*, with his Rapier's Point,
Made issue from the Bosom of the Boy:

And if thine Eyes can water for his Death

I give thee this to dry thy Cheeks withal.

Alas poor *York*! but that I hate thee deadly

I should lament thy miserable State.

I prythee grieve to make me merry *York*.

What, hath thy fiery Heart so parcht thine En-
trails

That not a Tear can fall for *Rutland's* Death?

Why art thou patient Man? thou shouldst,
be mad,

And I to make thee mad, do mock thee thus:

Stamp, rave and fret, that I may sing and dance.

Thou would'st be see'd, I see, to make me
Sport:

York

York cannot speak unless he wear a Crown.
A Crown for *York*----And, Lords, bow low
to him ;

Hold you his Hands, while I do set it on.

[*putting a Paper Crown on his Head.*]

Ay, marry Sir, now looks he like a King:

Ay, this is he, that took King *Henry's* Chair;
And this is he, was his adopted Heir.

But how is it that great *Plantaganet*

Is crown'd so soon, and broke his solemn Oath

As I bethink me, you should not be King

Till our King *Henry* had shook Hands with
Death.

And will you pale your Head in *Henry's* Glory

And rob his Temples of the Diadem,

Now in his Life, against your holy Oath?

Oh, 'tis a Fault too too unpardonable.

Off with the Crown, and with the Crown his
Head;

And whilst we breathe, take Time to do him
dead,

With this more than fiendlike Cruelty, has *Shakespear* represented a Queen, whose Motives for taking Arms were far from being unjust; the recovery of her Husband's Liberty and Crown, and the restoring her Son to the Rights and Privileges of his Birth. And for the Sake of this shocking Absurdity in the Manners of a Female Character, in so high a Rank, he contradicts a known Fact in History, and makes one of the greatest Captains of the Age die by the cowardly Stabs of a Woman, and a *Ruffian*, who, according to the Chronicles fell in the Field of Battle, covered with Wounds and Glory.

In

In the next Act, *Clifford* is shewn in the pangs of Death; with the great *Warwick*, King *Edward* and his Brothers exulting over him and embittering his last Moments with the most unmanly Railings.

EDWARD.

Bring forth that fatal Screech-owl to our House
That nothing sung but Death to us and ours :
Now Death shall stop his dismal threatening
Sound

And his ill-boading Tongue, no more shall
speak.

WARWICK.

I think, his understanding is bereft ;
Speak *Clifford*, dost thou know who speaks to
thee?

Dark cloudy Death o'er-shades his beams of
Life

And he nor sees, nor hears us what we say.

RICHARD.

O would he did! and so, perhaps, he doth.
'Tis but his Policy to counterfeit;
Because he would avoid such bitter Taunts
As in the Time of Death he gave our Father.

CLARENCE.

If so thou think'st, vex him with eager Words.

RICHARD.

Clifford, ask Mercy, and obtain no Grace.

EDWARD.

EDWARD.

Clifford, repent in bootless Penitence.

WARWICK.

Clifford, devise Excuses for thy Faults.

CLARENCE.

While we devise fell tortures for thy Faults.

RICHARD.

Thou did'st love *York*, and I am Son to *York*.

EDWARD.

Thou pitied'st *Rutland*, I will pity thee.

CLARENCE

Where's Captain *Margaret* to fence you now.

WARWICK.

They mock thee *Clifford*, swear as thou wast wont.

RICHARD.

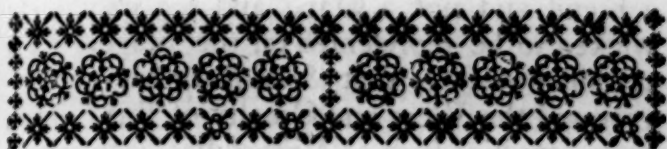
What not an Oath, nay then the World goes hard,

When *Clifford* cannot spare his Friends an Oath.
I know by that he's dead; and by my Soul
If this right Hand would buy but two Hour's
Life,That I in all dispight might rail at him,
This Hand should chop it off, and with the is-
suing BloodStifle the Villain; whose unstanched thirst,
York and young *Rutland* could not satisfy.

For

For many of the Murders which the Followers of each Party commit on those of the other in this Play, *Shakespear* had no Foundation in the History; but that of the young Earl of *Rutland* by *Clifford*, is copied with all its Circumstances from *Holingshed*. The Character of King *Henry* the Sixth, whose unfortunate Reign makes the Subject of these three Plays, is drawn by *Shakespear* exactly conformable to that given him by the Historians. As to the Manner of his Death, several different Opinions prevailed; but the Poet, by making the Duke of *Gloucester* murder him in the *Tower*, has followed that which was most probable and most generally believed

THE



THE
LIFE and DEATH
OF
King *Richard* the Third.

THIS Tragedy, tho' it is called the Life and Death of *Richard* the third, takes in, at most, but the last eight Years of his Time. The Scene opens with the Imprisonment of *George* Duke of *Clarence* in the *Tower*, which happened in the beginning of the Year 1477, and closes with the Death of *Richard* at *Bosworth* Field; which Battle was fought on the 22d of *August*, in the Year 1485.

The historical Facts are all taken from *Holingshed*, and the Characters all closely copied from that Author; that of *Richard* the third has

has been censured as monstrous, the Picture of a Fiend and not a Man; and too exquisitely wicked to be represented on the Stage. 'Tis certain however, that *Shakespear* has not aggravated the Vices and Cruelty of this Prince; he paints him such as History has transmitted him to us; and if his Character shocks us more in the Scene than the Story, 'tis because the Colours of the Poet are more lively, his Expression stronger, and the Lights he shews him in more diversified; but the Subject in both is the same. The qualities of his Mind and Person are thus summed up by *Holingshed*.

“ As he was small and little of Stature, so was he of Body greatly deformed, the one Shoulder higher than the other, his Face was small, but his Countenance cruel, and such that the first Aspect a Man would judge it to smell and favour of Malice, Fraud and Deceit; when he stood musing, he would bite and chaw his nether Lip; as who said, that his fierce Nature always chafed, stirred and was ever unquiet: beside, that the Dagger which he wore, he would (when he studied) with his Hand pluck up and down in the Sheath to the mid'st, never drawing it fullie out. He was of a ready, pregnant and quick Wit, wielie to feire, and apt to dissemble: He had a proud Mind, and an arrogant Stomach, the which accompanied him even to his Death, rather choosing to suffer the same by dint of Sword, than, being forsaken and left helpless of his unfaithful Companions, to preserve by cowardlie Flight, such a frail and uncertain Life, which by Malice, Sicknes

Sickness, or condigne Punishment, was like shortly to come to confusion."

This Character is the very same with that drawn of him by *Shakespear*; but the latter is made more striking by the wonderful Propriety of the Manners and Sentiments he every where, throughout the Play, attributes to him. If *Shakespear* is in any Instance to be blamed for keeping too close to the Historian, it is for dignifying the last Moments of this bloody Tyrant with such shining Proofs of Fortitude and Valour, as, notwithstanding the Detestation we conceived at his cruelties, must force from us an involuntary Applause. The History tells us he fought bravely in that Battle which decided his Fate, and, overpowered as he was by Numbers, disdained to save his Life by Flight.

Shakespear improves this into the following noble Description, which has indeed this improper Effect, that our hatred of the Tyrant is wholly lost in our Admiration of the Heroe.

Alarm. Excursions. Enter Catesby.

CATESBY.

Rescue, my Lord of *Norfolk*, rescue, rescue:
The King enacts more wonders than a Man,
Daring an Opposite to every Danger!
His Horse is slain and all on Foot he fights
Seeking for *Richmond* in the Throat of Death.

Alarm.

Alarm. Enter King Richard.

K. RICHARD.

A Horfe! a Horfe! my Kingdom for a Horfe!

CATSBY.

Withdraw, my Lord, I'll help you to a Horfe.

K. RICHARD.

Slave, I have set my Life upon a Cast,
And I will stand the Hazard of the Dye.

There are several of *Shakespear's* historical Plays which take in a greater Compass of Time than this, but none in which the absurdity of crowding the Events of many Years into a Representation of three Hours, is made so glaring. This, no doubt, is occasioned by the very unartful Disposition of the Incidents which, though made up of distant Events, follow one another without the least Preparation, without the Intervention of an Act, or Change of Scene, to give the Spectator's Imagination room to cheat itself agreeably, by supplying that Distance of Time necessary for the giving any Probability to the Story. To be convinced of this one need only consider the Conduct of the first Part of the fourth Act, where *Richard*, for the first Time, enters as King, his Nephew Prince *Edward*, and the Duke of *York* being still alive: He declares his Apprehensions of them to the Duke of *Buckingham*, by whose Assistance he had usurped the Crown,
and

and presses him to give Consent to their Murder.

The Duke demands a Minute's Leisure to consider of his Proposal, and goes out; *Richard* immediately asks his Page, if he can recommend any Person to him that will undertake a Murder for Reward; the Page names *Tyrrel*, and goes to fetch him; King *Richard* then addressing himself to one of his Confidants, says :

Come hither, *Catesby*, rumour it abroad,
That *Anne* my Wife is sick, and like to die.
I will take Order for her keeping close.
Inquire me out some mean-born Gentleman,
Whom I will marry strait to *Clarence*' Daughter,

(The Boy is foolish, and I fear him not)
Look how thou dream'st.---I say again, give out

That *Anne* my Wife is sick, and like to die.
About it, for it stands me much upon
To stop all Hopes, whose Growth may damage me :

I must be married to my Brother's Daughter,
Or else my Kingdom stands on brittle Glass;
Murder her Brothers, and then marry her,
Uncertain Way of Gain ! But I am in
So far in Blood, that Sin will pluck on Sin.
Tear-falling Pity dwells not in this Eye !

This Soliloquy is interrupted by *Tyrrel*, whom *Richard* dispatches to the *Tower*, with Orders to kill the young Princes imprisoned there.

there. *Buckingham* then re-enters, and is beginning to acquaint *Richard* with his Resolution concerning the Princes, but is stopped by the Tyrant, who changes the Discourse; *Buckingham* thereupon demands the Earldom of *Hereford*, which the King had promised him; the King makes evasive Answers, till being hard pressed by the Duke, he retires, and *Buckingham* declaring he will fly to *Brecknock*, goes off.

Tyrrel then enters, and informs the Audience that the two Princes are murdered by *Dighton* and *Forrest*, whom he had suborned to commit this cruel Action; the King coming in, he tells him his Commands had been performed; *Richard* dismisses him, with a Promise of Preferment, and then proceeds to give the Audience an Account of what he had done during his Absence of two Minutes.

King RICHARD.

The Son of *Clarence* have I pent up close;
His Daughter meanly have I match'd in Marriage;
And *Anne* my Wife hath bid this World good Night.

Two or three Speeches backwards we find him dispatching *Catesby* to spread a Report, "That his Queen *Anne*, was Sick and like to die." And also to enquire for some mean Born Gentleman to whom he might marry *Clarence's* Daughter; and scarce two Minutes are elapsed till we are informed all this is done:
Buckingham

Buckingham this Moment tells us, that he will fly to *Brecknock* to save his Head, and scarce has he quitted the Scene when *Catesby* comes in and tells us that,

Buckingham, back'd with the hardy *Welshmen*,
Is in the Field, and still his Power increaseth,

Absurdities like these are such a gross Abuse of the Understanding, that all the Beauties we find scattered throughout this Play, can hardly atone for them.

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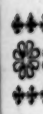
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T H E
L I F E
O F
King *Henry* the Eighth.

THIS Play, tho' called, *The Life of King Henry the eighth*, takes in only the Transactions of twelve Years of his Reign. The Action of it begins with the arresting the Duke of *Buckingham* for high Treason; which happened in the thirteenth Year of this King's Reign, and closes with the Birth of the Princess *Elizabeth*, afterwards Queen of *England*, which was on the twenty-fifth.

The historical Facts upon which this Play is founded, are all extracted from *Holingshed*; the Characters generally drawn closely after this Historian, and many of the Speeches copied almost literally from him.

The Accusation, Tryal, and Death of the Duke of *Buckingham*, makes a very affecting Incident in this Play.

Shakespear has been exactly just to historical Truth, in making Cardinal *Wolsey* the sole Contriver of this Nobleman's Fall; whose Character as it is thus summed up by King *Henry*, is perfectly agreeable to that given him by *Holingshed*.

KING

The Gentleman is learn'd, a most rare Speaker,
So Nature none more bound, his Training
such,
That he may furnish and instruct great Teachers,
And never seek for Aid out of himself.

The Accusations the Duke's Surveyor brings against him, in the first Act, before the King and Council, are an Abridgment of all the Articles upon which his Indictment of high Treason was founded, as they are set down at length by *Holingshed*: King *Henry* in the Play, after hearing these Articles, consigns him over to the Law, in much the same Words with the Historian,

Call him to present Tryal, if he may
Find Mercy in the Law, 'tis his, if none,
Let him not seek't of us,

The King, hearing the Accusation enforced to the uttermost by the Cardinal, made this
Answer:

Answer: "If the Duke have deserved to be punished, let him have according to his Deserts." The Account *Shakespear* gives of his Behaviour at his Tryal, agrees exactly with that of *Holingshed*, from whom he copies it closely.

FIRST GENT.

The great Duke
Came to the Bar; where, to his Accusations
He pleaded still not guilty; and alledg'd
Many sharp Reasons to defeat the Law.
The King's Attorney, on the contrary
Urg'd on Examinations, Proofs, Confessions
Of divers Witnesses, which the Duke desir'd
To have brought *viva voce* to his Face;
At which appear'd against him his Surveyor,
Sir *Gilbert Pack* his Chancellor, and *John Court*
Confessor to him, with that Devil-monk
Hopkins, that made this mischief.

SECOND GENT.

That was he,
That fed him with his Prophecies.

FIRST GENT.

The same.
All these accused him strongly, which he fain
Would have flung from him; but indeed, he
could not:

And so his Peers upon this Evidence
Have found him guilty of high Treason.

Much

He spoke; and learnedly for Life, but all
Was either pitied in him, or forgotten.

SECOND

SECOND GENT.

After all this, how did he clear himself.

FIRST GENT.

When he was brought again to the Bar, to
hear

His Knell rung out, his Judgment, he was
stirr'd

With such an Agony, he sweat extreemly!
And something spoke in Choler, ill and hasty:
But he fell to himself again, and sweetly
In all the rest shew'd a most noble Patience.

Holingshed, Page 865.

“ When the Lords had taken their Place, the Duke was brought to the Bar, and upon his Arraignment, pleaded not guilty, and put himself upon his Peers. Then was his Inditement read, which the Duke denied to be true, and (as he was an eloquent Man) alledged Reasons to falsify the Inditement, pleading the Matter for his own Justification very pithily and earnestly. The King's Attorney against the Duke's Reasons alledged the Examinations, Confessions, and Proofs of Witnesses.

The Duke desired that the Witnesses might be brought forth. And then came before him *Charles Knevet, Perk, de la Court, and Hopkins* the Monk of the Priory of the Charterhouse beside *Bath*, which, like a false Hypocrite, had induced the Duke to the Treason with his false forged Prophecies. Divers Presumptions
and

and Accusations were laid unto him, by *Charles Knevet*, which he would fain have covered. The Depositions were read, and the Deponents delivered as Prisoners to the Officers of the Tower. Then spake the Duke of *Norfolk* and said, my Lord, the King our Sovereign Lord hath commanded that you shall have his Law ministred with Favour and Right to you, wherefore if you have any other Thing to say for yourself, you shall be heard. Then he was ordered to withdraw him, and so was led into *Paradice*, a House so named. The Lords went to Councel a great While and after took their Places.

Then said the Duke of *Norfolk* to the Duke of *Suffolk*, what say you of Sir *Edward Duke of Buckingham* touching the high Treason: The Duke of *Suffolk* answered, He is guilty, and so said the Marquis and all the other Earls and Lords. Thus was this Prince Duke of *Buckingham* found guilty of high Treason, by a Duke and a Marquis, seven Earls and twelve Barons. The Duke was brought to the Barr fore chafing, and sweat marvelously, and after he had made his Reverence, he paused a While. The Duke of *Norfolk* as Judge said, Sir *Edward* you have heard how you be indited of high Treason, you pleaded thereto not guilty, putting yourself to the Peers of the Realm, who have found you guilty. Then the Duke of *Norfolk* wept and said. you shall be led to the King's Prison, and there laid on a Hurdle and so drawn to the Place of Execution, and there hanged, cut down alive, your Members cut off

and cast into the Fire, your Bowels burnt before you, your Head smitten off, and your Body quartered and devided at the King's Will, and God have mercy on your Soul.

The Duke of *Buckingham*, said, my Lord of *Norfolk* you have said as a Traitor should be said unto, but I was never anie: But my Lords I nothing malign for that you have done to me, but the eternal God forgive you my Death, and I do, I shall never sue to the King for Life, howbeit he is a gracious Prince, and more Grace may come from him than I desire, I desire you my Lords and all my Fellows to pray for me. Then was the Edge of the Ax turned towards him, and he led into a Barge, Sir *Thomas Lovel* desired him to sit upon the Cushins and Carpet ordained for him: He said nay; for when I went to *Westminster* I was Duke of *Buckingham*, now I am but *Edward Bobune* the most caitife of the World. Thus they landed at the *Temple*, where Sir *Nicholas Hawse* and Sir *William Sands* received him and led him through the City, who desired the People to pray for him, of whom some weept and lamented, and said this is the End of evil Life: God forgive him he was a proud Prince, it is Pity he behaved him so against the King and Liege Lord, whom God preserve. Thus about four of the Clock he was brought as a cast Man to the *Tower*.

The Friday the 17th *May* eleven of the Clock, this Duke of *Buckingham*, Earl of *Hereford*, *Stafford* and *Northampton*, with a great

great Power was delivered to *John Reim* and *John Skevington* Sheriffes, who led him to the Scaffold on *Tower-hill*, where he said he had offended the King's Grace and desired all Noblemen to beware by him, and all Men to pray for him, and that he trusted to die the King's true Man.

The Substance of what the Duke here says at his Execution, *Shakespear* has interwoven into the following Speeches; which, from the pathetic Eloquence they contain, and peculiar Propriety with which they are adopted to the Character and Circumstances of the Speeches, derive an inexpressible Grace and Beauty.

Enter Buckingham from his Arraignment
(Tipstaves before him, the Axe with the
Edge towards him, Halberts on each side)
accompanied by Sir Thomas Lovell, Sir
Nicholas Vaux, Sir William Sands, and
common People.

BUCKINGHAM.

All good People,

You that thus far have come to pity me,
Hear what I say, and then go home and lose
me:

I have this Day received a Traitor's Judgment,
And by that Name must die, yet Heav'n bear
Witness,

And if I have a Conscience, let it sink me
Even as the Axe falls, if I be not faithful.
To the Law I bear no Malice for my Death;
'T has done, upon the Premises but Justice:

But those that sought it, I could wish more
Christians;

Be what they will, I heartily forgive them;
Yet let 'em look, they glory not in mischief;
Nor build their evils the Graves of great Men,
For then my guiltless Blood must cry against 'em
For further Life in this World I ne'er hope
Nor will I sue, altho' the King have Mercies
More than I dare make Faults. You saw that
lov'd me,

And dare be bold to weep for *Buckingham*
His noble Friends and Fellows, whom to leave
Is only bitter to him, only dying;
Go with me, like good Angels to my End:
And as the long Divorce of Steel falls on me,
Make of your Prayers one sweet Sacrifice.
And lift my Soul to Heaven. Lead on, o'God's
Name.

LOVELL.

I do beseech your Grace for Charity,
If ever any Malice in your Heart
Were hid against me. now forgive me frankly,

BUCKINGHAM.

Sir *Thomas Lovell*, I as free forgive you,
As I would be forgiven: I forgive all,
There cannot be these numberless Offences
'Gainst me, I can't take peace with: No black
Envy
Shall make my Grave----Commend me to his
Grace;
And if he speak of *Buckingham*; pray tell him,
You met him half in Heaven: My Vows and
Prayr's

Yet

Yet are the King's, and, till my Soul forsake
me

Shall cry for Blessings on him. May he live
Longer than I have Time to tell his Years,
Ever beloved and loving, may his Rule be,
And when old Time shall lead him to his End
Goodness and he fill up one Monument.

LOVELL.

To th' Water side I must conduct your Grace,
Then give my Charge to Sir *Nicholas Vaux*
Who undertakes you to your End.

VAUX.

Prepare there,
The Duke is coming: See the Barge be ready
And fit it with such Furniture as suits
The greatness of his Person,

BUCKINGHAM.

Nay, Sir *Nicholas*

Let it alone; my State now will but mock me.
When I came hither, I was Lord high Con-
stable

And Duke of *Backingham*, now poor *Edward*
Bohune.

Yet I am richer than my base Accusers,
That never knew what Truth meant: I now
seal it;

And with that Blood will make them one Day
groan for't.

My noble Father, *Henry of Buckingham*,
Who first rais'd head against usurping *Richard*,
Flying for Succour to his Servant *Banister*,
Being distress'd, was by that Wretch betray'd,

And without Tryal fell : God's Peace be with him !

Henry the Sev'nth succeeding, truly pitying
My Father's Loss, like a most royal Prince
Restor'd to me my Honours ; and from Ruins,
Made my Name once more noble. Now his
Son,

Henry the Eighth, Life, Honour, Name, and
all

That made me happy, at one Stroke has taken
For ever from the World. I had my Tryal,
And must needs say, a noble one ; which
makes me

A little happier than my wretched Father :
Yet thus far we are one in Fortune, both
Fell by our Servants, by those Men we lov'd :
A most unnatural and faithless Service !
Heav'n has an End in all : Yet, you that hear
me,

This from a dying Man receive as certain :
Where you are lib'ral of your Loves and Coun-
sels,

Be sure, you be not loose ; those you make
Friends,

And give your Hearts to, when they once per-
ceive

The least Rub in your Fortunes, fall away
Like Water from ye, never found again
But where they mean to sink ye. All good
People

Pray for me ! I must leave ye, the last Hour
Of my long weary Life is come upon me ;
Farewell ! and when you would say some-
thing sad,

Speak

Speak how I fell---I've done, and God forgive me.

The Divorce of Queen *Catharine* from King *Henry* the Eighth, makes one of the principal Incidents of this Play. *Shakespear* has here so closely copied *Holingshed* as well in the Facts as the Speeches of the chief Persons concerned in this Affair, that it will be necessary to transcribe the Passages both from the Historian and Poet, if we would judge of their Similarity.

Holingshed, Page 906.

“ Ye have heard how the People talked a little before the Cardinal's going over into *France* the last Year, that the King was told by *Dr. Longland*, Bishop of *Lincoln*, and others, that his Marriage with Queen *Katharine* could not be good nor lawful. The Truth is, that whether this Doubt was first moved by the Cardinal, or by the said *Longland*, being the King's Confessor, the King was not only brought in Doubts, whether it was a lawful Marriage or no; but also determined to have the Case examined, cleered, and adjudged, by Learning, Law, and sufficient Authority. The Cardinal verily was put in most Blame for this Scruple now cast into the King's Conscience, for the Hate he bore to the Emperor, because he would not grant to him the Archbishoprick of *Toledo*, for the which he was a Suiter; and therefore, he did not only procure the King of *England* to join in Friendship with the *French* King, but also sought a Divorce betwixt the King and Queen, that the
King

King might have in Marriage the Dutcheſs of *Alanſon*, Siſter to the *French King*; and (as ſome have thought) he travelled in that Matter with the *French King* at *Amiens*: But the Dutcheſs would not give Ear thereunto.

But howſoever it came about, that the King was thus troubled in Conſcience concerning his Marriage, this followed, that, like a wiſe and ſage Prince, to have the Doubt clearly removed, he called together the beſt learned of the Realm, which were of ſeveral Opinions. Wherefore, he thought to know the Truth by indifferent Judges, leſt, peradventure the *Spaniards*, and other alſo in favour of the Queen, would ſay, that his own Subjects were not indifferent Judges in this Behalf; and therefore, he wrote his Cauſe to *Rome*, and likewise ſent to all the Universities in *Italy* and *France*, and to the great Clerks of all Chriſtendome, to know their Opinions, and deſired the Court of *Rome* to ſend into his Realm a Legate, which ſhould be indifferent, and of great and profound Judgment, to hear the Cauſe debated. At whoſe Requeſt the whole Conſiſtory of the College of *Rome* ſent thither *Laurence Campeius* a Prieſt Cardinal, a Man of great Wit and Experience, which was ſent hither before, in the tenth Year of this King, and with him was joined in Commiſſion the Cardinal of *York* and Legate of *England*.

This Cardinal came to *London* in *October*, and did intimate both to the King and Queen the Cauſe of his coming, which being known,
great

great Talk was had thereof. The Archbishop of *Canterbury* sent for the famous Doctors of both the Universities, to *Lambeth*; and there were every Day Disputations and Communings of this Matter. And because the King meant nothing but uprightly therein, and knew that the Queen was something wedded to her own Opinion, and wished that she should do nothing without Counsel, he bad her choose the best Clerks of his Realme to be of her Council, and licenced them to do the best on her Part that they could, according to the Truth. Then she elected *William Warham*, Archbishop of *Canterbury*, and *Nicholas West*, Bishop of *Elie*, Doctors of the Laws; and *John Fisher*, Bishop of *Rocheſter*, and *Henry Standish*, Bishop of *St. Aſaph*, Doctors of Divinity; and many other Doctors and well-learned Men, which, for Surety, like Men of great Learning, defended her Cause as far as Learning might maintain and hold it up.

About this time was received into Favour *Stephen Gardiner*, whose Service he used in Matters of great Secrecy and Weight, admitting him in the room of *Dr. Pace*, the which being continually abroad in Ambassages, and the same oftentimes not much necessary, by the Cardinal's Appointment, at length he took such Grief therewith that he fell out of his right Wits.

The Place where the Cardinals should sit to hear the Cause of Matrimony betwixt the King and Queen, was at the *Black Friars* in *London*; where,

where, in the great Hall was Preparation made of Seats, Tables, and other Furniture, according to such a solemn Session and royal Appearance. The Court was platted in Tables and Benches in manner of a Consistory, one Seat raised higher for the Judges to sit in; then, as it were in the midst of the said Judges, aloft above them three Degrees high, was a Cloth of State hanged, with a Chair royal under the same, wherein sat the King; and beside him, some Distance from him, sat the Queen; and under the Judges Feet sat the Scribes and other Officers; the chief Scribe was Dr. *Stevens*, and the Caller of the Court was one *Cooke* of *Winchester*.

Then, before the King and Judges, within the Court, sat the Archbishop of *Canterbury*, *Warham*, and all the other Bishops. Then stood at both Ends within, the Councillors learned in the spiritual Laws, as well the King's as the Queen's. The Doctors of Law for the King had their convenient Rooms: Thus was the Court furnished. The Judges commanded Silence whilst their Commission was read, both to the Court and to the People assembled; that done the Scribes commanded the Crier to call the King by the Name of, *King Henry of England, come into the Court, &c.* with that the King answered and said, *Here*: Then called he the Queen, by the Name of, *Kathrine Queen of England, come into the Court, &c.* who made no Answer, but rose out of her Chair.

And

And because she could not come directly to the King for the Distance severed between them, she went about by the Court, and came to the King, kneeling down at his Feet; to whom she said in effect as followeth: Sir, I desire you to do me Justice and Right, and take some Pity on me, for I am a poor Woman, and Stranger born out of your Dominions, having here no indifferent Councel, and less Assurance of Friendship. Alas, Sir, what have I offended you, or what Occasion of Displeasure have I shewed you, intending thus to put me from you after this Sort. I take God to my Judge, I have been to you a true and humble Wife, ever conformable to your Will and Pleasure, that never contraried or gainsaid any thing thereof; and being always contented with all things wherein you had any Delight, whether little or much, without Grudge or Displeasure; I loved, for your sake, all them whom you loved, whether they were my Friends or Enemies. I have been your Wife these twenty Years and more, and you have had by me diverse Children; if there be any just Cause that you can allege against me, either of Dishonesty, or Matter lawful to put me from you, I am content to depart, to my Shame and Rebuke; and if there be none, then I pray you to let me have Justice at your Hand. The King your Father was, in his time, of excellent Wit; and the King of *Spain*, *Ferdinand* my Father, was reckoned one of the wisest Princes that reigned in *Spain* many Years before; it is not
to

to be doubted, but that they had gathered as wise Councillors unto them of every Realme, as to their Wisdom they thought meet, who deemed the Marriage between you and me good and lawful: Wherefore, I humbly desire you to spare me, untill I may know what Councell my Friends in *Spain* will advertise me to take; and if you will not, then your Pleasure be fulfilled. With that she rose up, making a low Curtesie to the King, and departed from thence.

The King being advertised that she was ready to go out of the House, commanded the Crier to call her again, who called her by these Words: Cathrine *Queen of England* come into the Court; with that (quoth Mr. Griffith) Madam you be called again. On on, quoth she, it maketh no Matter I will not tarry, go on your wayes, and thus she departed without any farther Answer at that Time, or any other, and never would appear after in any Court. The King, perceiving she was departed, said these Words in Effect: For as much, quoth he, as the Queen is gone, I will, in her Absence declare to you all, that she hath been to me as true, as obedient, and as conformable a Wife, as I could Wish or Desire. She hath all the virtuous Qualities that ought to be in a Woman of her Dignity, or in any other of a baser Estate; she is also surely a noble Woman born, her Conditions will well declare the same.

With

With that, quoth *Wolfey* the Cardinal, Sir I most humbly require your Highness, to declare, before all this Audience whether I have been the chief and first Mover of this Matter unto your Majesty or no, for I am greatly suspected herein. My Lord Cardinal, quoth the King, I can well excuse you in this Matter; Marrie, quoth he, you have rather been against me, in the tempting hereof than a Setter forward or Mover of the same. The special Cause that moved me unto this Matter, was a certain Scrupulosity that pricked my Conscience, upon certain Words spoken at a Time, when it was by the Bishop of *Baion* the French Ambassador, who had been hither sent upon the debating of a Marriage between our Daughter the Lady *Mary* and the Duke of *Orleance*, second Son to the King of *France*. Upon the Resolution and Determination whereof, he desired Respite to advertise the King his Master thereof, whether our Daughter *Mary*, should legitimate in Respect of this my Marriage with this Woman, being sometime my Brother's Wife; which Words, once conceived within the secret Bottom of my Conscience, ingendered such a scrupulous Doubt, that my Conscience was incontinently accombred, vexed, disquieted; whereby I thought myself to be greatly in Danger of God's Indignation, which appeared to be (as to me seemed) the rather for that he sent us no issue Male, and all such Issues Male as my said Wife had by me, died incontinent after they came into the World, so I doubted the great Displeasure of God in
that

that behalf. Thus my Conscience being tossed in the Waves of a scrupulous Mind, and partly Despair to have any other Issue than I had already by this Lady now my Wife, it behoved me further to consider the State of this Realm, and the Danger it stood in for lack of a Prince to succeed me: I thought it good, in Release of the weighty Burthen of my weak Conscience, and also the quiet Estate of this worthy Realm, to attempt the Law therein, whether I may lawfully take another Wife, by whom God may send me more Issue, in case this my first Copulation was not good, without any carnal Concupiscence, and not for any Displeasure or misliking of the Queen's Person and Age, with whom I would be as well contented to continue, if our Marriage may stand with the Laws of God, as with any alive. In this Point consisteth all this Doubt, that we go about now to trie, by the Learning, Wisdom and Judgment of you our Prelates and Pastors of all this our Realm and Dominions, now here assembled for that Purpose, to whose Conscience and Learning I have committed the Charge and Judgment, according to the which I will (God willing) be right well content to submit myself, and, for my Part obey the same. Wherein after that I perceived my Conscience so doubtfull, I moved it in Confession to you my Lord of *Lincoln* then Ghostly Father, and for so much as then you yourself were in some Doubt, you moved me to ask the Council of all these my Lords; whereupon I moved you my Lord of *Canterbury* first, to have your Licence, in as much as you were Metropolitan,

to

to put this Matter in Question, and so I did of all you my Lords, to which you granted under your Seals, here to be shewed. That is truth quoth the Archbishop of *Canterbury*. After that the King rose up; and the Court was adjourned untill another Day.

Here is to be noted, that the Queen in Presence of the whole Court, most greveously accused the Cardinal of Untruth, Deceit, Wickedness and Malice, which had sowne Discension betwixt her and the King her Husband; and therefore openly protested, that she did utterly abhorre, refuse and forsake such a Judge, as was not only a most malicious Enemy to her, but also a manifest Adversarie to all Right and Justice, and therewith did she appeal unto the *Pope*, committing her whole Cause to be judged by him. But notwithstanding this Appeal, the Legates sat weekly, and every Day were Argument on both Parts, and Proofes alleged for the understanding of the Case, and still they stayed if they could by any Means to procure the Queen to call back her Appeal; which she utterly refused to do. The King would gladly have had an end in this Matter; but when the Legates drave Time, and determined upon no certain Point, he conceived a suspicion, that this was done of Purpose, that their doings might draw to none Effect or Conclusion.

SCENE,

SCENE, *Black Fryars, &c.*

WOLSEY.

Whilst our Commission from *Rome* is read
Let Silence be commanded.

KING.

What's the need ?
It hath already been read,
And all Sides th' Authority allow'd ;
You may then spare that Time.

WOLSEY.

Be't so, proceed.

SCRIBE.

Say, *Henry King* of *England* come into the
Court.

CRYER.

Henry King of *England*, &c.

KING.

Here.

SCRIBE.

Say, *Cathrine Queen* of *England*
Come into the Court.

CRYER.

Cathrine Queen of *England*, &c.

[*The Queen makes no Answer, rises out of her
Chair, goes about the Court, comes to the
King, kneels at his Feet, then speaks.*]

QUEEN.

QUEEN.

Sir, I desire you do me Right and Justice;
And to bestow your Pity on me, for
I am a poor Woman, and a Stranger,
Born out of your Dominions, having here
No Judge indiff'rent, and no more Assurance
Of equal Friendship and Proceeding. Alas, Sir,
In what have I offended you? What Cause
Hath my Behaviour given to your Displeasure,
That you should thus proceed to put me off,
And take your good Grace from me? Heav'n
witness

I've been to you a true and humble Wife,
At all times to you conformable :
Ever in fear to kindle your Dislike,
Yea subject to your Count'nance ; glad or sorry
As I saw it inclin'd : When was the Hour
I ever contradicted your Desire,
Or made it not mine too? Which of your
Friends

Have I not strove to love, although I knew
He were mine Enemy? What Friend of mine
That had to him deriv'd your Anger, did I
Continue in my Liking? Nay, gave Notice
He was from thence discharg'd. Sir, call to
mind,

That I have been your Wife, in this Obedi-
ence,

Upward of twenty Years ; and have been blest
With many Children by you. If in the Course
And Process of this Time you can report
And prove it too, against mine Honour aught,
My Bond of Wedlock, or my Love and Duty,
Against your sacred Person ; in God's Name

Turn

Turn me away, and let the foul'st Contempt
Steek Door upon me, and so give me up
To the sharpest kind of Justice. Please you,
Sir,

The King your Father, was reputed for
A Prince most prudent, of an excellent
And unmatch'd Wit and Judgment. *Ferdinand*
My Father, King of *Spain*, was reckon'd one
The wisest Prince that there had reign'd, by
many

A Year before. It is not to be question'd,
That they had gather'd a wise Council to them
Of ev'ry Realm, that did debate this Business,
Who deem'd our Marriage lawful. Wherefore
humbly

Sir, I beseech you spare me, till I may
Be by my Friends in *Spain* advis'd, whose
Counsel

I will implore. If not, i'th' Name of God,
Your Pleasure be fulfill'd.

WOLSEY.

You have here, Lady,
(And of your Choice) these rev'rend Fathers,
Men

Of singular Integrity and Learning :
Yea, the elect o' th' Land, who are assembled
To plead your Cause ; it shall be therefore
bootless

That longer you defer the Court, as well
For your own Quiet, as to rectify
What is unsettled in the King.

CAMPEIUS.

CAMPEIUS.

His Grace
Hath spoken well and justly; therefore, Ma-
dam,
It's fit this Royal Session do proceed;
And that, without Delay, their Arguments
Be now produced, and heard.

QUEEN.

Lord Cardinal,
To you I speak.

WOLSEY.

Your Pleasure, Madam?

QUEEN.

Sir,
I am about to weep; but thinking that
We are a Queen, or long have dream'd so;
certain
The Daughter of a King; my Drops of Tears
I'll turn to Sparks of Fire.

WOLSEY.

Be patient yet.---

QUEEN.

I will, when you are humble: Nay, before;
Or God will punish me. I do believe,
Induc'd by potent Circumstances, that
You are mine Enemy and make my Challenge;
You shall not be my Judge. For it is you
Have blown this Coal betwixt my Lord and me;
Which God's due quench! therefore, I say

again,

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K

I

I utterly abhor, yea from my Soul
 Refuse you for my Judge; whom yet once
 more

I hold my most malicious Foe, and think not
 At all a Friend to truth.

WOLSEY.

I do profess,
 You speak not like yourself; who ever yet
 Have stood to charity, and display'd the Effects
 Of Disposition gentle, and of Wisdom
 O'er topping Woman's Power. Madam you
 wrong me,

I have no Spleen against you, nor Injustice
 For you, or any; how far I've proceeded,
 Or how far further shall, is warranted
 By a Commission from the Consistory.
 Yea, the whole Consist'ry of *Rome*. You
 charge me

That I have blown this Coal; I do deny it.
 The King is present: if't be known to him
 That I gainsay my Deed, how may he wound
 And worthily, my Falshood? Yea, as much
 As you have done my Truth. But if he know
 That I am free of your Report, he knows
 I am not of your Wrong. Therefore in him
 It lyes to cure me, and the Cure is to
 Remove these Thoughts from you. The which
 before

His Highness shall speak in, I do beseech
 You, gracious Madam, to unthink your speaking
 And to say no more.

QUEEN.

QUEEN.

My Lord, my Lord,
 I am a simple Woman, much too weak
 T' oppose your cunning. You are meek and
 humble mouth'd,
 You sign your Place, and Calling, in full
 seeming
 With meekness and humility; but your Heart
 Is cramm'd with arrogancy, spleen and pride.
 You have by Fortune, and his Highness' Fa-
 vour
 Gone slightly o'er low Steps; and now are
 mounted
 Where Power's are your Retainers, and your
 Words
 Domesticks to you, serve your Will, as't
 please
 Your self pronounce their Office. I must tell
 you
 You tender more your Person's Honour, than
 Your high Profession Spiritual: That again
 I do refuse you for my Judge: And here,
 Before you all appeal unto the Pope,
 To bring my whole Cause 'fore his Holiness,
 And to be judg'd by him.
[She curtsies to the King and offers to depart.]

CAMPEIUS.

The Queen is obstinate,
 Stubborn to Justice, apt t' accuse it, and
 Disdainful to be try'd by't; 'tis not well.
 She's going away.

KING.

Call her again.

CRIER.

Cathrine, Queen of England, come into the Court.

USHER.

Madam, you are call'd back.

QUEEN.

What, need you note it, pray you keep your Way,

When you are call'd return. Now the Lord help,

They vex me past my Patience--- Pray you pass on

I will not tarry ; no, nor ever more

Upon this Business my Appearance make

In any of their Courts.

[Exeunt Queen and her Attendants.]

KING.

Go thy ways, *Kate* ;

That Man i'th'World who shall report he has

A better Wife, let him in nought be trusted

For speaking false in that. Thou art alone

(If thy rare Qualities, sweet Gentleness,

Thy Meekness, Saint-like, Wife-like Government,

Obeying in commanding, and thy Parts

Sovereign, and pious else, could speak thee out)

The Queen of earthly Queens, she's nobly born,

And

And like her true Nobility, she has
Carried herself towards me.

WOLSEY.

Most gracious Sir,
In humblest Manner I require your Highness,
That it shall please you to declare, in hearing
Of all these Ears (for where I'm robb'd and
bound

There must I be unloos'd ; altho' not there
At once, and fully satisfied) if I
Did broach this Business to your Highness, or
Laid any Scruple in your Way, which might
Induce you to the Question on't : or ever
Have to you, but with Thanks to God for such
A Royal Lady, speak one the least Word
That might be Prejudice of her present State,
Or Touch of her good Person ?

KING.

My Lord Cardinal
I do excuse you ; yea, upon mine Honour
I free you from't : You are not to be taught
That you have many Enemies, that know not
Why they are so ; but like the Village Curs
Bark when their Fellows do. By some of
these

The Queen is put in Anger, y'are excus'd :
But will you be more justified ? You ever
Have wish'd the sleeping of this Business, never
Desir'd it to be stirr'd ; but oft have hindred
The Passages made tow'rs it :---On my Ho-
nour

I speak my good Lord Cardinal to this Point ;
K 3 And

And thus far clear him. Now what mov'd
me to't

I will be bold with Time and your Attention :
Then mark th'Inducement. Thus it came ;
give heed to't.

My Conscience first receiv'd a Tendernefs,
Scruple, and Prick, on certain Speeches utter'd
By the Bishop of *Bayon*, then *French* Ambassa-
dor,

Who had been hither sent on the debating
A Marriage 'twixt the Duke of *Orleans* and
Our Daughter *Mary* : I th' Progress of this
Business,

Ere a determinate Resolution, he
(I mean the Bishop) did require a Respite ;
Wherein he might the King his Lord advertise
Whether our Daughter were legitimate
Respecting this our Marriage with the Dowager
Some time our Brother's Wife. This Respite
shook

The Bottom of my Conscience, enter'd me,
Yea, with a splitting Power ; and made to
tremble

The Region of my Breast ; which forc'd such
way,

That many maz'd Considerings did throng
And press'd in with this Caution. First, me-
thought

I stood not in the Smile of Heav'n, which had
Commanded Nature, that my Lady's Womb
(If it conceiv'd a Male Child by me) should
Do no more Offices of Life to't, than
The Grave does to the Dead ; for her Male
Issue

Or died where they were made, or shortly after
This

This World had air'd them. Hence I took a
Thought

This was a Judgment on me, that my King-
dom

(Well worthy the best Heir o'th'World) should
not

Be gladdened in't by me. Then follows, that
I weigh'd the Danger which my Realms stood
in

By this my Issue's Fail; and that gave to me
Many a groaning Throe: Thus hulling in
The wild Sea of my Conscience, I did steer
Towards this Remedy, whereupon we are
Now present here together, that's to say,
I mean to rectify my Conscience (which
I then did feel full sick, and yet not well;)

By all the rev'rend Fathers of the Land
And Doctors learn'd. First, I began in private
With you, my Lord of *Lincoln*; you remem-
ber,

How under my Oppression I did reek,
When I first mov'd you.

LINCOLN.

Very well, my Liege.

KING.

I have spoke long; be pleas'd yourself to say
How far you satisfied me.

LINCOLN.

Please your Highness,
The Question did at first so stagger me,
Bearing a Stake of mighty Moment in't,
And Consequence of Dread, that I committed
The daring'st Counsel, which I had, to doubt,

K 4

And

And did intreat your Highness to this Course
Which you are running here.

KING.

I then mov'd you
My Lord of *Canterbury*, and got your Leave
To make this present Summons: Unsollicit
I left no rev'rend Person in this Court,
But, by particular Consent, proceeded
Under your Hands and Seals. Therefore go on;
For no Dislike i' th' World against the Person
Of our good Queen, but the sharp thorny
Points

Of my alledged Reasons drive this forward.
Prove but our Marriage lawful, by my Life
And kingly Dignity, we are contented
To wear our mortal State to come, with her
(*Cath'rine* our Queen) before the primeſt Crea-
ture

That's paragon'd i' th' World.

CAMPEIUS.

So please your Highness,
The Queen being absent, 'tis a needful Fitness
That we adjourn this Court to further Day;
Mean while must be an earnest Motion
Made to the Queen, to call back her Appeal
She intends to his Holiness.

KING.

I may perceive
These Cardinals trifle with me, I abhor
This dilatory Sloth, and Tricks of *Rome*.
My learn'd and well-beloved Servant *Cranmer*,
Pr'ythee return, with thy Approach I know
My

My Comfort comes along. Break up the Court
I say, set on. [Exeunt.

The Visit which the Popes Legate, Cardinal *Campeius*, and Cardinal *Wolsey* make to the Queen, her Reception of them, and the Discourse that pass amongst them, is not less closely copied.

Page 908.

“ The next Court Day, the Cardinals sat again, at which Time the Council on both sides, were there ready to answer. The King’s Council alledged the Matrimony not to be lawful at the Beginning, because of the carnal Copulation had between Prince *Arthur* and the Queen. This Matter was very vehemently touched on that Side; and, to prove it, they alledged many Reasons and Similitudes of Truth; and being answered negatively again on the other Side, it seemed that all their former Allegations were doubtful to be tried, and that no Man knew the Truth, and thus this Court passed from Sessions to Sessions, and Day to Day, till at certain of their Sessions the King sent the two Cardinals to the Queen (who was then in *Bridwell*) to persuade with her by their Wifdoms, and to advise her to surrender the whole Matter into the King’s Hands, by her own Consent and Will, which should be much better to her Honour, than to stand to the Tryal of Law, and thereby to be condemned, which should seem much to her Dishonour.

The Cardinal being in the Queen's Chamber of Prefence, the Gentleman Usher advertised the Queen that the Cardinals were come to speak with her, with that she rose up, and with a Skeine of white Thread about her Neck, came into her Chamber of Prefence, where the Cardinals were attending. At whose coming, quoth she, what is your Pleasure with me ? If it please your Grace, quoth Cardinal *Wolfey*, to go into your Privy Chamber we will shew the Cause of our coming. My Lord, quoth she, if ye have any Thing to say, speak it openly before all these Folk, for I fear nothing you can say against me, but that I would have all the World should hear and see it, and therefore speak your Mind. Then began the Cardinal to speak to her in *Latine*. Nay, good my Lord, quoth she, speak to me in *English*.

Forsooth (quoth the Cardinal) good Madam, if it please you, we come both to know your Mind, how you are disposed to do in this Matter between the King and you, and also to declare secretely our Opinions and Councils unto you, which we do only for very Zeal and Obedience we bear unto your Grace. My Lord, quoth she, I thank you for your good Will, but to make you Answer in your Request I cannot so suddenly ; for I was set among my Maids at Work, thinking full little of any such Matter, wherein there needeth a longer Deliberation, and a better Head than mine to make Answer, for I need Councell in this Call which touches me so near, and for any Councell

cell or Friendship that I can find in *England*, they are not for my Profit, what think you my Lords, will any *Englisbman* Councell me, or be Friend to me against the King's Pleasure, that is his Subject? Nay forsooth, and as for Councell, in whom I will put my trust, they be not here, they be in *Spain*, in my own Country. And my Lords, I am a poor Woman lacking Wit, to answer to any such Noble Persons of Wisdom as you be, in so weighty a Matter, therefore I pray you be good to me poor Woman, destitute of Friends, here in a foreign Region, and your Councell also I will be glad to hear. And therewith she took the Cardinal by the Hand, and led him into her privy Chamber with the other Cardinal, where they tarried a Season talking with the Queen, which Communication ended, they departed to the King, making to him Relation of her Talk. Thus this Case went forward from Court to Court, till it came to Judgment, so that every one expected that Judgment would be given the next Day. At which Day the King came thither, and set him down in a Chair, within a Door in the End of the Gallery (which opened directly against the Judgment Seat, to hear the Judgment given, at which Time all their Proceedings were read in *Latine*.

That done the King's Councell at the Bar called for Judgment (with that quoth Cardinal *Campeius*) I will not give Judgment till I have made Relation to the Pope of all our Proceedings, whose Councell and Commandment in
this

this Case I will observe. The Case is very doubtful, - and also the Party Defendant will make no Answer here but doth rather Appeal from us, supposing that we be not indifferent, wherefore I will adjourn this Court for this Time, according to the Order of the Court of *Rome*. And with that the Court was dissolved and no more done. This pottracting of the Conclusion of the Matter, King *Henry* took very displeasantly. Then Cardinal *Campeius* took his Leave of the King and Nobility and returned to *Rome*."

A C T III.

SCENE, *the Queen's Apartment. The Queen and her Women as at Work.*

Enter a Gentleman.

QUEEN.

How now?

GENT.

An't please your Grace, the two great Cardinals Wait in the Presence.

QUEEN.

Would they speak with me?

GENT.

They will'd me say so, Madam.

QUEEN.

Pray their Graces

To come near; what can be their Business

With

With me, a poor weak Woman fall'n from
Favour?

I do not like their coming: Now I think on't,
They should be good Men, their Affairs as
righteous,
But all Hoods make not Monks.

Enter the Cardinals, Wolsey and Campeius,

WOLSEY.

Peace to your Highness.

QUEEN.

Your Graces find me here Part of a House-
wife,

(I would be all) against the worst may happen.
What are your Pleasures with me rev'rend Lords.

WOLSEY.

May't please you, noble Madam, to withdraw
Into your private Chamber; we shall give you
The full Cause of our coming.

QUEEN.

Speak it here,

There's nothing I have done yet, o'my Con-
science

Deserves a Corner; would all other Women
Could speak this with as free a Soul as I do:

My Lords I care not (so much I am happy
Above a Number) if my Actions

Were try'd by ev'ry Tongue, ev'ry Eye saw
'em

Envy and base Opinion set against 'em;

I know my Life so even. If your Business

Do

Do seek me out; and that way I am wise in,
Out with it boldly, truth loves open dealing.

WOLSEY.

Tanta est erga te mentis integritas, Regina Serenissima.

QUEEN.

O my good Lord, no *Latin*;
I am not such a Truant, since my coming
As not to know the Language I have liv'd in,
A strange Tongue makes my Cause more
strange, suspicious:
Pray speak in *English*, here are some will thank
you
If you speak truth, for their poor Mistress'
sake:
Believe me, she has had much wrong, Lord
Cardinal,
The willing'st Sin I ever yet committed
May be absolv'd in *English*.

WOLSEY.

Noble Lady,
I'm sorry my Integrity should breed
(And service to his Majesty and you)
So deep Suspicion, where all Faith was meant.
We come not by the way of Accusation
To taint that Honour, every good Tongue
blesses;
Nor to betray you any way to Sorrow;
You have too much, good Lady: But to know
How you stand minded in the weighty Dif-
ference
Between the King and you, and to deliver
Like

Like free and honest Men, our just Opinions
And comforts to your Cause.

CAMPEIUS.

Most honour'd Madam,
My Lord of *York* out of his noble Nature
Zeal and Obedience he still bore your Grace,
Forgetting, like a good Man, your late Censure
Both of his Truth and him (which was too far)
Offers, as I do, in a Sign of Peace
His Service and his Counsel.

QUEEN.

To betray me.
My Lords, I thank you both for your Good-
wills.
Ye speak like honest Men; pray God ye
prove so,
But how to make you suddenly an Answer
In such a Point of Weight, so near mine Ho-
nour,
(More near my Life, I fear) with my weak
Wit
And to such Men of Gravity and Learning,
In Truth, I know not. I was set at work
Among my Maids; full little, God knows,
looking
Either for such Men, or such Business,
For her Sake that I have been (for I feel
The last Fit of my Greatness) good your
Graces,
Let me have Time and Council for my Cause;
Alas! I am a Woman, friendless, hopeless.

WOLSEY,

WOLSEY.

Madam, you wrong the King's Love with
those Fears :
Your Hopes and Friends are infinite.

QUEEN.

In *England*,
But little for my Profit, can you think, Lords
That any *Englishman* dare give me Counsel ?
Or be a known Friend 'gainst his Highness'
Pleasure
(Though he be grown so desp'rate to be honest)
And live a Subject ? Nay, forsooth, my Friends,
They that must weigh out my Afflictions,
They that my Trust must grow to, live not
here ;
They are, as all my Comforts are, far hence
In my own Country, Lords.

CAMPEIUS.

I would your Grace
Would leave your Griefs, and take my Coun-
sel.

QUEEN.

How Sir ?

CAMPEIUS.

Put your main Cause into the King's Protection ;
He's loving and most gracious. 'Twill be much
Both for your Honour better, and your Cause ;
For if the Tryal of the Law o'ertake you,
You'll part away disgrac'd.

WOLSEY.

He tells you rightly.

QUEEN

QUEEN.

Ye tell me what ye wish for both, my Ruin :
Is this your Christian Counsel? Out upon ye,
Heav'n is above all yet; there sits a Judge,
That no King can corrupt.

CAMPEIUS.

Your Rage mistakes us.

QUEEN.

The more shame for ye, holy Men I thought ye
Upon my Soul, two rev'rend Cardinal Vertues;
But Cardinal Sins, and hollow-Hearts, I fear
ye:

Mend 'em for Shame, my Lords, is this your
Comfort?

The Cordial that you bring a wretched Lady?
A Woman lost among ye, laugh'd at, scorn'd?
I will not wish you half my Miseries
I have more Charity. But say I warn'd ye;
Take heed, take heed, for Heaven's Sake, lest
at once

The Burthen of my Sorrows fall upon ye.

WOLSEY.

Madam this is a meer Distraction,
You turn the Good we offer into Envy.

QUEEN.

Ye turn me into nothing. Woe upon ye
And all such false Professors; would you have
me

(If you have any Justice, any Pity,
If ye be any thing but Church Mens Habits)
Put

Put my sick Cause into his Hands that hates
me?

Alas! h'as banish'd me his Bed already;
His love, too long ago, I'm old my Lords;
And all the Fellowship I hold now with him
Is only my Obedience. What can happen
To me, above this wretchedness? all your
Studies

Make me a curse, like this.

CAMPEIUS.

Your Fears are worse.-----

QUEEN.

Have I liv'd thus long (let me speak myself
Since virtue finds no Friends) a Wife, a true
one?

A Woman [I dare say without vain Glory]
Never yet branded with Suspicion;
Have I with all my full Affections
Still met the King, lov'd him, next Heav'n
obey'd him;
Been, out of Fondness, superstitious to him,
Almost forgot my Prayers to content him;
And am I thus rewarded? 'tis not well, Lords.
Bring me a constant Woman to her Husband,
One, that ne'er dream'd a Joy beyond his Plea-
sure;

And to that Woman, when she has done most,
Yet will I add an Honour, a great Patience.

WOLSEY.

Madam, you wander from the good we aim at.

QUEEN.

QUEEN.

My Lord, I dare not make myself so guilty,
To give up willingly that noble Title
Your Master wed me to, nothing but Death
Shall e'er divorce my Dignities.

WOLSEY.

Pray hear me.

QUEEN.

Would I had never trod this *English* Earth,
Or felt the Flatteries that grow upon it ;
Ye've Angels' Faces, but Heav'n knows your
Hearts.

What shall become of me now ! wretched Lady !
I am the most unhappy Woman living.

Alas ! poor Wenches, where are now your
Fortunes ? *To her Women.*

Ship-wreck'd upon a Kingdom, where no
Pity.

No Friends, no Hope, no Kindred weep for
me,

Almost no Grave allow'd me ! Like the Lilly,
That once was Mistress of the Field and flourish'd,

I'll hang my Head and perish.

WOLSEY.

If your Grace

Could not be brought to know our Ends are
honest,

You'd feel more comfort, why should we,
good Lady,

Upon what Cause wrong you. alas ! our Places
The

The Way of our Profession is against it:
 We are to ear such Sorrows, not to sow 'em.
 For Goodness' sake, consider what you do,
 How you may hurt yourself, nay, utterly
 Grow from the King's Acquaintance, by this
 Carriage.

The Hearts of Princes kifs Obedience,
 So much they love; but to stubborn Spirits,
 They swell and grow as terrible as Storms.
 I know you have a gentle, noble Temper,
 A Soul as even as a Calm; pray think us
 Those we profess, Peace make us, Friends and
 Servants.

CAMPEIUS.

Madam, you'll find it so; you wrong your
 Virtues

With these weak Women's Fears. A noble
 Spirit

As yours was put into you, ever casts
 Such Doubts, as false Coin, from it; the King
 loves you,

Beware you lose it not; for us, if you please
 To trust us in your Business, we are ready
 To use our utmost Studies in your Service.

QUEEN.

Do what you will, my Lords, and pray forgive
 me

If I have us'd myself unmannerly.

You know, I am a Woman lacking Wit
 To make a seemly Answer to such Persons.

Pray do my Service to his Majesty.

He has my Heart yet; and shall have my Prayers
 While I shall have my Life. Come, rev'rend
 Fathers,

Bestow

Bestow your Counsels on me. She now begs
That little Thought, when she set Footing here
She should have bought her Dignities so dear.

Shakespear makes the King first see *Anna Bullen* at a Banquet given by Cardinal *Wolsey*. There seems to be some little Absurdity in this Incident ; for *Anna Bullen* being, as the Lord Chamberlain afterwards tells the King, one of the Queen's Attendants, it can hardly be supposed that he never saw her before. This Banquet is at large described by *Holingshed*. *Shakespear* follows him closely in several of the Circumstances, as well as the Discourse that passed between the King and some of the Persons present.

“ On a time, says *Holingshed*, Page 921, the King came suddenly thither in a Mask, with a Dozen Maskers, all in Garments like Shepherds, made of fine Cloth of Gold, and Crimson Sattin paned, and Caps of the same, with Vizards of good Physnomie, their Hair and Beards either of fine Gold-wire, Silk, or Black Silk, having sixteen Torch-bearers, besides their Drums, and other Persons with their Vizards, all cloathed in Sattin of the same Colour, and before his entering into the Hall, he came by Water to the Water-gate without Noise, where were laid diverse Chambers and Guns charged with Shot, and at his Landing they were shot off, which made such a Rumble in the Air that it was like Thunder, it made all the Noblemen, Ladies, and Gentlemen to muse what it should mean, coming so suddenly, they sitting quiet at a solemn Banquet after
this

this Sort. First, you shall understand that the Tables were set in the Chamber of Presence, just covered, and the Lord Cardinal sitting under a Cloth of State, there having all his Service alone, and was there set a Lady with a Nobleman, or a Gentleman and a Gentlewoman throughout all the Tables in the Chamber on the one Side, which were made and joined as it were but one Table, all which order and devise was done by the Lord *Sanders*, then Lord Chamberlain to the King, and by Sir *Henry Guildford*, Comptroller of the King's House. Then immediately after the Great Chamberlain, and the said Comptroller, sent to look what it should mean (as though they knew nothing of the Matter) who looking out of the Windows into the *Thames*, returned again and shewed him, that it seemed they were Noblemen and Strangers that arrived at his Bridge, coming as Ambassadors from some foreign Prince, With that, quoth the Cardinal, I desire you because you can speak *French*, to take the Pains to go into the Hall, there to receive them according to their Estates, and to conduct them into this Chamber, where they shall see us, and all these noble Personages, being merry at our Banquet desiring them to sit down with us, and to take part of our Fare. Then went down incontinently into the Hall, where they were received with twenty new Torches, and conveyed them up into the Chamber with such a noise of Drums and Flutes, as seldom had been heard the like. At their entring into the Chamber two and two together, they went directly towards the Cardinal,

dinal, where he sat, and saluted him reverently. To whom the Lord Chamberlain for them said; Sir, for as much as they be Strangers, and can not speak *English*, they have desired me to declare unto you, that having understanding of this triumphant Banquet, where was assembled such a Number of excellent Dames, they could do no less under support of your Grace, but to repair hither, to view as well their incomparable Beauty, as for to accompany them at Mum-chance, and then to Dance with them; and, Sir, they require of your Grace, Licence to accomplish the said Cause of their coming. To whom the Cardinal said, he was very well content they should do so. Then went the Maskers, and first saluted all the Dames, and returned to the most worthy, and there opened their great Cup of Gold filled with Crowns and other Pieces of Gold, to whom they set certain Pieces of Gold to cast at. Thus perusing all the Ladies and Gentlewomen, to some they lost, and of some they won; and marking after this Manner all the Ladies, they returned to the Cardinal with great Reverence, powring down all the Gold so left in their Cup, which was about two Hundred Crowns. At all quoth the Cardinal, and so cast the Dice and wone them, whereat was made a great Noise and Joy. Then, quoth the Cardinal to the Lord Chamberlain. I pray you, that you would shew them, that me seemeth there should be a Nobleman amongst them, who is more meet to occupy this Seat and Place than I am, to whom

whom I would most gladly surrender the same according to my Duty, if I knew him.

Then spake the Lord Chamberlain to them in *French*, and they rounding him in the Ear, the Chamberlain said unto my Lord Cardinal, Sir quoth he, they confess, that among them there is such a noble Personage, whom if your Grace can point him out from the rest, he is content to disclose himself, and accept your Place. With that the Cardinal taking good Advise among them, at the last quoth he, me seemeth the Gentleman with the black Beard, should be he, and with that rose out of his Chair, and offered the same to the Gentleman in the black Beard with his Cap in his Hand. The Person to whom he offered the Chair was Sir *Edward Nevill*, a comely Knight, that much more resembled the King's Person in that Mask than any other. The King perceiving the Cardinal so deceived, could not forbear laughing, but pulling down his Visar and Mr. *Nevill's* also, and dashed out such a pleasant Countenance and Cheere, that all the noble Estates there assembled perceiving the King to be there among them, rejoiced very much."

SCENE

S C E N E York House.

Hautboys. A small Table under a State for the Cardinal, a long Table for the Guests. Then enter Anne Bullen, and divers other Ladies and Gentlewomen, as Guests, at one Door ; at another Door enter Sir Henry Guildford.

GUILDFORD,

Ladies, a general Welcome for his Grace
Salutes ye all: This Night he dedicates
To fair Content and you: None here, he hopes,
In all this noble Bevy, has brought with her
One Care abroad ; he would have all as merry
As, first good Company, good Wine, could
welcome,
Can make good People.

Enter Lord Chamberlain, Lord Sands and Lovell.

O my Lord, y'are tardy ;
The very Thoughts of this fair Company,
Clap'd Wings to me.

CHAMBERLAIN.

You're young, Sir Harry Guildford.

SANDS.

Sir Thomas Lovell, had the Cardinal
But half my lay-Thoughts in him, some of
these
Should find a running Banquet, ere they rested:

I think, would better please 'em: by my Life,
They are a sweet Society of fair Ones.

LOVELL.

O, that your Lordship were but now Con-
fessor

To one or two of these.

SANDS.

I would, I were;
They should find easy Penance,

LOVELL.

'Faith, how easy?

SANDS.

As easy as a down Bed would afford it.

CHAMBERLAIN.

Sweet Ladies, will it please you sit? Sir *Harry*
Place you that side, I'll take the Charge of
this:

His Grace is ent'ring; nay, you must not freeze;
Two Women, plac'd together, make cold
Weather.

My Lord *Sands*, you are one will keep 'em
waking,

Pray, sit between these Ladies.

SANDS.

By my faith,
And thank your Lordship. By your leave,
sweet Ladies,

If I chance to talk a little Wild, forgive me:
I had it from my Father.

ANNE.

ANNE.

Was he mad, Sir?

SANDS.

O, very mad, exceeding mad, in Love too.
But he would bite none; just as I do now
He'd Kifs you twenty with a Breath.

CHAMBERLAIN.

Well faid, my Lord:
So now y'are fairly seated: Gentlemen,
The Penance lyes on you, if these fair Ladies
Pass away frowning.

SANDS.

For my little Cure
Let me alone.

*Hautboys, Enter Cardinal Wolsey and takes his
State.*

WOLSEY.

Y'are welcome, my fair Guests: that noble
Lady
Or Gentleman that is not freely merry
Is not my Friend. This, to confirm my wel-
come:
And to you all good Health. [Drinks.

SANDS.

Your Grace is noble;
Let me have such a Bowl may hold my thanks
And save me so much talking.

L 2

WOLSEY.

WOLSEY.

My Lord *Sands*,
I am beholden to you, cheer your Neighbour;
Ladies, you are not merry; Gentlemen,
Whose Fault is this ?

SANDS.

The red Wine first must rise
In their fair Cheeks, my Lord, then we shall
have 'em
Talk us to silence.

ANNE.

You're a merry Gamester,
My Lord *Sands*.

SANDS.

Yes, and if I make my Play:
Here's to your Ladyship, and pledge it, Madam:
For 'tis to such a Thing.----

ANNE.

You cannot shew me.

SANDS.

I told your Grace that they would talk anon.
[*Drums and Trumpets, Chambers discharg'd.*]

WOLSEY.

What's that?

CHAMBERLAIN.

Look out there some of ye,

WOLSEY.

WOLSEY.

What warlike Voice,
And to what end is this? nay, Ladies, fear not;
By all the Laws of War y'are privileged.

Enter a Servant.

CHAMBERLAIN.

How now, what is't?

SERVANT.

A noble Troop of Strangers,
For so they seem, have left their Barge and
landed;
And hither make, as great Ambassadors
From foreign Princes.

WOLSEY.

Good Lord Chamberlain,
Go, give 'em welcome, you can speak the
French Tongue.

And, pray receive 'em nobly, and conduct 'em
Into our Presence, where this Heav'n of Beauty
Shall shine at full upon them, some attend.

[All rise, and Tables removed.]

You've now a broken Banquet, but we'll mend
it.

A good Digestion to you all, and once more
I shewre a Welcome on ye, welcome all.

*Enter King and others, as Maskers, habited
like Shepherds usher'd by the Lord Cham-
berlain. They pass directly before the Lord
Cardinal, and gracefully Salute him.*

L 3

A

A noble Company! what are their Pleasures?

CHAMBERLAIN.

Because they speak no *English*, thus they pray'd
To tell your Grace, that having heard by Fame
Of this so noble and so fair Assembly,
This Night to meet here, they could do no less
Out of the great Respect they bear to beauty,
But leave their Flocks, and under your fair
Conduct

Crave leave to view these Ladies, and intreat
An Hour of Revels with 'em.

WOLSEY.

Say, Lord Chamberlain,
They've done my poor House Grace: for which
I pay 'em
A thousand Thanks, and pray 'em, take
their Pleasures.
[*Chuse Ladies, King and Anne Bullen.*

KING.

The fairest Hand I ever touch'd! O Beauty
Till now I never knew thee. [*Musick. Dance.*

WOLSEY.

My Lord,---

CHAMBERLAIN.

Your Grace.

WOLSEY.

Pray tell 'em thus much from me.
There should be one amongst 'em by his Person
More

More worthy this Place than myself, to whom
If I but knew him, with my Love and Duty
I would surrender it. [*Whisper.*]

CHAMBERLAIN.

I will, my Lord.

WOLSEY.

What say they ?

CHAMBERLAIN.

Such a one, they all confess,
There is, indeed; which they would have your
Grace
Find out, and he will take it.

WOLSEY.

Let me see then :
By all your good leaves, Gentlemen, here I'll
make
My Royal Choice.

KING.

You've found him, Cardinal :
You held a fair Assembly : You do well,
Lord.
You are a Church Man, or I'll tell you Car-
dinal,
I should now judge unhappily.

WOLSEY.

I'm glad,
Your Grace is grown so pleasant.

KING.

My Lord Chamberlain.
Pr'ythee come hither, what fair Lady's that?

CHAMBERLAIN.

An't please your Grace, Sir *Thomas Bullen's*
Daughter,
(*The Viscount Rochford*) one of her Highness'
Women.

KING.

By Heaven, she's a Dainty one: Sweet Heart
I were unmannerly to take you out,
And not to Kiss you. A Health, Gentlemen,
Let it go round.

WOLSEY.

Sir *Thomas Lovell*, is the Banquet ready
P'th'Privy Chamber.

LOVELL.

Yes my Lord.

WOLSEY.

Your Grace,
I fear, with Dancing is a little heated.

KING.

I fear too much.

WOLSEY.

There's fresher Air, my Lord,
In the next Chamber.

KING.

KING.

Lead in your Ladies every one : Sweet Partner,
I must not yet forsake you ; let's be merry.

Good my Lord Cardinal, I have half a dozen
Healts

To drink to these fair Ladies, and a Measure
To lead them once again, and then let's dream
Who's best in Favour, let the Music knock it.

This Play, as the Learned Mr. *Upton* observes in his critical Observations on *Shakespear*, might be properly called the Fall of Cardinal *Wolfey*, if the Action had closed with the Marriage of the King to *Anna Bullen*.

This haughty Churchman is indeed shewn in the Heighth of his Power and Favour with the King, from whence he falls by a Concurrency of unhappy Circumstances, which bring on his total Disgrace, and at last his Death : But even in this Case, the Action could not be considered as one and entire, while Queen *Catharine's* Sufferings make so large a Part of it, and which, from the Dignity of her Character, and the great and sudden Reverse of her Fortune, cannot, with any Propriety, form only a subordinate Incident in a Play, whose Subject is the Fall of a much less considerable Person than herself.

Queen *Catharine* has a higher Claim to give a Title to the Tragedy than *Wolfey*, since her Quality and Misfortunes are both superior to his. She, like him, is shewn in the Sunshine

of her Fortune, a Queen, and happy in the Affections of her Sovereign and Husband, as may be concluded from King *Henry's* Speech to her at her Entrance into the Council-Chamber.

KING.

Arise and take your Place by us, half your Suit
Never name to us ; you have half our Power ;
The other Moity, ere you ask is given ;
Repeat your Will, and take it.

After this, we see her despised, neglected, banished from his Bed, the Name and Character of Wife taken from her, divorced, unqueen'd, and shutting up all her Sorrows in Death. The Fate of this Queen, or that of Cardinal *Wolfey*, each singly afforded a Subject for Tragedy. *Shakespear*, by blending them in the same Piece, has destroyed the Unity of his Fable, divided our Attention between them ; and, by adding many other inconnected Incidents, all foreign to his Design, has given us an irregular historical Drama, instead of a finished Tragedy.

In all that related to Cardinal *Wolfey* he has exactly followed historical Truth ; and his Character, as drawn by the Queen and *Griffith*, with all its Lights and Shades, is, as the Reader may perceive, closely copied from that Historian.

Queen *Catharine*, in the Play, being told by *Griffith*, her Gentleman Usher, that the Cardinal is dead, replies,

So

So may he rest, his Faults lie gently on him !
Yet thus far, *Griffith*, give me leave to speak
him,

And yet with Charity ; he was a Man
Of an unbounded Stomach, ever ranking
Himself with Princes : One that by Suggestion
Ty'd all the Kingdom ; Simony was fair Play :
His own Opinion was his Law. I'th' Presence
He would say Untruths, and be ever double
Both in his Words and Meaning. He was
never,

But where he meant to ruin, pitiful.
His Promises were, as he then was, mighty ;
But his Performance, as he now is, nothing.
Of his own Body he was ill, and gave
The Clergy ill Example

“ This Cardinal was of a great Stomach,
for he counted himself equal with Princes ; and
by crafty Suggestion got into his Hands innu-
merable Treasure ; he forced little on Simony,
and was not pitiful ; and stood affectionate in
his own Opinion. In open Presence he would
lie and say Untruths, and was double both in
Speech and Meaning ; he would promise much
and perform little ; he was vicious of his Body,
and gave the Clergy evil Example.”

GRIFFITH.

Noble Madam,
Men's evil Manners live in Brass, their Vir-
tues
We write in Water. May it please your
Highness

L 6

To

To hear me ſpeak his Good now ?

CATHARINE.

Yes, good *Griffith*,
I were malicious elfe.

CRIFFITH.

This Cardinal,
Though from an humble Stock, undoubtedly
Was faſhion'd to much Honour, from his Cradle;
He was a Scholar, and a ripe and good One;
Exceeding wiſe, fair ſpoken, and perſuading;
Lofty and ſour to them that lov'd him not;
But to thoſe Men, that fought him, ſweet as
Summer.

And though he were unſatisfy'd in getting,
(Which was a ſin) yet in beſtowing, Madam,
He was moſt princely: Ever witneſs for him
Thoſe Twins of Learning that he rais'd in you,
Ipfwich and *Oxford*, one of which fell with him,
Unwilling to-out-live the Good he did it;
The other, though unfiniſh'd, yet ſo famous,
So excellent in Art, and ſtill ſo riſing,
That Chriſtendom ſhall ever ſpeak his Virtue,
His Overthrow heap'd Happineſs upon him;
For then, and not till then, he felt himſelf,
And found the Bleſſedneſs of being little:
And to add greater Honours to his Age,
Than Man could give him, he dy'd, fearing
God.

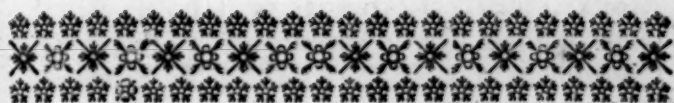
“ This Cardinal, was a Man undoubtedly
born to honour; I think ſome Princes Baſtard,
no Butcher's Son; exceeding wiſe, fair ſpoken,
high minded, full of Revenge, vitious of his
Body, lofty to his Enemies, were they never ſo
big;

big; to those that accepted and sought his Friendship, wonderful courteous; a ripe School-man, thrall to affections, brought to Bed with flattery, insatiable to get, and more princely in bestowing; as appeareth by his two Colleges of *Ipswich* and *Oxford*, the one overthrown with his Fall; the other unfinished; and, yet, as it lieth, for a House of Students, considering all the Appurtances, incomparable through Christendome, whereof *Henry* the Eighth is now called Founder, because he let it stand. He held and enjoyed at once the Bishopricks of *York*, *Durham*, and *Winchester*, the Dignity of Lord Cardinal, Legate and Chancellor, the Abbey of *St. Albans*, divers Priories, sundry fat Benifices *in commendam*; a great Preferrer of his Servants, an Advancer of Learning, stout in every Quarrel, never happy till this his Overthrow, wherein he shewed such Moderation and ended so perfectly, that the Hour of his Death did him more Honour than all the Pomp of his Life."

Tho' the Character of King *Henry* is drawn after this Historian, yet *Shakespear* has placed it in the most advantageous Light; In this Play he represents him as greatly displeased with the Grievances of his Subjects and ordering them to be relieved, tender and obliging to his Queen, grateful to the Cardinal, and in the Case of *Cranmer*, capable of distinguishing and rewarding true Merit. If, in the latter Part of the Play, he endeavours to cast the disagreeable Parts of this Prince's Character as much into Shade as possible, it is not to be won-

wondered at. *Shakespear* wrote in the Reign of Queen *Elizabeth*, a Princess who inherited more of the Ambition of her Father *Henry*, than of the Tendernefs and Delicacy of her Mother *Anne Bullen*: And however sensible ſhe might be of the Injuries her Mother endur'd, would not have ſuffered her Father's Character to have been drawn in the worſt Colours, either by an Hiſtorian or a Poet. *Shakespear* has exerted an equal degree of Complaiſance towards Queen *Elizabeth* by the amiable Lights he ſhews her Mother in, in this Play,

Anne Bullen is represented as affected with the moſt tender Concern for the Sufferings of her Miſtreſs, Queen *Catharine*; receiving the Honour the King confers on her, by making her Marchionefs of *Pembroke*, with a graceful Humility; and more anxious to conceal her Advancement from the Queen, leſt it ſhould aggravate her Sorrows, than ſolicitous to penetrate into the Meaning of ſo extraordinary a Favour, or of indulging herſelf in the flattering Proſpect of future Royalty.



T H E
T A L E of *Geneura* :

*From the Italian of Lodovico Ariosto, in
the Fifth Book of his Orlando Furioso.*

THE noble *Rilando* sailing to *England*, whither he was sent on an Embassy by the Emperor *Charlemaine*, a violent Storm arose, which continuing two Days and Nights, drove him, at last, on the Coast of *Scotland* : His Fleet arriving safe, he ordered his Retinue to meet him at *Berwick*, himself, without any Attendants, struck into the famous Forest of *Caledonia*, not without a Hope of meeting with some Adventure worthy his Courage and Virtue.

While he was pleasing himself with this Expectation, sometimes riding, and sometimes walking a slow Pace leading his Horse, Night drew on, and he now began to think it necessary to go in quest of a Lodging. Perceiving an Abbey at some Distance, he remounted his
Horse

Horse and rode up to it. The Abbot and his Monks, seeing a Stranger of a noble Appearance at their Gate, came out, and with great Civility invited him to pass the Night there.

Rinaldo gratefully accepted their Offer; and being conducted to a Chamber, and an elegant Repast served to the Table, as soon as he had satisfied the Cravings of an Appetite made eager by Travel and long Fasting, he enquired of the good Fathers what noble Exploits in Arms had been lately performed in their Neighbourhood, and whether a Warrior might hope to find any Occasions there of signalizing his Valour?

'Tis certain, replied the Abbot, that many great and wonderful Adventures have been achieved in this Forest, but as the Place, so are the Actions, obscure, and buried in Oblivion: However, if Honour be your Pursuit, the present time affords you a fit Opportunity to acquire it; the Danger, indeed, is great, but if you succeed eternal Fame will be your Reward. The young and beautiful *Geneura*, the Daughter of our King, is accused by a Knight named *Lurcanio*, of having violated her Chastity; and it being provided by our *Scottish* Laws, that all Damsels, of what Rank soever, who are publickly charged with Incontinence, shall suffer the Punishment of Fire, unless a Champion be found who will undertake their Defence, and fight with the Accuser.

Geneura,

Geneura, in Consequence of this Law, has been adjudged to die, and only a Month's Space allowed her to procure a Defender of her Life and Honour. The King, anxious for his Daughter's Safety, but more for her Reputation, has caused it to be proclaimed throughout his Dominions, that by whatever Person (provided his Birth be not absolutely base) his Daughter shall be delivered from the Danger that threatens her, to him shall the Princess be given in Marriage, with a Portion suitable to her high Rank and Quality.

This Enterprize, noble Stranger, is worthy your Youth, your Courage, and Generosity : The Law of Arms requires all true Knights to undertake the Defence of injured and oppressed Ladies ; and, surely, a fairer than *Geneura* is not to be found from one Extremity of the Globe to the other ; nor, if common Opinion may be relied on, a chaster.

And is it possible, said *Rinaldo* after a little Pause, that this fair Princess is condemned to die for having generously rewarded the Passion of a faithful Lover ? Cursed be the Makers of so hard a Law ; more cursed they that are influenced by it. For me it matters not whether *Geneura* be justly or unjustly accused ; what has been imputed to her as a Crime, were I her Judge, she should be applauded for, had she taken care to have avoided Discovery ; and, as it is, I am resolved to defy her Accuser to Combat, and, I trust, shall be able to deliver her

her from the unjust and cruel Punishment she has been doomed to.

The Abbot and Monks, overjoyed that they had procured a Champion for their Princess, lavished a thousand Praises on *Rinaldo* for his generous Design; and he, full of Impatience to begin the glorious Enterprize, being furnished by his Hosts with a Guide, set out early the next Morning for the *Scottish* Court, leaving the good Fathers charmed with his Courage and Gallantry, and offering up repeated Prayers to Heaven for his Success.

As they were pursuing their Journey through Bye-roads, for the greater Expedition, a Cry, as of some Person in Distress, roused all their Attention. Instantly *Rinaldo* clapped Spurs to his Horse, and bending his Course towards the Place from whence the Noise proceeded, he came to a deep Valley, surrounded with Trees, through the Branches of which he perceived a young Maid struggling to free herself from the Hands of two Ruffians, who were attempting to murder her. Transported with Rage at this Sight, the generous *Rinaldo* flew to the Relief of the distressed Damsel; his Appearance so terrified the intended Murderers, that they left their Prey, and fled with the utmost Precipitation.

Mean time the Maid recovered from her Fright, thanked her Deliverer with a Transport of Joy and Gratitude, and was beginning to acquaint him with the Story of her Misfortunes,

tunes, when he, who had not alighted, being eager to pursue his Journey, commanded his Guide to take her up behind him; and as they travelled, having at leisure observed her Countenance and Behaviour, he was so much struck with the Beauty of the one, and the soft and gentle Modesty of the other, that his Curiosity was awakened, and he became solicitous to know by what means she had been brought into so cruel a Situation.

His Request being enforced with kind Assurances of future Protection, the Damsel, with a low Voice, and Eyes cast down in a graceful Confusion, began in this manner :

Since you, my generous Deliverer, have commanded me to relate my Misfortunes, prepare to hear a Tale more full of Horror, an Act of greater Villainy and Baseness than *Athens*, *Thebes*, or *Argos* ever knew. Ah ! 'tis no Wonder that our barren Clime is curst with a long Winter's ceaseless Rage, *Phæbus* disdains to shine upon a Land where such inhuman Crimes are perpetrated ; Deeds black as Darkness, and fit to be covered with everlasting Night ; unhappy as I am, I bore but too great a Share in those I am going to relate.

From my earliest Youth I was brought up in the Palace with the Daughter of our King, honoured with a near Attendance on her Person, and happy in the Possession of her Affection and Esteem. Long might I have enjoyed this delightful Situation ; but Love (ah !
that

that ever so sweet a Passion should prove the Source of so much Misery) Love interrupted my Tranquillity, subjected my whole Soul, and gave me up to Guilt, to Shame, and un-availing Penitence.

The Duke of *Alban* was the Subject of my Virgin Wishes, my Youth and Person pleased him; skilled as he was in every deluding Art by which the false and the designing Part of his Sex betray the unexperienced of ours, is it any Wonder that I was deceived? Fond of believing what I wished, and judging of his Passion by my own, I yielded to his Desires, and vainly hoped this Sacrifice of my Honour would secure to me for ever, the Possession of his Heart.

Our guilty Commerce lasted some Months, during which time I always received his Visits in a Summer Apartment belonging to the Princess my Mistress, into which, as it was now the most rigid Season of the Year, she never entered; and being also in a Part of the Palace little frequented, and the Windows opposite to some ruined Houses, my Lover could come thither unobserved, and by the Help of a silken Cord which I let down to him, easily ascend the Chamber.

All Sense of Virtue being now subdued, and my whole Soul sunk in a dear lethargick Dream of Pleasure, I never once suspected, that as my Passion increased, that of my Lover was decreasing: Ah! my too violent Love favour-
ed

ed his Deceit, or soon I might have perceived that he feigned much, and loved but little.

At length, notwithstanding my Prepossession, his Coldness became visible ; I sigh'd, I wept, I reproach'd, alas ! how unavailing are all Endeavours to revive a decaying Passion, satiated by Possession, and constant only to Inconstancy.

Polynesso, so was my faithless Lover named, languished in secret for the bright *Geneura*, my royal Mistress, I know not if this Passion commenced before my Ruin was compleated, or whether her more powerful Charms was the Cause of his Infidelity ; but certain it is, that relying on the fervent Love I bore him, he made no Scruple to confess his Flame, even to me, urging me by all the Arguments his wicked Mind could suggest, to move the Heart of *Geneura* in his Favour.

Ah ! my Lord judge, if this cruel Man was dear to me, ever solicitous to procure his Happiness, and soothed by his Assurances that Ambition was the prevailing Motive of his Address to the Princess, in which, if he succeeded, he vowed to keep me still his, and that I should Share with her his Person and his Heart, I consented to all he propos'd ; and following his Instructions, took all Opportunities of praising him to my Mistress.

The Duke of *Alban* was the constant Subject of my Discourse ; I extolled his Valour his Generosity, his illustrious Birth, the manly
Graces

Graces of his Person, the mingled Sweetness and Dignity of his Manners; the charming Theme transported me out of myself; with eager Pleasure I ran over all his Virtues, dwelt with Delight on every imputed Charm; scarce could my Tongue keep Pace with the overflowings of my lovesick Fancy, fond of the dear Indulgence of talking in a personated Character of him I loved.

But when, in Compliance with his Injunctions, I ventured to insinuate his Passion for her, then only did I speak with Coldness and Restraint; slowly the unwilling Words found way, checked by my rising Sighs, and prefaced by my Blushes. My Emotions could not have been hid from an interested Observation; but the Princess was not only wholly indifferent to *Polynesso*, but indulged a secret Passion for the all-accomplished *Ariodant*.

This young Knight, an *Italian* by Birth, came with his Brother to the Court of *Scotland*, either in pursuit of Glory, or to transact some secret Business with the King. To the Graces of his Form, than which Nature never made one more lovely, is added a Mind fraught with whatever is most great and excellent in Mankind; his Valour never yet found an equal in our Land; his is the Prize at every Tournament, his the foremost Honours of the Field: in Peace the Ornament of our Court, in War the Defender of our Country.

The King, to whom he had endeared himself by a thousand Services, loaded him with Riches

Riches and Honours, and gave him the firſt Employments in the Kingdom; the Hill of *Sicily* burns not with fiercer Fires, nor glows *Vefuvius* with more ardent Flames, than thoſe which the bright Eyes of our Princeſs kindled in the Heart of *Ariodant*.

I ſoon diſcovered that *Geneura* approved, encouraged and returned his Paſſion; and being, as you may eaſily imagine, not greatly concerned at this Obſtacle to the Deſires of my faithleſs Duke, I acquainted him with all I knew, and from the apparent Impoſſibility of his ever ſucceeding in his Attempt, drew Arguments to induce him to give it over.

Polyneſſo, naturally haughty and vindictive, could not bear with Patience, the Thoughts of being rejected for a Stranger. Every way, as he conceived, his Inferior; Diſdain, Shame, Rage, by turns, engroſſed his Soul, and baniſhed thence every ſofter Paſſion; his Love for *Geneura* was now converted to the moſt obſtinate Hatred, and he reſolved to accompliſh her ruin by the blackeſt Treason that ever was conceived in the Heart of Man.

His Scheme of Revenge concerted, in which I, alas! tho' ignorantly, was to act the chiefeſt Part, he one Day accoſted me with an Air more tender and affectionate than uſual.

My dear *Dalinda*, ſaid he, generous and kind as you have been to me, well may you think yourſelf injured by my Inconſtancy,
but

but as Trees, you know, when cropt by the Pruner's Hand, shoot out into fresh luxuriant Branches, so on the Root of my Passion for *Geneura*, young Buds of Fondness rise and all the ripening Fruit is yours.

Nor do I languish so much for the Possession of *Geneura's* Beauties, as I Disdain to be thus rejected and contemned; and, lest this Grief should prey too forcibly on my Heart, do thou, my Fair, indulge my sick Fancy with a kind Deceit, and in the Dress of that too haughty Charmer, receive me to thy Arms.

When the Princess is retired to Bed, put on her Robes, adorn thee with her richest Jewels, with her Girdle bind thy swelling Bosom, let her Coronet glitter on thy beauteous Brow, and beneath it let thy Hair descend in graceful Curls like hers; then, in her borrowed Form, attend my coming at the well-known Window; thus shall my Pride be gratified, and my capricious Fancy pleased.

Without reflecting on the insidious Purport of this Request, I promised to comply with it; and, for many successive Nights, received him in the Habit he prescribed. Having thus wrought me to his Wish, his wicked Arts were next played off on *Ariodant*.

Before the Duke had any Knowledge of his Passion for the Princess, he had lived in strict Friendship with this young Knight, and thence took

took Occasion to reproach him with the Breach of it, by presuming to address the Princess.

In you, said he, I little expected a Rival as well on Account of your Attachment to me, as the Improbability of your succeeding in your Attempt; for you are not now to be told of the mutual Passion that has long joined *Geneura's* Heart and mine, nor that I intend soon to ask the King's Consent to espouse her; why then do you fondly thrust yourself between me and my almost certain Happiness? how differently should I act were I in your Place?

Why this to me, my Lord? replied *Ariodant* hastily, 'tis you who have betrayed our Friendship, you have commenced my Rival, not I yours; I claim a prior Right in fair *Geneura*, as having loved her first, and have been happy enough to inspire her with an equal Flame; this you might have perceived, had you not been blinded by Obstinacy; since then the Laws of Friendship demand one of us to yield, be yours the Task as having less Right to persist, and less Hope of succeeding than myself. In Riches indeed you are my Superior; but the King's Favour is equally shared betwixt us, and in the Heart of *Geneura* the Advantage is wholly mine.

What Errors does not Love Occasion? replied the Duke; each thinks himself the happy Object of her Wishes, and yet 'tis certain that only one is loved: Thus then let us decide the Contest; he who can give the most certain

Proofs of her Affection shall be left by the other in the free and undisturbed Possession of it; but, first, let us bind ourselves by the most solemn Oaths not to disclose each others Secret.

To this *Ariodant*, with trembling Impatience agreed, and the artful Duke went on in this Manner:

'Tis now almost five Months since the beautiful *Geneura*, rewarded my ardent Love with the Possession of her Person; oft has the conscious Queen of Night lent me her shades to guide me to my Charmer and seen me happy in her Arms.

'Tis false, by Heaven, interrupted *Ariodant*, transported with Rage; not that cold Queen, whose Name thou hast profaned, is chaster than my *Geneura*: Traitor, with my good Sword I'll prove thou lyest, take Notice I defy thee to mortal Combat, and will with thy dearest Blood, wash away the Slanders thou hast thrown upon my Princess.

Moderate your Rage, said the calm Villain, I mean to give you Proofs, convincing Proofs, of what I have said, your own Eyes shall be Witnesses of the Favours I enjoy.

The unhappy *Ariodant*, pale, trembling, and lost in speechless Grief and Horror at those fatal Words, stood for some Moments fixed in racking Thought, like the sad Statue of Despair; then raising his Eyes, overflowing with

with Tears, to Heaven, and passionately striking his groaning Breast, and can it be, he cried, that my *Geneura*, that Princess whom I loved, whom I adored, with such pure Reverence as mortals pay to Deities, should become the Prey of loose Desires, and give her faithful *Ariodant* to Death? Oh! 'tis impossible, though a God spoke it, I should say t'were false.

Incredulous Man, said *Polynessa*, have I not offered to give thee Proofs that cannot be denied? thy Eyes shall see the Favours she bestows on me.

I take you at your Word, resumed *Ariodant* impatiently, give me to behold her Guilt and I am satisfied.

To morrow Night, said the Duke, I have an Appointment with her; I will conduct you to a Place from whence, unperceived, you yourself shall behold me ascend her Chamber Window, and judge by the Reception she gives me, if I am happy in her Favour.

To this the almost distracted *Ariodant* consented; and, at the appointed Time, followed the Duke to those ruined Houses I mentioned before, and there stood concealed from View: Being doubtful of *Polynessa's* Intentions he had ordered his Brother *Lurcanio* to arm and go with him, directing him to stay at a convenient Distance so as to be within call if any Treachery was offered him, but not in Sight of *Geneura's*

ura's Window: for he would have no Witness of her Guilt but himself.

The Duke, having placed *Ariodant* most conveniently for his Purpose, advanced and gave the usual Sign; unhappy as I am I heard, and eagerly obeyed the welcome Summons, adorned in *Geneura's* richest Robes, and covered with the Veil that Princesses only wear, I appeared at the Window and threw the Silken Ladder over to my Lover.

Lurcanio either fearing for his Brother's Safety, or desirous of prying into his Secrets, quitted his appointed Station and unperceived by him, walked softly forward till he came within ten Paces of *Ariodant*, and now my faithless Duke was seen by both the Brothers (though known only to *Ariodant*) to ascend the Ladder and gain the Chamber Window, at which I met him with a tender Embrace, wandering over his Lips and Eyes with eager Kisses.

This Sight so enflamed the Soul of *Ariodant* with Rage and Grief, that drawing out his Sword, and fixing the Pummel of it in the Ground, he was going to rush with all his Force upon the Point, had he not been prevented by *Lurcanio*, who perceiving his rash Design sprang to him in an Instant, and having thrown aside the fatal Instrument of Death, received his sinking Brother in his Arms.

Ah

Ah miserable Brother! said *Lurcanio*, by what wild Fury art thou possesst to fall thus meanly for a Woman? Now cursed, forever cursed be all the Kind, may they all perish, in one wide Ruin, blown as they are, like Clouds, with every blast of Wind; and this fair Mischief that has betrayed thee, let us devise some glorious Vengeance for her: Let not thy noble Life be sacrificed to her Falshood; her's is the Crime, be her's the Punishment; proclaim her Guilt aloud, accuse her to the King, my Eyes as well as thine have seen her Infamy, and, with my Sword I'll make good thy Assertion.

Ariodant, whose Soul was torn with various and conflicting Passions, smiled gloomily at the Mention of Revenge; a while he seemed to bury every Thought of Grief and of Despair in that one Hope of sacrificing the guilty Lover to his Wrongs: But alas! the cureless Wound remained behind; *Geneura*, base as she appeared, he loved with such unceasing Fondness, that wholly unable to endure her Loss, and dreading no Hell like that within his Bosom, once more he resolved to die.

To *Lurcanio*, however he dissembled his Design, and went Home with him at his Request; but early the next Morning he departed, leaving no Traces behind him from whence it might be gathered to what Place he was gone.

Lurcanio, dreading the fatal Effects of his Despair, was pierced to his inmost Soul at the

News of his Flight; the King and the whole Court took Part in his Affliction; no Methods were left untried to discover where he was; Messengers were sent in search of him to the utmost Extremities of the Kingdom: But all returned without any Success.

At length a Peasant came to Court, and at his Request was introduced to the Princess, who informed her, that as he was travelling to the City he met *Ariodant*; that this unhappy Knight obliged him to follow him and be Witness of an Act he was going to perform; that obeying his Orders they journeyed on together till they came to a steep Rock that hung pendant over the Sea, fronting the *Irisb* Island.

Ariodant, said the Peasant, ascending this Rock commanded me to observe well what he did, to give you an Account of it, and tell you his last Words; which were, that he had seen too much: Then springing furiously from the top of the Rock, he precipitated himself into the Sea. Terrified at the dreadful Sight, I hastily turned back, and travelled hither to bring you the fatal News.

Geneura, overwhelmed with Grief and Amazement for the Death of her Lover, and the strange Message he had sent her, abandoned herself to the most violent Excesses of Despair; she beat her beautiful Bosom, tore her Hair, and in the wildness of her Woe, a thousand Times invoked the dear loved Name of
Ariodant;

Ariodant; repeated the mysterious Words he uttered, and as often called on Death to end her.

The News of his Death, with the sad Manner of it, spread Grief and Consternation through the whole City; even the remotest Parts of *Scotland* felt and lamented the loss of their valiant Defender; the King and the whole Court bewailed his loss with the sincerest Sorrow: but *Lurcanio*, superior in Grief, as more nearly interested in the dear deceased, mourned his unhappy Brother with all the tenderness of fraternal Love, and all the warmth of Friendship.

Revolving in his Mind the fatal Adventure of the Window, which had been the Cause of his Brother's Distraction; the Desire and Hope of Revenge afforded some Relief to the poignancy of his Woe, and obstinately bent to sacrifice the Princess to the *Manes* of his *Ariodant*, he presented himself before the King and Council, and accused her of Incontinence, relating all that *Ariodant* and he had seen, and the fatal Effects it had upon him; he then reminded the King of the *Scottish* Laws against unchastity, and loudly demanded Justice on the Princess.

Horror and Amazement seized the Soul of the unhappy Father; *Geneura* tho' dearer to him than Life, tho' innocent in his Opinion, he has not Power to screen from the Danger that threatens her; the Laws indeed permit

the accused to have a Champion to fight in her Defence; by whom, if the Prosecutor (who is obliged to maintain by Force of Arms the Truth of his Assertion) is worsted, she is declared guiltless of the Crimes laid to her Charge.

To this only Remedy the King has Recourse, and causes it to be proclaimed throughout his Dominions, that if any Knight of noble Birth will undertake the Defence of his Daughter, and by Force of Arms shall vanquish her Accuser, on him he will bestow the Princess, with a Dower suitable to her Quality.

Notwithstanding this Proclamation no Knight has yet offered himself for the Enterprize, deterred therefrom by the known Valour of *Lurcanio*; the King, no less anxious for *Geneura's* Reputation than her Life, caused all her Maids to be brought to a Tryal, who with one Voice declared they never were privy to any Intrigue of their royal Mistress.

Alarmed at these Proceedings, and dreading the Consequence of a further Scrutiny, I urged the Duke to take some Measures for our common Security, he, with dissembled Kindness, praised my Secrecy and Affection, and sent two Men to conduct me to a Castle of his at a great Distance from the Court.

Wholly relying on his Faith, I put myself under the Protection of those two Villains, whom the Duke, desirous of removing for ever the only Person who could discover his Guilt, ordered

ordered when they came to a convenient Place to murder me; happily for me Chance conducted you that Way; you delivered me from my impending Fate, and while it shall please Heaven to preserve my unhappy Life, it shall be spent in grateful Acknowledgments to my Protector.

This Account of *Geneura's* Innocence was extremely welcome to *Rinaldo*; for tho' confiding in his own Courage he was not without Hopes of delivering her, guilty as she appeared; yet the certainty that he was going to fight in a just Cause, animated him with double Fires, and gave him almost a Confirmation of Victory.

Now clapping Spurs to his Horse he rode on with such eager Haste, that the noble Town of *St. Andrews* soon appeared in View. There the Combat was to be performed, the Guards had already surrounded the Lists, the Challengers Trumpet had sounded, and the unhappy King, pale, trembling, and full of eager Anxiety, listened with a beating Heart, and fear-checked Wishes for an accepting Answer.

Mean time *Rinaldo*, having left the frightened *Dalinda* at an Inn, with repeated Assurances of gaining her Pardon, in case he vanquished the Princess's Accuser, advanced towards the City-gate: Here he was met by a young Page, who informed him that an unknown Knight, clad all in sable Armour, was arrived; that he had demanded the Combat with *Lurcanio*, and declared he would die, or

free the Princess from her ignominious Sentence.

Rinaldo, impatient to unfold the Mystery, thundered at the City-gates, which being opened, he rode eagerly to the Lifts ; there beholding the Combatants engaged, he forced his Way through the Press, and crying aloud that they should cease the Fight, demanded an instant Audience of the King.

The Marshals of the Field thereupon parted the two Champions, and *Rinaldo* was immediately conducted to the King ; to whom he related the whole Story of *Polyneffo's* Treachery, as he had received it from *Dalinda* ; adding that he would prove the Truth of it by Force of Arms, and begged he might be allowed to defy the Traitor Duke to single Combat.

The noble Form of *Rinaldo*, but chiefly the pleasing Purport of his Speech, gained him absolute Credit with the King. Scarce could the raptur'd Parent restrain the wild Exultings of his Joy at this Confirmation of his *Geneura's* Innocence ; dearer than Life or Empire was she loved by him, and freely would he have sacrificed both to save her Honour : He hesitated therefore not a Moment in permitting the requested Combat, but ordered Duke *Polyneffo* to be called.

He, by his Office of High Constable, having the ordering of the Combat, was riding proudly about the Field, exulting in his successful

cessful Treason, and anticipating, in his own Mind, the Ruin of the fair and injured *Geneura*, ignorant though he was of the Design of this Summons, yet coward Guilt suggesting the worst he had to fear, with a disordered Air, and Eyes expressive of the various Apprehensions that struck his conscious Soul, he met the reproachful Look of his King, and the fierce Glances of *Rinaldo*.

That noble Warrior repeating in a few Words the Treasons he had been guilty of, challenged him to the Field : *Polynesso* denied the Accusation, but accepting the proffered Combat, because he could not avoid it, retired to arm himself, while *Rinaldo*, fraught with the pious Prayers and Blessings of the King, entered the Lists, and ordered his Trumpet to sound.

At the third Blast the Duke appeared, pale Terror and Dismay were pictured in his Face, his fainting Heart throbbed with the conscious Pangs of Guilt, and Horrors of impending Fate ; confused, distracted, not knowing what he did, he darted forwards at the Signal given to begin the Fight ; but his weak Lance, ill-guided by his trembling hand, fell harmless to the Ground.

Not so the great *Rinaldo* ; he, with calm Courage, and Brave, yet unassuming Confidence, meditated the Wound, and rising all collected to the Blow, threw his famed Lance with such unerring Skill and Force, that it

pierced quite through the Armour of *Polynesso* and hid its fatal Point within his Side.

The Traitor fell, *Rinaldo* eagerly dismounted and approaching him unlaced his Helmet. With faint low Voice he called for Mercy, and thinking to deserve it, confessed unasked the Wrong he had been guilty of to *Geneura*; then as if Life had been only lent him till he had cleared her Innocence, scarce had he uttered another Prayer for Mercy, but Death suppress'd the coward Supplication, and he lay a breathless Coarse at the Feet of *Rinaldo*.

The People transported with Joy that their Princess was not only delivered from Death, but restored to her former sanctity of Character, made the Air resound with their Acclamations.

Rinaldo being conducted to the King, untied the Beaver of his Helmet, and was immediately known to be that famous Knight of *Italy*, whose noble Exploits were noised over all the habitable World.

The King embraced him in a rapture of Joy and Gratitude; the Nobles crouded round the Deliverer of their Princess, loaded him with Blessings, and strove to exceed each other in Praises of his invincible Valour.

These Congratulations over, all Eyes were turned upon the unknown Knight in black Armour, who had so generously undertaken
the

the Defence of *Geneura* against her Accuser *Lurcanio*; pensive he stood during the Fight between *Polynesso* and *Rinaldo*, his Eyes fixed upon the Combatants, with eager Attention he had listened to the dying Words of the treacherous Duke, and while the Multitude in loud shouts expressed their Joy, and the King and Court were paying Honours to the glorious Victor, he stood apart from the Throng, absorbed in Thought, and wholly insensible of the Tumult around him.

The King caused him to be conducted to his Presence, and acknowledging himself greatly obliged to his generous Intention, pressed him to let him know in what manner he could repay the Obligation.

The Knight made no Answer, but bowing low, and throwing off his Helmet, the King and Court, with the utmost Astonishment, beheld the lovely Face of *Ariodant*; Wonder and Joy kept them all silent for a while; at length the King, recovering from his Surprise, clasp'd the young Warrior to his Breast with a tender Embrace:

Is it possible, said he, in a Tone of Voice expressive of the strongest Transport, that I behold again my *Ariodant*, the gallant Defender of my Dominions, and the brave Champion for my Daughter's Honour? him whom I lamented as dead, whom my whole Kingdom mourned for, tell me by what strange yet happy Chance I now behold thee living, whose
Death

Death was so confidently affirmed, and so universally believed.

Ariodant knowing the King was acquainted with the whole Story of his Love, replied without Reserve :

The Peasant, my Lord, whom I detained to be a Witness of the sad Effects of my Despair, and to bring the News of it to the Princess, informed her truly that I cast myself from the Rock into the Sea, but that natural Repugnance we have all to Death, when near, however we may despise its Terrors at a Distance, impelled me, involuntarily, to use Measures to preserve a Life which a Moment before I had been so desirous of losing.

As soon as I rose again upon the Surface of the Waves, I applied myself to swimming, at which I was very expert, and soon reached the neighbouring Shore, faint, weary, and almost breathless I threw myself down amidst the Rushes, and was found in this Condition by an ancient Hermit, whose Cell was at a small Distance.

Thither he conducted me, and in a few Days his charitable Cares restored me to my Strength; but alas ! my Mind was tortur'd still with various Passions ; Love, Hate, Despair, and eager Thirst of Vengeance, by Turns possessed me ; in vain I sought to banish the Idea of *Geneura* from my Soul, it still returned with double Force ; nor could her Infidelity, of which,

which, mistaken Wretch that I was, I thought I had such convincing Proofs, weaken the Power of her resistless Charms.

Thus languishing, with a cureless Wound, I heard the News of her Accusation by my Brother, and the Danger to which her Life and Honour were exposed: At that Moment, forgetting the Injuries I had suffered, insensible to all the Tyes of Consanguinity and Friendship, and only solicitous for her Safety, I determined to fight with my Brother in her Defence, pleasing myself with the Thought, that if I did not free her, I should at least have the Satisfaction of dying in her Cause, and thereby proving how much Superior to *Polynesso* was my Love, who though favoured as he was by her he wanted Courage to defend her.

Having provided myself with Armour that might effectually conceal me, I came hither full of Fury against my Brother, whom I could not but consider as my worst Enemy, since he was the Accuser of the still adored *Geneura*,

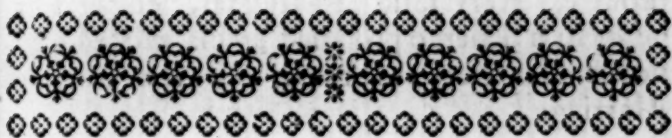
The Arrival of the brave *Rinaldo* happily prevented the Continuance of a Combat, which must have ended in the Death of one Brother, and eternal Remorse to the other.

With Joy I behold the Princess delivered from the ignominious Death with which she was threatened; but oh! with far more Rapture do I congratulate your Majesty on this Discovery of her Innocence: Happy *Rinaldo*, to
be

be at once the Defender of her Life, and Restorer of her Honour: As for me I sought only to preserve her from Death; and if that was denied me, to have the Satisfaction, at least, of dying in her Defence, by the Hand of a Friend and Brother.

The King who loved him before for his Virtues, was so charmed with this generous Proof of his Passion for his Daughter, that he easily yielded to the Solicitations of *Rinaldo* and the Noblemen of his Court, to bestow the Princess on so faithful a Lover; and endowing her with the Dutchy of *Albania*, which, on *Polynesse's* Decease, reverted to the Crown, he gave her Hand to *Ariodant* in the Presence of the whole Court, and the Nuptials were soon after celebrated with the utmost Magnificence.

Rinaldo having obtained *Dalinda's* Pardon, who retired into a Monastery, took leave of the King and happy Lovers, and pursued his Voyage to *England*.



P L A N

O F

Much ado about nothing.

DON *Pedro*, Prince of *Arragon*, returning from a successful Battle, and attended by his Bastard Brother Don *John*, and two young Noblemen, stop at *Messina* in *Sicily*, the Governor of which Place is his Friend: Here they are invited to stay a Month. *Claudio* one of the young Noblemen falls in Love with *Hero* Daughter to the Governor, and acquainting the Prince, whose favourite he is, with his Passion, Don *Pedro* promises his Assistance; and assuming the Name and Character of *Claudio*, in a Masquerade given that Night by the Governor, courts *Hero*, and obtains her Father's Consent to the Match.

Don *John* hating *Claudio*, on Account of the Friendship subsisting between his Brother
and

and him, and being likewise of a Disposition prone to every kind of Mischief, engages eagerly in a Scheme proposed by his wicked Confident *Borachio*, to break off the intended Marriage.

Borachio tells him that a Year since, when they were last at *Messina*, he had gained the Favour of *Margaret* one of *Hero's* waiting Women; that it would be therefore easy for him to persuade *Margaret* to personate her Mistress *Hero*, and talk to him from her Chamber Window. Do you, says he to Don *John*, tell the Prince and *Claudio* that the Daughter of *Leonato* is a base Wanton, that she is engaged in a criminal Intrigue with one of your Servants, and to prove that this Accusation is not meer Calumny, bring them to a convenient Place where they may hear all our Conversation, which shall be wholly calculated to ruin the Reputation of *Hero*; the Plot thus laid, Don *John* departs, to learn as he says, the Day of Marriage.

In the mean Time the Governor, Don *Pedro*, *Claudio* and *Hero*, form an innocent Stratagem to make *Benedict* and *Beatrice* *Leonato's* Niece in Love with each other, which succeeds. Don *John* tells his Brother and *Claudio* that *Hero* is a Strumpet, which they not immediately crediting, he offers to conduct them to a Place where they shall be Witnesses of an Affignation between her and his Servant *Borachio*; *Claudio* hereupon declares that if he
finds

finds her dishonoured, he will disgrace her the next Day in Church by refusing to marry her, and publicly assigning the Cause of his Refusal.

The next Morning they meet at Church; the Priest is going to begin the Ceremony when *Claudio*, who had been effectually imposed upon by *Margnret's* personating her Mistress, taxes *Hero* with incontinence, and refuses to give his Hand to (as he calls) her "an approved Wanton." The Prince adds that himself, his Brother and Count *Claudio*, had heard her the last Night hold shameful Converse with a loose Ruffian, from her Chamber Window.

The unhappy Father, overwhelmed with Grief and Shame, reproaches his Daughter with her Guilt; she faints; the Prince, *Claudio*, and the Bastard Don *John*, go out; the Friar having observed *Hero's* Looks and Behaviour with great Attention, declares it to be his Opinion that she is Innocent, advises *Leonato* to give it out that she is dead, and patiently expect the Issue.

Don *Pedro* and *Claudio* afterwards passing through the Street meet *Borachio* and *Conrade* in the Custody of some Constables; Don *Pedro* asks for what Cause his Brother's Servants were thus guarded? *Borachio* confesses the Treasons he had practiced against *Hero* for the Sake of a Bribe given him by Don *John*, which having told in Confidence to his Friend had
been:

been overheard by the Watch, and occasioned their being taken into Custody.

Claudio now passionately laments the Death of the injured *Hero*; *Leonato* to whom the whole Plot had been related by the Sexton, enters and reproaches *Claudio* with his easy Credulity. *Claudio* professes his Sorrow for what is past, and offers to satisfy him for the Part he had in the Death of his Daughter, by suffering any Penance he shall impose upon him.

Leonato then desires him to visit his Daughter's Tomb, hang an Epitaph of his own composing upon it, sing it to her Bones that Night, and the next Morning marry his Brother *Antonio*'s Daughter, who, *Hero* being dead, was Heiress to the Possessions of them both.

Claudio readily agrees to all, and after performing the Ceremony of singing his own Verses at the Tomb of *Hero*, repairs to *Leonato*'s House; there *Hero* is presented to him in a Masque as the Daughter of *Antonio*; and being asked if he persisted in his Resolution of marrying, to which he answers in the Affirmative, she unmasques and discovers herself to be *Hero*.

Benedick then humourously claiming *Beatrice*, both Marriages are agreed upon, and Don *John* who had fled upon News that his Treachery had been discovered, is taken and brought back to *Messina* to receive his Punishment.

This

This Fable, absurd and ridiculous as it is, was drawn from the foregoing Story of *Geneura*, in *Ariosto's Orlando Furioso*, a Fiction, which as it is managed by the Epic Poet, is neither improbable nor unnatural; but by *Shakespear* mangled and defaced, full of Inconsistencies, Contradictions, and Blunders. The defaming a Lady, by means of her Servant personating her at her Chamber-window, is the Subject pursued by both.

Shakespear, by changing the Persons, altering some of the Circumstances, and inventing others, has made the whole an improbable Contrivance, borrowed just enough to shew his Poverty of Invention, and added enough to prove his want of Judgment.

The Scheme for ruining the Lady in the Original, is formed and executed by a rejected Lover, who sees a Rival, his inferior in Rank and Fortune, preferred before him, and loses at once the Object of his Wishes, and the Prospect of increased Honours, by that Preference. Ambition, and the Desire of Revenge, are Passions strong enough in a Mind not very virtuous, to produce Acts of Baseness and Villainy. *Polynesse*, urged by those powerful Incentives, contrives to blacken *Geneura's* Fame, which produces a Separation between her and her Lover, and prevents a Stranger from marrying this Princess, and consequently enjoying those Honours, he so ardently desired himself.

Don

Don *John*, in the Play, is a Villain merely through the Love of Villainy, and having entertained a capricious Dislike to *Claudio*, closes eagerly with his Confident's horrid Scheme for breaking off his Marriage with *Hero*.

To prevent the multiplying such outrageously wicked, and therefore unnatural Characters, Don *John* himself might have been the Proposer of that black Contrivance against the innocent *Hero*, and *Borachio*, for the sake of the thousand Ducats that was afterwards given him by Don *John*, be induced to execute it : But here we have two Villains equally bad, both governed by the same detestable Principles, acting upon the same Motives, and such a perfect Parity in their Manners, that they are only distinguished from each other by their Names.

When *Borachio* tells Don *John* to go to his Brother, and maintain confidently that *Hero* is a loose Wanton, Don *John* asks what Proof he shall make of that ? “ Proof enough, says the other, to misuse the Prince, vex *Claudio*, undo *Hero*, and kill *Leonato*, look you for any other Issue ? ”

Claudio only is the Object of Don *John*'s Hatred, yet the chief Force of the intended Injury is to fall on *Hero* and *Leonato* her Father, towards whom he has no Malice ; and he is made to engage in this wicked Enterprize, to procure the Ruin and Death of two Persons he
hates

hates not, to give a little Vexation to one he does. These Absurdities have their Rise from the injudicious Change of the Characters. The Contrivance to slander *Hero* is not less ridiculous ; and this also is occasioned by the Poet's having deviated from the Original to introduce his own wild Conceits.

Borachio tells Don *John*, that he is highly favoured by *Margaret*, *Hero's* waiting Woman ; that he will persuade her to dress in her Lady's Cloaths, assume her Name, and talk to him out of her Chamber-window, all which Don *Pedro* and *Claudio* being Witnesses of, would effectually convince them that *Hero* was dishonoured.

But *Borachio* does not acquaint Don *John*, and through him the Audience, what Colour he will give to this strange Request, in order to induce *Margaret* to grant it : *Margaret* is all along represented as faithful to her Mistress ; it was not likely she would engage in a Plot that seemed to have a Tendency to ruin *Hero's* Reputation, unless she had been imposed on by some very plausible Pretences, what those Pretences were we are left to guess, which is indeed so difficult to do, that we must reasonably suppose the Poet himself was as much at a Loss here as his Readers, and equally incapable of solving the difficulty he had raised.

That *Borachio* should be the suspected Gallant of *Hero*, is a Circumstance also highly improbable. *Borachio*, a mean Dependant on

a Man whose Vices had made him the Object of universal Hatred and Contempt, a Stranger almost in *Messina*, and, as well on Account of the Meanness of his Situation, as the Profligacy of his Manners, excluded from any Acquaintance with a Lady of *Hero's* Quality.

Yet how easily does *Don Pedro* the Friend, and *Claudio* the Lover of the Lady, swallow this gross Scandal, that must even derive Improbability from the Person who utters it ; for he is neither an honest Man nor a Friend of *Claudio*, who is thus solicitous to prevent his dishonouring himself by marrying a bad Woman, but a Wretch noted for his Propensity to all Kinds of Mischief and Villainy, an inveterate Hater of *Claudio*, and but a little while before at open Enmity with *Don Pedro* his Brother.

Surely these Circumstances were sufficient to make the Prince and *Claudio* doubt the Truth of this Story, which the Character of the Teller considered, as well as the Improbability of the Facts, seemed much more likely to be contrived to produce Mischief than prevent it.

The Proof *Don John* offers them in support of his Assertion, could have no Weight with Minds less stupidly credulous than theirs; they are to be shewn *Hero* talking to her Gallant *Borachio* out of her Chamber window, very unlikely that *Hero* should be so imprudent, as the Night before her intended Marriage, to have an Assignment with a Gallant in so publick

publick a Place ; but their own Eyes and Ears are to be Witnesses of this Conference ; strong Evidence indeed if it be really *Hero* that they see and hear ; but if it be only *Margaret* drest in her Ladies Cloaths, with such powerful Reasons as they had before to believe the whole a Fiction, how could this gross Fallacy impose upon them.

We are not told that *Margaret* was so very like her Lady, that in the same Cloaths they could not be distinguished from each other ; their Eyes are to be deceived by her Dress, but how if her Face happens, as certainly was the Case, not to be exactly like *Hero's*, it cannot be pretended that it was so dark that they could not distinguish her Features. The same Degree of Light that shewed her Cloaths to be *Hero's* would discover the Face to be *Margaret's*.

Let it be granted, however, that their Sight was deceived (though, all Things considered, it is not possible to conceive how) yet as they heard plainly all the Discourse that passed between the Counterfeit *Hero* and her Lover, why did not the Voice of *Margaret* discover the Cheat ? Strange Absurdity ! Let us see how the Original has provided against all these Objections.

The Duke of *Alban*, who is secretly in love with the Princess *Geneura*, having seduced a young Maid that attended on her Person, prevailed upon her, by extravagant Promises, that were contrived to please at once her Ambition,

and weaken the Force of her Jealousy, to assist him in his Design of gaining her royal Mistress for his Wife, discovering, by her Means, that the Princess had not only a Dislike to him, but had bestowed her Heart upon *Ariodant*: Rage and Despair suggest to him a Scheme for interrupting the Happiness of the two Lovers, and gratifying his Revenge, which was now his predominant Passion, he tells *Dalinda*, that if she wishes to see him cured of his hopeless Love for the Princess, she must assume as much of her Appearance as the wearing her Apparel and rich Ornaments could give her, and thus disguised, receive him to her Arms.

Dalinda willing to revive her Lover's decaying Passion by an Artifice that flattered her own Vanity, fondly agrees to his Proposal, and for many successive Nights, meets him at the usual Place of Affignation; which, was in the Princesses Summer Apartment drest in her Cloaths.

Polynesso having succeeded thus far, reproaches *Ariodant* with his breach of Friendship in addressing *Geneura*, of whose Affections he was in absolute Possession; *Ariodant* insists that himself is the favoured Lover, the Duke to convince him of the contrary, conducts him to a Place from whence he could see him ascend the Princesses Chamber.

Dalinda in Shape and Statue not much differing from her Mistress, her Face shaded by the royal Veil, that *Geneura*, and only *Geneura* was accustomed to wear, standing as usual at
the

the Chamber Window, lets down the filken Cord to her Lover, and receives him with a tender Embrace, *Ariodant* maddening at this Sight, believes his Mistress false; and *Polynesse's* Treachery produces all the Effects he could have wished.

Here the Contrivance is plausible enough, the Characters are properly distinguished, each acts upon Motives probable and natural, and the Incidents that follow are the necessary Result of those Actions. Why *Shakespear* rejected these Circumstances for others, wholly inconsistent and ridiculous, is not easy to guess; we shall find him altering the succeeding Part of the Plot with the same utter disregard to probability and contempt of Decorum.

Margaret having done her Part towards defaming her Mistress, without knowing any Thing of the Matter, though her Discourse with *Borachio* was calculated to raise the most injurious Suspicions; assists her next Morning to drets for her Wedding, attends herto the Church, hears the designed Bridegroom refuse her Hand, proclaim her a Wanton, and urge her last Night's loose Discourse with *Borachio* from her Chamber Window as a Proof: Yet all the while she appears wholly insensible of what had happened, neither concerned for her Mistress, whom she had ruined without Design, nor anxious for her own Safety, that seemed to depend upon a candid Confession; for it was not likely her Treachery could be long concealed. Thus supernaturally (if what is out

of Nature may be called above it) is the Plot brought to perfection, nor is the unravelling of it less happily imagined.

Borachio having received his promised Ducats from Don *John*, the Moment after his Conference with *Margaret* was ended, meets an Acquaintance of his, named *Conrade*, in the Street, to whom he is impatient to communicate his good Luck.

'Tis true the Secret is of Importance, and if known, endangers his Life; the Place also is very improper for such a Conversation, being the Street, and near *Leonato's* House, where the Scene of his Treachery had been acted; add to this that the Rain obliges them to stand close up to the Door, which exposes them to the Inconvenience of having even their Whispers overheard, if any one was near it: Yet such is *Borachio's* extream eagerness to tell his wicked Exploit, that he never thinks of carrying his Friend to his own Lodgings, where he may boast in Safety, but in a rainy Night stands in the Street, close to the Door of the Man whose Daughter he had injured, and there at his leisure relates the whole treacherous Contrivance.

However, all this happens exactly right, because the Watch who is posted about *Leonato's* House, hear every Syllable, that is spoken, and understanding that one of these Villains had defamed the Lady *Hero*, and made her intended Bridegroom resolve to disgrace her the next Morning in Church, by publicly refusing to
marry

marry her on account of her being dishonoured, they sieze the two Wretches with an Intent to bring them before *Leonato*, not that same Night to prevent the Lady's Disgrace, but the next Morning, when all was over, to discover her Innocence.

Two or three absolute Ideots, are here very artfully introduced for Constable and Watchmen, for had they the least Ray of Reason to direct them, they must have conceived that it was absolutely necessary to acquaint *Leonato* immediately with the Treason, that had been practised against his Daughter, in order to prevent the ignominious Treatment she was to suffer in Consequence of it the next Morning.

This Method of protracting the Discovery, is not indeed very ingenious, but the Poet's Occasions are answered by it, and that is sufficient. *Claudio's* designed Vengeance suffered no Interruption, the Lady is shamefully refused, hence arise two or three new Contrivances, she is believed to be dead, *Claudio* engages to marry another in a Masque, and when he has given his Hand to this unknown Lady, is surprized with the Sight of his living *Hero*; whose Death after he had been convinced of her Innocence he had passionately lamented. These Incidents, were they ever so natural, cannot affect the Readers either with Pity or Surprise, since they are let into the Secret beforehand: and can anticipate the Catastrophe.

Shakespeare has deviated from the Original, as much in the drawing his Characters, as the Disposition of his Plan. Nothing can be more different than the Sentiments and Behaviour of *Ariodant* and *Claudio*, in Circumstances nearly alike. Both are represented as passionate Lovers, happy in the Possession of their Mistresses Affections, yet prevailed upon to think them false through the Treachery of a Villain; but *Ariodant* yields only to the strongest Conviction, *Claudio* to the grossest Artifice.

Ariodant's Grief, Rage and Jealousy, terminate in a fixed Despair; which prompts him to lay violent Hands on his own Life. *Claudio* is actuated by a Desire of Revenge, and that of the meanest Sort, for he suffers the supposed Gallant to escape, and only meditates the Ruin of the Lady.

Ariodant fights with his own Brother, to preserve the Life of her who had injured him: *Claudio* without any necessity, exposes his Mistress publicly in Church, brings Ruin and Contempt on her, and everlasting Shame and Affliction on her poor Father, to whom he had been obliged, for an hospitable Reception, and an intended Benefit.

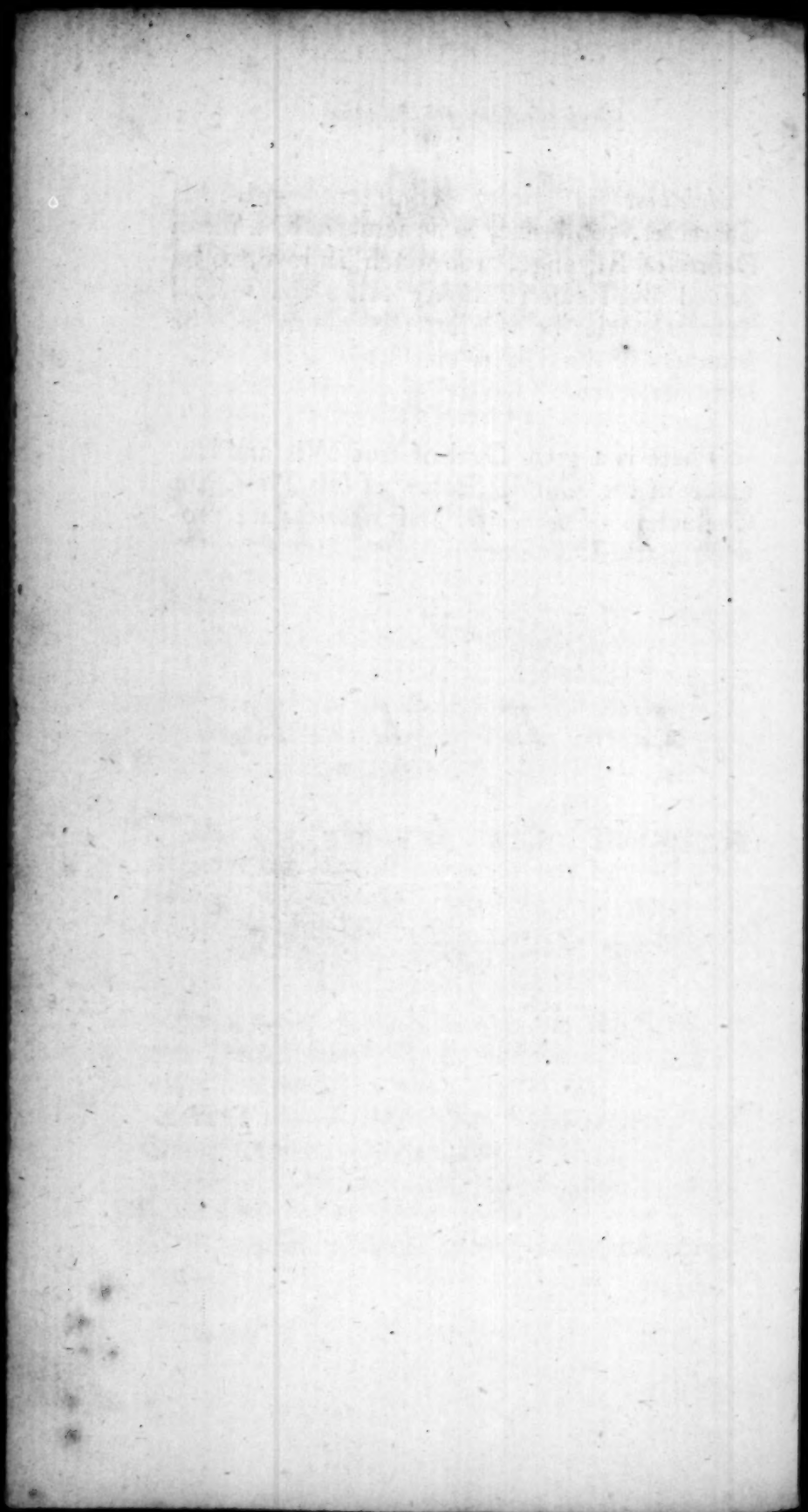
Claudio is mean, selfish, ungenerous and cruel: Qualities, that are seldom found in the Heroe and Lover, and he is represented as both.

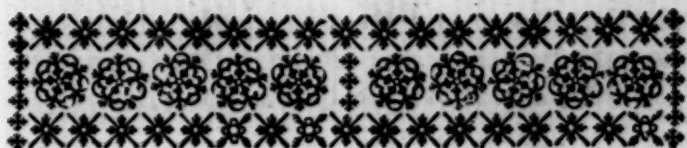
Ariodant

Ariodant is always consistent with his Character, too brave, to be actuated by a mean Desire of Revenge, too much in love, to be guided by Reason; hence arises the several Extravagancies he is guilty of, but in all, the Manners of the Soldier and Lover are inviolably preserved.

There is a great Deal of true Wit and Humour in the Comic Scenes of this Play; the Characters of *Benedict* and *Beatrice* are properly marked, and beautifully distinguished.

THE





THE
HISTORY
OF

L E I R,

King of the BRITAINS.

From *Holingshed's Chronicle.*

“ *L E I R* the Son of *Baldub*, was admitted Ruler over the *Britains*, in the Year of the World 3105. At what Time *Joas* reigned as yet in *Juda*. This *Leir* was a Prince of noble Demeanor, governing his Land and Subjects in great Wealth. He made the Town of *Cairleir* now called *Leicester*, which standeth upon the River of *Dore*. It is
WELT

writ that he had by his Wife three Daughters, without other Issue, whose Names were, *Gonorilla*, *Regan* and *Cordilla*, which Daughters he greatly loved, but especially the youngest, *Cordilla*, far above the two Elder.

When this *Leir* was come to great Years, and began to wear unweildy through Age, he thought to understand the Affections of his Daughters towards him, and prefer her whom he best loved, to the Succession of the Kingdom: Therefore, he first asked *Gonorilla* the eldest, how well she loved him: the which calling her Gods to record, protested that she loved him more than her own Life, which by Right and Reason should be most dear unto her, with which Answer the Father being well pleased, turned to the second and demanded of her, how well she loved him? which answered (confirming her Sayings with great Oaths) that she loved him more than Tongue can express, and far above all other Creatures in the World.

Then called he his youngest Daughter *Cordilla* before him, and asked of her what account she made of him: Unto whom she made this Answer as followeth: Knowing the great Love, and fatherly Zeal you have always borne towards me (for the which, that I may not answer you otherwise than I think, and as my Conscience leadeth me) I protest to you, that I have always loved you, and shall continually while I live, love you as my natural Father, and if you would more understand of the Love
that

that I bear you, assertayn yourself, that so much as you have, so much you are worth, and so much I love you, and no more.

The Father being nothing content with this Answer, married the two eldest Daughters, the one unto the Duke of *Cornwall* named *Henninus*, and the other unto the Duke of *Albania* called *Maglanus*, and betwixt them after his Death, he willed and ordained his Land should be divided, and the one half thereof should be immediately assigned unto them in Hand; but for the third Daughter *Cordilla*, he reserved nothing.

Yet it fortun'd that one of the Princes of *Gallia* (which now is called *France*) whose Name was *Aganippus*, hearing of the Beauty, Womanhood and good Conditions of the sayd *Cordilla*, desired to have her in Marriage, and sent over to her Father, requiring that he might have her to Wife, to whom Answer was made that he might have his Daughter; but for any Dowry he could have none, for all was promised and assured to her other Sisters already.

Aganippus, notwithstanding this Answer of Denyall to receive any Thing by way of Dower with *Cordilla*, took her to Wife, only moved thereto (I say) for respect of her Person and amiable Virtues. This *Aganippus* was one of the twelve Kings that ruled *Gallia* in those Days, as in the *British* History it is recorded. But to proceed, after that *Leir* was fallen into Age, the two Dukes, that had married his two

eldest Daughters, thinking it long ere the Government of the Land did come to their Hands, arose against him in Armour, and rest from him the Governance of the Land, upon Conditions to be continued for tearme of Life: By the which he was put to his Portion, that is, to live after a Rate assigned to him for the Maintenance of his Estate, which in process of Time was diminished as well by *Maglianus*, as by *Henninius*.

But the greatest Grief that *Leir* took, was to see the Unkindness of his Daughters, who seemed to think that all was too much which their Father had. The same being never so little, in so much that going from the one to the other, he was brought to that Misery, that they would allow him only one Servant to wait upon him. In the End such was the unkindness, or as I may say, the unnaturalness which he found in his two Daughters, notwithstanding their fair and pleasant Words uttered in Time past, that being constrained of Necessity, he fled the Land and sailed into *Gallia*, there to seek some Comfort of his youngest Daughter *Cordeilla*, whom before he hated.

The Lady *Cordeilla* hearing he was arrived in poor Estate, she first sent to him privately a Sum of Money to apparel himself withall, and to retain a certain Number of Servants, that might attend upon him in honorable Wise, as apperteyned to the Estate which he had borne. And then so accompanied, she appointed him to come to the Court, which he did, and was
so

so joyfully, honorably and lovingly received, both by his Son in Law *Aganippus*, and also by his Daughter *Cordeilla*, that his Heart was greatly comforted: For he was no less honoured, than if he had been King of the whole Country himself. Also after that, he had informed his Son in Law, and his Daughter, in what sort he had been used by his other Daughters. *Aganippus* caused a mighty Army to be put in readiness, and likewise a great Navy of Ships to be rigged to pass over into *Britain*, with *Leir* his Father in Law, to see him again restored to his Kingdom.

It was accorded that *Cordeilla* should also go, with him to take Possession of the Land, the which he promised to leave unto her, as his rightful Inheritour after his Decease, notwithstanding any former Grants made unto her Sisters, or unto their Husbands, in any Manner of wise, hereupon when this Army and Navy of Ships were ready, *Leir* and his Daughter *Cordeilla* with her Husband took the Sea, and arriving in *Britain*, fought with their Enemies, and discomfitted them in Battle, in the which *Maglanus* and *Henninus* were slain, and then was *Leir* restored to his Kingdom, which he ruled after this by the Space of two Years, and then died, forty Years after he first began to reign: His Body was buried at *Leicester*, in a Vault under the Channel of the River *Dore*, beneath the Town."

FILE



F A B L E

Of the TRAGEDY of

King *L E A R*.

L *E A R* King of *Britain*, being old and weary of the Toils of Government, determines to resign his Crown, and divide his Dominions amongst his three Daughters, two of whom were married to the Dukes of *Cornwall* and *Albany*, and the third addressed to by the King of *France* and Duke of *Burgundy*.

The Princesses being commanded by their Father, to declare with what Degree of Affection each loves him, that he may know which of them is intitled to the greatest Share of his Bounty: *Gonerill* the eldest, begins with assuring him that she loves him beyond every Thing that is most dear and precious in the World: *Regan* the second Daughter, professes herself an Enemy to all other Joys, but that of loving and being beloved by him: To each of these
Ladies

Ladies the old King assigns one third of his Kingdom.

Then addressing himself in a particularly tender Manner to *Cordelia*, his youngest Daughter, he asks her what she has to say, to draw a Dowry more opulent than her Sisters. *Cordelia* tells him, Nothing; the King surprised bids her speak again, she with a modest plainness replies: That she loves him as a dutiful Child ought to love an indulgent Father, neither more nor less.

The King enraged at this Speech, bids her avoid his Presence, declares that he will banish her for ever from his Heart, and divides that Portion of his Kingdom, which he had design'd for her, between her two Sisters. Then giving his Crown to *Cornwall* and *Albany*, he requires of them in return, only Maintenance for himself and an hundred Knights.

The Earl of *Kent*, for opposing this frantick Resignation, and offering to Plead in favour of *Cordelia*, is banished for ever by the old King. The King of *France* marries *Cordelia* without a Portion, and takes her away with him.

Goneril and *Regan* soon grow weary of their old Father, and agree to treat him with Contempt. He is first affronted by *Goneril's* Attendants, and she treating his Complaints of their rude Behaviour with Lightness, and objecting to the number of his Followers, which she wants to have reduced to Fifty, the King
leaves

leaves her in a Rage, and repairs to the Court of his Daughter *Regan*, who having received an Account of what had pass'd from her Sister, comes to the Earl of *Gloster's* Castle in order to avoid him.

Lear in his way stopping at *Gloster's* Castle, meets his two Daughters there; they both join to treat him with the utmost Cruelty, and absolutely refuse to give him Entertainment in either of their Palaces, unless he disbands all his Knights, and submits to be attended by their Servants.

The old King, in an agony of Grief and Rage at this barbarous and unnatural Treatment from his two Daughters, to whom he had given all, rushes out of the Castle, declaring he will not stay under the same Roof with them. They, who desire nothing so much as his Absence, command the Earl of *Gloster* to shut his Gates, and suffer him to go whither he pleases. The Earl represents to them, that the King must inevitably Perish in the Storm, which then raged with the utmost Violence, there being no House nor Shed within several Miles to Shelter him, and humbly intreats that he may be allowed to follow his old Master, and invite him in. The wicked Princesses peremptorily forbid him to afford their Father any Relief, and threaten'd him with Death if he Disobeys.

Notwithstanding this, the Earl secretly seeks for the King, whose Grievs had now turned
his

his Brain, and conveys him to a Farm-house. Afterwards being informed that there was a Plot laid to take away his Life, he enjoins his Attendants to carry him to *Dover*, and furnishes them with Necessaries for that Purpose.

Edmund, the Bastard Son of *Gloster*, having by his wicked Arts prevailed upon his Father to Disinherit his lawful Son *Edgar*, and to resolve his Death, now betrays his Father himself, and Discovers, to the two enraged Princesses, what he had done for the old King.

Gloster is seiz'd, bound, and his Eyes trod out by the Duke of *Cornwal*; and in this miserable Condition thrust out of his own Castle, and contemptuously bid to smell his way to *Dover*.

The injured *Edgar*, who had assum'd the Appearance of a mad Man, to elude an undeserved Punishment from his Father, meets him in this miserable Condition, and still keeping himself unknown, offers to be his Guide, and lead him to whatever Place he has a mind to go. *Gloster* overwhelmed with Despair, desires to be conducted to a Hill near *Dover*, from whence he means to cast himself into the Sea.

Edgar still counterfeiting the mad Man, leads his Father to *Dover*, and thinking to cure his Despair by seeming to give way to it, yet preventing its Effects, tells him, that they have gain'd the Summit of the Hill. *Gloster*
bids.

bids him lead him to the Verge of it; then taking leave of the supposed mad Man, springs Forwards with an Intention to precipitate himself to the Bottom, but falls flat on the level Plain.

Edgar approaches him, and changing his Voice, expresses the extreamest Amazement at his having fallen from such an enormous Height without being bruised to Peices. *Gloster* supposing himself miraculously preserved, declares that he will no more attempt to put an End to his miserable Life, but wait patiently for his Dissolution.

Edgar confirms him in those Thoughts, and offers to conduct him to some Retreat. As they are going, the Princess *Regan's* Steward, who had been sent with Letters from her and her Sister to the Bastard *Edmund*, meets them, and seeing *Gloster*, on whose Head a Price had been set, offers to murder him.

Edgar defends his Father, and kills the Steward, and searching his Pockets, finds a Letter from the Princess *Goneril* to his Brother, in which she desires him to Assassinate her Husband the Duke of *Albany*, and promises to Reward him for that Action with her Hand.

Edgar reserves this Letter for a Proof of his Brother's wickedness; and having placed his Father in Safety, joins the *French* Army, that with their Queen *Cordelia* at their Head, had
come

come into *England* to revenge the Injuries offered to *Lear*, and to restore him to his Crown.

The Duke of *Albany*, though he detested the cruel Usage that *Lear* had received, raises an Army to oppose *Cordelia*.

The Princess *Regan*, whose Husband had been killed by one of his Servants, as he was stamping on *Gloster's* Eyes, gives the Command of her Forces to the Bastard *Edmund*, with whom she, as well as her Sister, is in love; and joins her Brother-in-law.

Before the Armies engage, *Edgar*, disguised, gives the Duke of *Albany* his Wife's Letter which he had taken from the Steward; bids him read it; and if Victory declares on his Side, a Champion will appear at the first Sound of the Trumpet to prove the Truth of what is contained therein.

After this the Battle is fought; the *English* are victorious; *Lear* and *Cordelia* are taken Prisoners; and *Edmund* gives secret Orders to the Officer who guards them to put them to death.

The Duke of *Albany* having read the Letter, by which he discovered his Wife's Adultery, and *Edmund's* Crimes, arrests him for high Treason, and declares, if at the Sound of the Trumpet, no Champion appears to prove it by Force of Arms, himself will undertake the Combat, and maintain the Charge.

The

The Trumpet sounds, *Edgar* appears in Arms, and after summing up his Brother's Crimes, challenges him to the Combat; they fight; *Edmund* is mortally wounded; *Edgar* then discovers himself, relates the Hardships he had suffered; the Condition in which he found his miserable Father; what he had done for him; and how upon his discovering himself to him, the strong Surprise, Grief, and mingled Rapture, seized with such Force upon his Heart (already almost broken with his Miseries) that he expired in the Arms of the banished Earl of *Kent*, who, in the Disguise of a menial Servant, had contrnually followed the distressed King.

Edmund, struck with Remorse at this melancholy Tale, confesses all his Crimes; asks Pardon of his Brother, and willing to do some Good before he dies, owns the secret Orders he had given to put *Lear* and *Cordelia* to death, and urges them to send and prevent the Execution of them.

The Messenger arrives too late; *Cordelia* had been just strangled by a Soldier, whom the old King had afterwards killed; *Lear* brings *Cordelia* in dead in his Arms, and while he is lamenting over her, dies.

The good Earl of *Kent* expires immediately after with Grief. *Goneril* and *Regan*, poisoned by each other through Jealousy, die in Torments; and *Edmund* also dies by the Wound
he

he had received from his Brother, who is by the Duke of *Albany* restored to his Estates and Honours.

This Fable, although drawn from the foregoing History of King *Lear*, is so altered by *Shakespear*, in several Circumstances, as to render it much more improbable than the Original: There we are sufficiently disgusted with the Folly of a Man, who gives away one Half of his Kingdom to two of his Daughters, because they flatter him with Professions of the most extravagant Love; and deprives his youngest Child of her Portion for no other Crime but confining her Expressions of Tenderness within the Bounds of plain and simple Truth.

But *Shakespear* has carried this Extravagance much farther; he shews us a King resigning his Kingdom, his Crown and Dignity to his two Daughters; reserving nothing to himself, not even a decent Maintenance; but submitting to a mean Dependence on the Bounty of his Children; whom, by promising Rewards proportionable to the Degree of Flattery they lavish on him, he has stimulated to outvie each other in artful Flourishes on their Duty and Affection toward him.

Tell me, Daughters,
(Since now we will divest us, both of Rule,
Int'rest of Territory, Cares of State)
Which of you, shall we say, doth love us most?
That we our largest Bounty may extend
Where

Where Nature doth with Merit challenge.

Goneril,

Our eldest born, speak first.

What Wonder, when thus bribed *Goneril*
should answer,

I love you, Sir,

Dearer than Eye-sight, Space and Liberty.

Lear does not run mad till the third Act; yet his Behaviour towards *Cordelia* in this first Scene has all the Appearance of a Judgment totally depraved: he asks *Cordelia* what she has to say to draw a Dowry more opulent than her Sisters.

Thus he suggested to her a Motive for exceeding them in Expressions of Love: the noble Disinterestedness of her Answer afforded the strongest Conviction of her Sincerity, and that she possessed the highest Degree of filial Affection for him, who hazarded the Loss of all her Fortune to confine herself to simple Truth in her Professions of it: yet, for this, *Lear* banishes her his Sight, consigns her over to Want, and loads her with the deepest Imprecations. What less than Phrenzy can inspire a Rage so groundless, and a Conduct so absurd! *Lear*, while in his Senses, acts like a mad Man, and from his first Appearance to his last seems to be wholly deprived of his Reason.

In the History *Lear* disinherits *Cordelia*, but we read of no other kind of Severity exerted towards her. The King of *France*, as well as
the

the History as the Play, charm'd with the Virtue and Beauty of the injured *Cordelia*, marries her without a Portion.

Shakespear does not introduce this Prince till after the absurd Trial *Lear* made of his Daughters Affection is over. The Lover who is made to Marry the disinherited *Cordelia* on account of her Virtue, is very injudiciously contrived to be Absent when she gave so glorious a Testimony of it, and is touch'd by a cold Justification of her Fame, and that from herself, when he might have been charm'd with a shining Instance of her Greatness of Soul, and inviolable Regard to Truth.

So unartfully has the Poet managed this Incident, that *Cordelia's* noble Disinterestedness is apparent to all but him who was to be the most influenced by it. In the Eyes of her Lover she is debased, not exalted; reduced to the abject Necessity of defending her own Character, and seeking rather to free herself from the Suspicion of Guilt, than modestly enjoying the conscious Sense of superior Virtue.

Lear's Invektive against her to the King of *France* is conceived in the most shocking Terms.

I would not from your Love make such a stray,
To Match you where I Hate ; therefore beseech you,
T'avert your Liking a more worthy Way,
Than

Than on a Wretch, whom Nature is ashamed
Almost t'acknowledge her's.

Well might the King of *France* be startled
at such Expressions as these from a Parent of
his Child; had he been present to have heard
the Offence she gave him to occasion them,
how must her exalted Merit have been endeared
to him by the extream Injustice she suffered;
but as it is, a bare Acquittal of any monstrous
Crime, is all the Satisfaction she can procure
for herself; and all the Foundation her Lover
has for the Eulogium he afterwards makes on
her.

CORDELIA.

I yet beseech your Majesty,
(If, for I want that glib and oily Art,
To speak and purpose not; since what I well
intend,

I'll do't before I Speak) that you make known
It is no vicious Blot, Murther, or Foulness,
No unchast Action, or dishonour'd Step,
That hath depriv'd me of your Grace and Fa-
vour.

But ev'n for want of that, for which I'm rich-
er,

A still soliciting Eye, and such a Tongue,
That I am glad I've not; though not to have
it

Hath lost me in your Liking.

LEAR.

Better thou
Hadst not been Born, than not to have pleased
me better.

From this Speech of *Cordelia's*, and *Lear's*
Answer, *France* collects Matter for extenuating
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a supposed Error in his Mistress, not for Admiration of her Worth.

FRANCE.

Is it but this? a Tardiness in Nature,
Which often leaves the History unspoke,
That it intends to do.

Yet a Moment after, without knowing any more of the Matter, he lavishes the warmest Praises on her Virtues, and offers to make her (loaded as she is with her Father's Curses, and deprived of the Dower he expected with her) Queen of *France*. This Conduct would be just and natural, had he been a Witness of her noble Behaviour; but doubtful as it must have appeared to him in such perplexing Circumstances, 'tis extravagant and absurd.

Shakespear has deviated widely from History in the Catastrophe of his Play; the Chronicle tells us, that King *Lear* having been dispossessed by his rebellious Sons in Law of that Half of the Kingdom which he had reserved for himself, and forced, by repeated Indignities from his Daughters, to take Refuge in *France*, was received with great Tenderness by *Cordelia*, who prevailed upon her Husband to attempt his Restoration; accordingly an Army of *Frenchmen* pass'd over into *Britain*, by which, the Dukes of *Cornwal* and *Albany* being defeated, King *Lear* was restored to his Crown, died in Peace two Years after, and left his Kingdom to *Cordelia*. In *Shakespear* the Forces of the two wicked Sisters are victorious, *Lear* and the pious *Cordelia* are taken Prisoners, she is hanged in Prison, and the old King dies with Grief. Had *Shakespear* followed the Historian,

torian, he would not have violated the Rules of poetical Justice; he represents Vice punished, and Virtue rewarded; in the Play one Fate overwhelms alike the Innocent and the Guilty, and the Facts in the History are wholly changed to produce Events, neither probable, necessary, nor just.

Several Incidents in this Play, are borrowed from the History of the old Prince of *Paphlagonia*, in *Sidney's Arcadia*, which I shall here Transcribe.

“ **I**T was in the Kingdom of *Galacia*, the Season being (as in the Depth of Winter) very cold, and as then sodainly Grown to so extreame and fowl a Storm, that never any Winter, I think, brought forth a fowler Child; so that the Princes were even compelled by the Hail, that the Pride of the Wind blew in their Faces, to seek some shrowding Place, which a certain hollow Rock offering unto them, they made it their Shield against the Tempest's Fury: And so staying there till the Violence thereof was passed, they heard the Speech of a Couple, who not perceiving them, being hid within the rude Canupie, held a strange and pitiful Disputation, which made them Step out, yet in such Sort, as they might see unseen.

There they perceived an aged Man, and a young, scarcely come to the Age of a Man; both poorly arrayed, extreame Weather-beaten; the old Man blind, the young Man leading him; and yet through all these Miseries, in both there seemed to appear a Kind of Nobleness, not suitable to that Affliction: But the

first Words they heard were these of the old Man.

Well *Leonatus*, said he, since I cannot persuade thee to lead me to that which should end my Grief, and thy Trouble, let me now intreat thee to leave me: Fear not, my Misery cannot be greater than it is, and nothing doth become me but Misery. Fear not the Danger of my blind Steps, I cannot Fall worse than I am, and do not, I pray thee, do not obstinately continue to infect thee with my Wretchedness, but fly, fly from this Region, only worthy of me.

Dear Father, answered he, do not take away from me the only Remnant of my Happiness, while I have Power to do you Service, I am not wholly miserable.

Ah my Son, said he, and with that he groaned, as if Sorrow strove to break his Heart, how evil fits it me to have such a Son, and how much doth thy Kindness upbraid my Wickedness.

These doleful Speeches, and some others to like Purpose (well shewing they had not been born to the Fortune they were in) moved the Princes to go out unto them, and ask the younger, who they were?

Sirs, answered he with a good Grace, and made the more agreeable by a certain noble Kind of Piteousness, I see well you are Strangers, that know not our Misery, so well here known, that no Man dare know but that we must be miserable; indeed our State is such, as though nothing is so needful unto us as Pity, yet nothing is more dangerous unto us, than to make ourselves so known as may stir Pity;
but

but your Presence promiseth, that Cruelty shall not over-run Hate, and if it did, in Truth our State is sunk below the Degree of Fear. This old Man whom I lead, was lately rightful Prince of this Country of *Paphlagonia*; by the hard-hearted Ungratefulness of a Son of his, deprived not only of his Kingdom, whereof no foreign Forces were even able to spoile him, but of his Sight, the Riches which Nature grants to the poorest Creatures; whereby, and by other his unnatural Dealings, he hath been driven to such Grief, as even now he would have had me to have led him to the Top of this Rock, thence to cast himself headlong to Death, and so would have made me, who received my Life of him, to be the Worker of his Destruction. But noble Gentlemen, said he, if either of you have a Father, and feel what dutiful Affection is ingrafted in a Son's Heart, let me entreat you to convey this afflicted Prince to some Place of Rest and Security; amongst your worthy Acts it shall be none of the least, that a King of such Might and Fame, and so unjustly oppressed, is in any Sort by you relieved.

But before they could make him Answer, his Father began to Speak: Ah my Son, said he, how evil an Historian are you, that leave out the chief Knot of all the Discourse? My Wickedness, my Wickedness; and if thou doest it to spare my Eares, the only Sense now left me proper for Knowledge, assure yourself thou doest mistake me: And I take Witness of that Sun which you see, with that he cast up his blind Eyes, as if he would Hunt for Light,

and wish myself in worſe Caſe than I do wiſh
myſelf, which is as Evill as may be, if I Speak
untruly, that nothing is ſo welcome to my
Thoughts, as the publiſhing of my Shame.
Therefore know you Gentlemen (to whom from
my Heart I wiſh that it may not prove ſome o-
minous Foretoken of Miſfortune to have met
with ſuch a Miſer as I am) that whatſoever my
Son (o God that Truth binds me to Reproach
him with the Name of my Son) hath ſaid is true.
But beſides thoſe Truthes, this alſo is true,
that having had in lawful Marriage, of a Mo-
ther fit to bear Royal Children, this Son (ſuch
a one as partly you ſee, and better ſhall know
by my ſhort Declaration) and ſo enjoyed the
Expectations in the World of him till he was
grown to juſtify their Expectations, ſo as I
needed envy no Father for the chief Comfort
of Mortality, to leave another ones-ſelf after
me. I was carried by a Baſtard Son of mine,
if at leaſt I be bound to believe the Words of
that baſe Woman my Concubine, his Mother,
firſt to miſlike, then to hate, laſtly to deſtroy,
or to do my beſt to deſtroy this Son, I think,
you think undeſerving Deſtruction; what
Ways he uſed to bring me to it, if I ſhould
tell you, I ſhould tediouſly trouble you with as
much poiſonous Hypocriſy, deſperate Fraud,
ſmooth Malice, hidden Ambition, and ſmiling
Envy, as in any living Perſon could be har-
bour'd: But I liſt it not, no Remembrance of
Naughtineſs delights me but mine own, and
methinks the accusing his Traps, might in
ſome Manner excuſe my Fault, which certainly
I loth to do. But the Concluſion is, that I
gave

gave Orders to some Servants of mine, whom I thought as apt for such Charities as myself, to lead him out into a Forrest, and there to kill him: But those Thieves, better natured to my Son than myself, spared his Life, letting him go to learn to live poorly, which he did, giving himself to be a private Soldier in a Country here by; but as he was ready to be greatly advanced for some noble Pieces of Service which he did, he heard News of me, who (Drunk in my Affection to that unlawful and unnatural Son of mine) suffered myself to be governed by him, that all Favours and Punishments passed by him, all Offices and Places of Importance distributed to his Favourites; so that ere I was aware, I had left myself nothing but the Name of King, which he shortly weary of too, with many Indignities (if any Thing may be called an Indignity which was laid upon me) threw me out of my Seat, and put out my Eyes; and then proud in his Tyranny let me go, neither imprisoning, nor killing me, but rather delighting to make me feel my Misery; Misery indeed, if ever there were any, full of Wretchedness, full of Disgrace, and fullest of Guiltiness. And as he came to the Crown by so unjust Means, as unjustly he kept it, by Force of Stranger Soldiers in Cittadels, the Nests of Tyranny, and Murderers of Liberty; disarming all his own Countrymen, that no Man durst shew himself a well willer of mine, to say the Truth, I think few of them being so, considering my cruel Folly to my good Son, and foolish Kindness to my unkind Bastard; but if there were any

who felt a Pity for so great a Fall, and had yet any Sparks of unstaine Duty left in them towards me ; yet durst they not shew it, scarcely with giving me Alms at their Doors, which yet was the only Sustenance of my distressed Life, nobody daring to shew so much Charity as to lend me a Hand to guide my dark Steps ; till this Son of mine, God knows, worthy of a more virtuous, and more fortunate Father, forgetting my abominable Wrongs, not recking Danger, and neglecting the present good Way he was in of doing himself good, came hither to do this kind Office you see him perform towards me, to my unspeakable Grief ; not only because his Kindness is a Glass even to my blind Eyes of my Naughtiness ; but that above all Grievs, it grieves me he should desperately adventure the loss of his well deserving Life for mine, that yet owe more to Fortune for my Deserts, as if he would carry Mudde in a Chest of Chrystal ; for well I know, he that now reigneth, how much soever (and with good Reason) he despiseth me, of all Men despised ; yet he will not let slip any Advantage to make away him whose just Title, enobled by Courage and Goodness, may one Day shake the Seat of a never secure Tyranny ; and for this Cause I craved of him to lead me to the Top of this Rock, indeed, I must confess, with meaning to free him from so Serpentine a Companion as I am ; but he finding what I purposed, only therein, since he was born, shewed himself disobedient to me : And now, Gentlemen, you have the true Story, which, I pray you, publish to the World, that my mischievious Proceedings may be the Glory of his filial Piety, the only Reward

ward now left for so great a Merit; and if it may be, let me obtain that of you which my Son denies me, for never was there more Pity in saving any than in ending me; both because therein my Agony shall end, and so you shall preserve this excellent young Man, who else wilfully follows his own Ruin.

The Matter, in itself lamentable, lamentably expressed by the old Prince, which needed not take to himself the Gestures of Pity, since his Face could not put off the Marks thereof, greatly moved the two Princes to Compassion, which could not stay in such Hearts as theirs without seeking Remedy: But, by and by, the Occasion was presented; for *Plexirtus* (so was the Bastard called) came thither with forty Horse, only of purpose to murder this Brother, of whose coming he had soon Advertisement; and thought no Eyes of sufficient Credit in such a Matter but his own, and therefore come himself to be Actor and Spectator: and, as soon as he came, not regarding the weak (as he thought) Guard of but two Men, commanded some of his Followers to set their Hands to his in the killing of *Leonatus*; but the young Prince (though not otherwise armed but with a Sword) how falsely soever he was dealt with by others, would not betray himself; but bravely drawing it our, made the Death of the first that assailed him, warn his Followers to come more warily after him. But then *Pyrocles* and *Musidorus* were quickly become Parties (so just a Defence deserving as much as old Friendship) and so did behave them among that Company (more injurious than

valiant) that many of them lost their Lives for their wicked Master.

Yet, perhaps, had the Number of them at last prevailed, if the King of *Pontus* (lately by them made so) had not come unlooked for to their Succour; who (having had a Dream, which had fixed his Imagination vehemently upon some great Danger, presently to follow those two Princes whom he most dearly loved was come in all Haste, following, as well as he could, their Track, with an Hundred Horses, in that Country, which he thought (considering who then reigned) a fit Place enough to make the Stage of any Tragedy.

But then the Match had been so ill made for *Plexertus*, that his ill-led Life, and worse-gotten Honour, should have tumbled together to Destruction, had there not come in *Tydeus* and *Telenor*, with forty or fifty in their Suit, to the Defence of *Plexirtus*. These two were Brothers, of the noblest House of that Country, brought up from their Infancy with *Plexirtus*; Men of such Prowess as not to know Fear in themselves, and yet to teach it in others that should deal with them: for they had often made their Lives triumph over most terrible Dangers; never dismayed, and ever fortunate; and, truly, no more settled in Valour than disposed to Goodness and Justice; if either they had lighted on a better Friend, or could have learned to make Friendship a Child, and not a Father of Virtue: But bringing up (rather the Choice) having first knit their Minds unto him (indeed crafty enough, either to hide his Faults or never to shew them, but when they might

might pay home) they willingly held out the Course, rather to satisfy him than all the World; and rather to be good Friends than good Men; so as though they did not like the Evil he did, yet they liked him that did the Evil; and though not Counsellors of the Offence, yet Protectors of the Offender.

Now they having heard of this sudden going out with so small a Company in a Country full of evil-wishing Minds toward him (though they knew not the Cause) followed him, till they found him in such Case as they were to venture their Lives, or else he to lose his, which they did with such Force of Mind and Body, that, truly, I may justly say, *Pyrocles* and *Musidorus* had never till then found any that could make them so well repeat their hardest Lesson in the Feats of Arms: And, briefly, so they did, that if they overcame not, were they not overcome; but carried away that ungrateful Master of theirs to a Place of Security: howsoever, the Princes laboured to the contrary.

But this Matter being thus far begun, it became not the Constancy of the Princes so to leave it, but in all Haste making Forces both in *Pontus* and *Phrygia*, they had in few Days left him but only that one strong Place where he was; for Fear having been the only Knot that had fastened his People unto him, that once untied by a greater Force, they all scattered from him like so many Birds whose Cage had been broken.

In which Season the blind King, having, in the chief City of his Realm, set the Crown upon his Son *Leonatus's* Head, with many

Tears, both of Joy and Sorrow, setting forth to the whole People his own Fault and his Son's Virtue, after he had kissed him, and forced his Son to accept Honour of him, as of his new become Subject, even in a Moment died; as it should seem, his Heart, broken with Unkindness and Affliction, stretched so far beyond his Limits with this Excess of Comfort, as it was no longer able to keep safe his vital Spirits.

But the new King, having no less lovingly performed all Duties to him dead, than alive, pursued on the Siege of his unnatural Brother, as much for the Revenge of his Father, as for the establishing his own Quiet."

The under Plot of *Gloster* and his two Sons, in the Tragedy of King *Lear*, is borrowed from this foregoing short History of *Leonatus*; several of the Circumstances closely copied; and the Characters of the Brothers nearly the same.

The Adventure of the Rock is heightened by *Shakespear*; perhaps with too little Attention to Probability. *Gloster*, though deprived of Sight, might easily be sensible of the Difference between walking on a level Plain, and ascending a steep and craggy Rock; nor could he possibly suppose, when he fell gently on that Plain, that he had precipitated himself from an immense Height to the Margin of the Sea.

Shakespear, in the pathetic Description he makes *Edgar* give of his Father's Death, had certainly the following Passage of the *Arcadia* in his Eye. "The blind King having in the chief City of his Realm set the Crown upon his Son *Leonatus's* Head, with many Tears, both

both of Joy and Sorrow, setting forth to the People his own Fault, and his Son's Virtue; after he had kissed him, and forced his Son to accept Honour of him, as of his new become Subject, even in a Moment died, as it should seem, his Heart broken with Unkindness and Affliction, stretched so far beyond his Limits with this Excess of Comfort, as it was able no longer to keep safe his vital Spirits." *Sidney.*

EDGAR.

I met my Father with his bleeding Rings,
Their precious Gems new lost; became his
Guide;
Led him, begg'd for him, sav'd him from
Despair;
Never (O Fault!) reveal'd myself unto him,
Until some half Hour past, when I was arm'd,
Not sure, though hoping, of this good Success,
I asked his Blessing, and from first to last
Told him my Pilgrimage: but his flaw'd Heart,
Alack, too weak the Conflict to support,
'Twixt two Extremes of Passion, Joy and
Grief,
Burst smilingly.

The Chronicle of *Holingshed*, and *Sidney's Arcadia* are not the only Resources *Shakespear* had for his Tragedy of *Lear*, if we may believe the Editor of a Collection of old Ballads, published in the Year 1726: in his Introduction to an old Ballad called, *A Lamentable Song of the Death of King Lear and his three Daughters*, he has these Words.

"I cannot be certain directly as to the Time when this Ballad was written; but that it was some Years before the Play of *Shakespear* appears

appears from several Circumstances, which to mention would swell my Introduction too far beyond its usual Length."

It is to be wished that this Writer, since he was resolved not to exceed a certain Length in his Introduction, had omitted some Part of it, in order to introduce those Circumstances that were of infinitely more Consequence than any thing else he has said on the Subject of that old Ballad: if it was really written before *Shakespear's* Play, that great Poet did not disdain to consult it, but has copied it more closely than either the Chronicle or *Sidney*. From thence (for 'tis mentioned no where else) he took the Hint of *Lear's* Madness, and the extravagant and wanton Cruelty his Daughters exercised on him; the Death of King *Lear* is also exactly copied.

Spencer seems to have furnished *Shakespear* with the Hint of *Cordelia's* Manner of Death: In the tenth Canto of the second Book of his *Fairy Queen*, he relates the Story of King *Lear* and his three Daughters; *Cordelia*, he tells us, after having restored her Father to his Crown, and succeeded to it after his Death, was by her Sister's Children dethroned, and confined a long Time in Prison, so that, overcome by Despair, she hanged herself. In *Shakespear* *Cordelia* does not hang herself, but is hanged by a Soldier; a very improper Catastrophe for a Person of such exemplary Virtue.

The following is the old Ballad I have mentioned, which bears so exact an Analogy to the Argument

Argument of *Shakespear's* King *Leir*, that his having copied it cannot be doubted, if indeed it be true, that it was written before that Tragedy.

King *Leir* once ruled in this Land,
With Princely Power and Peace.
And had all Things with Heart's Content,
That might his Joys increase.
Amongst those Things that Nature gave,
Three Daughters fair had he,
So Princely seeming beautiful,
As fairer could not be.

So on a Time it pleas'd the King
A Question thus to move,
Which of his Daughters to his Grace
Could shew the dearest Love:
For to my Age you bring Content;
Quoth he, then let me hear
Which of you Three in plighted Troth,
The kindest will appear.

To whom the Eldest thus began,
Dear Father mind, quoth she,
Before your Face, to do you good,
My Blood shall render'd be:
And for your Sake my bleeding Heart
Shall here be cut in twain,
E're that I see your rev'rend Age
The smallest Grief sustain.

And so will I, the Second said,
Dear Father, for your Sake,
The worst of all Extremities
I'll gently undertake:

And

And serve your Highness Night and Day,
With Diligence and Love;
That sweet Content and Quietness
Discomforts may remove.

In doing so, you glad my Soul,
The aged King reply'd;
But what say'st thou, my youngest Girl,
How is thy Love ally'd?
My Love [quoth young *Cordelia* then]
Which to your Grace I owe,
Shall be the Duty of a Child,
And that is all I'll show.

And wilt thou shew no more, quoth he,
Than doth thy Duty bind?
I well perceive thy Love is small,
When as no more I find:
Henceforth I banish thee my Court;
Thou art no Child of mine:
Nor any Part of this my Realm,
By favour shall be thine.

Thy eldest Sisters Loves are more,
Than well I can demand;
To whom I equally bestow
My Kingdom and my Land:
My pompous State and all my Goods,
That lovingly I may
With those thy Sisters be maintain'd,
Until my dying Day.

Thus flatt'ring Speeches won Renown,
By these two Sisters here:
The third had causeless Banishment,
Yet was his Love more dear:

For

For poor *Cordelia* patiently
Went wand'ring up and down,
Unhelp'd, unpity'd, gentle Maid,
Through many an *English* Town:

Until at last in famous *France*
She gentler Fortunes found;
Though poor and bare, yet she was deem'd
The fairest on the Ground:
Where when the King her Virtues heard,
And this fair Lady seen,
With full Consent of all his Court,
He made his Wife and Queen.

Her Father, old King *Lear* this while
With his two Daughters staid,
Forgetful of their promis'd Loves,
Full soon the same deny'd;
And living in Queen *Regan's* Court,
The eldest of the twain,
She took from him his chiefeft Means,
And most of all his Train.

For whereas twenty Men were wont
To wait with bended Knee:
She gave Allowance but to Ten,
And after scarce to Three:
Nay, one she thought too much for him,
So took she all away,
In hope that in her Court, good King,
He would no longer stay.

Am I rewarded thus, quoth he,
In giving all I have
Unto my Children, and to beg
For what I lately gave?

I'll

I'll go unto my *Gonoril*;
 My Second Child, I know,
 Will be more kind and pitiful,
 And will relieve my Woe.

Full fast he hies then to her Court;
 Where when she hears his Moan,
 Return'd him Answer, That she griev'd,
 That all his Means were gone:
 But no way could relieve his Wants;
 Yet if that he would stay
 Within her Kitchen, he should have
 What Scullions gave away.

When he had heard with bitter Tears,
 He made his Answer then;
 In what I did let me be made
 Example to all Men.
 I will return again, quoth he,
 Unto my *Regan's* Court;
 She will not use me thus, I hope,
 But in a kinder Sort.

Where when he came she gave Command
 To drive him thence away:
 When he was well within her Court,
 (She said) he would not stay.
 Then back again to *Gonorill*,
 The woful King did hie,
 That in her Kitchen he might have,
 What Scullion Boys set by.

But there of that he was deny'd,
 Which she had promis'd late:
 For once refusing, he should not
 Come after to her Gate.

Thus

Thus 'twixt his Daughters, for Relief,
He wander'd up and down;
Being glad to feed on Beggars Food,
That lately wore a Crown.

And calling to remembrance then
His youngest Daughter's Words,
That said the Duty of a Child
Was all that Love affords:
But doubting to repair to her,
Whom he had banish'd so,
Grew frantick mad; for in his Mind
He bore the Wounds of Woe:

Which made him rend his milk-white Locks,
And Tresses from his Head,
And all with Blood bestain his Cheeks,
With Age and Honour spread:
To Hills and Woods, and watry Founts,
He made his hourly Moan,
Till Hills and Woods, and senseless Things,
Did seem to sigh and groan,

Ev'n thus possess'd with Discontents,
He passed o're to *France*,
In hope from fair *Cordelia* there,
To find some gentler Chance.
Most virtuous Dame! which when she heard
Of this her Father's Grief,
As Duty bound, she quickly sent
Him Comfort and Relief:

And by a Train of Noble Peers,
In brave and gallant Sort,
She gave in Charge he should be brought
To *Aganippus'* Court;

Whose

Whose Royal King, whose Noble Mind,
 So freely gave Consent,
 To muster up his Knights at Arms,
 To Fame and Courage bent:

And so to *England* came with Speed,
 To repossess King *Lear*,
 And drive his Daughters from their Thrones,
 By his *Cordelia* dear:
 Where she, true-hearted Noble Queen,
 Was in the Battel slain;
 Yet he, good King, in his old Days,
 Possess'd his Crown again.

But when he heard *Cordelia's* Death,
 Who dy'd indeed for Love
 Of her dear Father, in whose Cause
 She did this Battel move;
 He swooning, fell upon her Breast,
 From whence he never parted;
 But on her Bosom left his Life,
 That was so truly hearted.

The Lords and Nobles when they saw
 The Ends of these Events,
 The other Sisters unto Death
 They doomed by Consents:
 And being dead, their Crowns they left
 Unto the next of Kin:
 Thus have you seen the Fall of Pride,
 And disobedient Sin.

